



Mr. L. J. F.



Les Maîtres
de l’Affiche

IMPRIMERIE CHAIX, RUE BERGÈRE, 20, PARIS. — 20333-9-96. — (Excece Lottieux).

Les Maîtres de l’Affiche

PUBLICATION MENSUELLE

contenant la reproduction
des plus belles Affiches illustrées des grands artistes, français et étrangers

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Premier Volume

PRÉFACE, par M. ROGER MARX



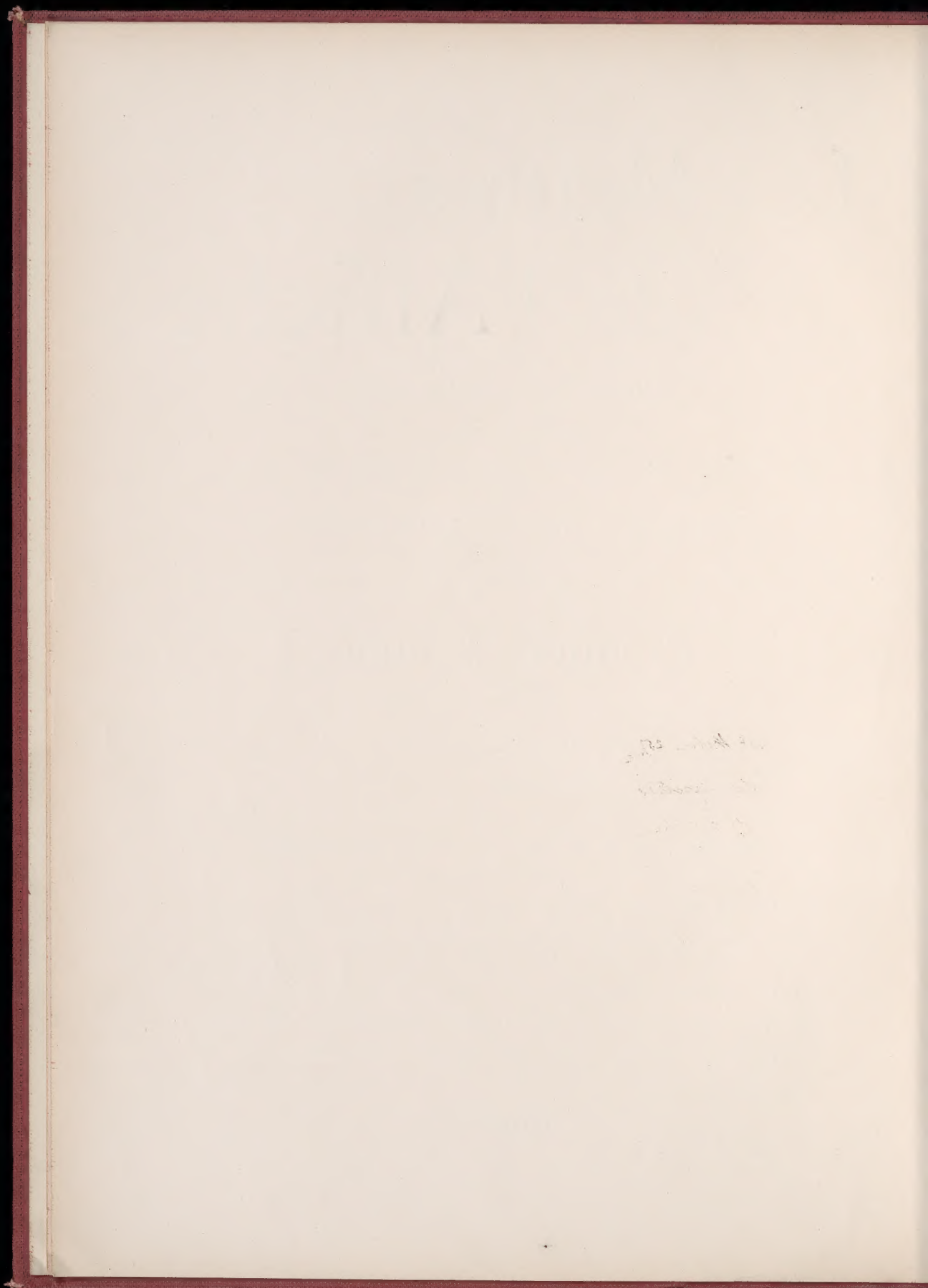
Noms des Artistes dont les Affiches sont reproduites dans ce Volume.

CARTISTES FRANÇAIS : BAC · BONNARD · BOUISSET · BOUTET DE MONVEL · CAZALS
JULES CHÉRET · DE FEURE · GRASSET · GUILLAUME · IBELS · LAUTREC
LUCIEN LEFÈVRE · GEORGES MEUNIER · MÉTIVET · MUCHA · GASTON NOURY
PAL · RÉALIER-DUMAS · STEINLEN · WILLETTE.

CARTISTES AMÉRICAINS : CARQUEVILLE · DOW · PENFIELD · LOUIS RHEAD · WOODBURY.

CARTISTES ANGLAIS : BEGGARSTAFF · DUDLEY-HARDY · GREIFFENHAGEN · JULIUS PRICE.

CARTISTES BELGES : CRESPIN · DUYCK · HENRY MEUNIER · RASSENFOSSE.



Les Maîtres de l’Affiche

PRÉFACE

DURANT cette fin de siècle qui impose au cerveau la peine d'un incessant labeur, les murs de la rue eux-mêmes conspirent contre le repos du regard, de l'esprit; la changeante décoration dont ils s'ornent chaque jour capte de vive force l'attention, et si affairé, si sceptique soit le passant, il lui faut subir le charme de la vision jetée sur son chemin, suivre l'arabesque verveuse du dessin, goûter la floraison diaprée épanouie parmi les pierres grises. C'est que, pour frapper sûrement et mieux convaincre, la Réclame a appelé l'art à son aide; elle a emprunté la poésie des allégories, elle s'est faite image, et sa parure de beauté lui a valu, avec des chances inespérées d'efficacité, d'imprescriptibles droits à l'attention des esthètes.

Chacun a pu suivre la métamorphose. Le placard d'autrefois, sans séduction avec sa laide typographie, lente à déchiffrer, est devenu une véritable estampe dont la polychromie égaie l'œil, dont le symbolisme se trouve d'emblée compris. Aussi, quelle fortune éclatante fut celle de l'affiche illustrée depuis le temps où un maître de goût, de tempérament, de style tout français, — Jules Chéret, — la renouvelait, la recréait voici quelque trente ans ! Elle a provoqué l'étude de la critique, les commentaires des plus fiers écrivains et trouvé dans Ernest Maindron l'historiographe de ses fastes ; des amateurs, par légion, la recherchent et lui offrent, dans leurs cartons, l'abri qui sauve et garde pour la postérité ; chez nous, à l'étranger aussi, la chromolithographie murale a sollicité, sans distinction d'école, les meilleurs artistes, ceux qui possèdent par instinct la vocation décorative, puis les ironistes et les mystiques, tous les poètes de la fantaisie et du rêve. Un tel empressement n'a pas de quoi surprendre ; il trouve sa raison dans les ressources infinies du procédé, dans le vaste champ ouvert à l'artiste, dans la publicité promise à l'œuvre par la rue toujours animée, grouillante, où se discute et se prononce le suffrage universel. Des esprits peu lucides nient le bénéfice du contact avec l'âme populaire. Combien ils s'abusent ! Qu'ils lisent la réfutation péremptoire opposée à leur thèse par William Morris dans une conférence admirable. Qu'ils méditent encore les exemples transmis par le passé. En plein air, sous la lumière du ciel, se tinrent les premiers Salons de peinture, qui valaient bien ceux de maintenant, et au jugement de la rue en appelaient, tout comme les maîtres de l'Affiche, les membres de l'Académie

de Saint-Luc, « Messieurs de l'Académie royale », lorsqu'ils exposaient, en 1673, leurs « tableaux et pièces de sculpture » sur la place Dauphine ou dans la cour du Palais-Royal...

Ce musée en plein vent, la rue en offre aujourd'hui encore l'aspect, grâce à l'affiche illustrée; c'est, je le sais, un musée formé au hasard, où le génial se heurte au médiocre, où l'exquis voisine avec le grossier, où le spirituel côtoie l'absurde, — un musée qui se renouvelle avec la soudaineté des changements à vue d'une féerie; car elle a le sort précaire de tout ce qui brille, du papillon et de la fleur, l'affiche qui rutille sous le soleil, pâlit au travers des brumes, et dont les lambeaux pendent tristement, balancés par la bise, après les ondées, les rafales. On voudrait retenir la vision, sauver de l'oubli tant de productions charmantes; mais le loisir n'est pas laissé d'opérer un tri rendu de plus en plus malaisé par le nombre toujours croissant des affiches; ceux-là mêmes qui le tentent se trouvent entravés dans leur bon vouloir par l'exiguïté du home, par la difficulté de présenter, de conserver ces feuilles fragiles, délicates à épouser et vastes au point que l'œil ne peut presque jamais, faute de recul, embrasser l'image dans son ensemble. De là est venu le désir d'épargner à autrui la peine d'une sélection, la pensée de ramener l'affiche au format de l'estampe, d'en offrir une réduction, de tout point fidèle, commodément maniable, propre à favoriser et l'examen fréquent, rapide, et le plaisir du parallèle.

Il appartenait à l'imprimerie Chaix, où Jules Chéret publia

tant de radieux chefs-d'œuvre tenus pour classiques maintenant, de prendre l'initiative de cette publication, d'en assurer le succès par l'impartialité d'un choix libre de tout préjugé et par la perfection du rendu chromolithographique. Groupés fraternellement, les maîtres des deux mondes verront leurs pages capitales prendre place dans ce Panthéon de l'affiche moderne et y refléter, selon l'humeur, le climat, la race, l'infinie diversité du génie humain. Sans contredit, il suffirait à un pareil recueil, pour s'imposer, de constater au jour le jour le progrès d'un art spécial, en continuelle évolution, en pleine efflorescence; mais une autre portée lui est dévolue, plus générale et plus haute : sur ces feuilles, ravies à leur éphémère destin, revivent les mœurs et les usages, les modes et les goûts, les mille spectacles de la vie publique ou privée; en même temps leur réunion constitue pour l'étude des écoles modernes, un répertoire unique, essentiel, une source d'information telle que l'avenir ne la pourra omettre sans se condamner à d'inexactes conclusions sur les aspirations décoratives et sur les tendances complexes de l'esthétique contemporaine.

ROGER MARX.

15 novembre 1895.

Table numérique des Reproductions

Les chiffres placés à la suite du nom d'imprimeur indiquent les dimensions de l'affiche originale.

✻ JULES CHÉRET Dessin original pour la couverture des *Maîtres de l'Affiche*.

Epreuve d'amateur, sanguine et teinte, sans texte.

- Pl. 1. JULES CHÉRET Affiche pour le "*Papier à cigarettes Job*".
(1895. Paris, Imprimerie Chaix.) 1^m,24×0^m,88.
2. H.-T. LAUTREC Affiche pour le concert "*Divan Japonais*".
(1892. Paris, Imprimerie Edw. Ancourt et C^{ie}.) 0^m,81×0^m,62.
3. JULIUS PRICE Affiche anglaise pour le Dayli's Théâtre, "*An Artist's Model*".
(Paris, Imprimerie Paul Dupont.) 2^m,16×1^m,50.
4. DUDLEY HARDY Affiche anglaise "*A Gaiety Girl*".
(1894. Londres, Imprimerie Waterlow and Sons, Ltd.) 0^m,76×0^m,50.
5. JULES CHÉRET Affiche pour le "*Punch Grassot*".
(1895. Paris, Imprimerie Chaix.) 1^m,24×0^m,88.
6. H.-G. IBELS Affiche pour le journal illustré "*l'Escarmouche*".
(1893. Paris, Imprimerie Eugène Verneau.) 0^m,65×0^m,50.
7. GEORGES MEUNIER . . . Affiche pour une fabrique de cigares, "*Frossard's Cavour Cigars*".
(1895. Paris, Imprimerie Chaix.) 2^m,46×0^m,88.
8. LOUIS RHEAD Affiche américaine pour le journal "*The Sun*",
publié à New-York.
1^m,16×0^m,76.

Traduction du texte : Les annonces dans "le Soleil" donnent les meilleurs résultats.

- Pl. 9. JULES CHÉRET Affiche pour le théâtre de l'Opéra, "*Carnaval 1896. Grand Veglione de Gala*".
(1896. Paris, Imprimerie Chaix.) 1^m,24×0^m,88.
10. DE FEURE Affiche pour le Salon des Cent, "*5^e Exposition d'Art*".
(1894. Paris, Imprimerie Bourgerie et C^{ie}.) 0^m,64×0^m,43.
11. LUCIEN LEFÈVRE Affiche pour le "*Cacao lacté, de Ch. Gravier*".
(1893. Paris, Imprimerie Chaix.) 1^m,24×0^m,88.
12. ARMAND RASSENFOSSE Affiche belge. "*Grande Brasserie Van Velsen frères. Bornhem*".
(1894. Liège, Imprimerie Auguste Bénard.) 0^m,73×0^m,52.
13. JULES CHÉRET Nouvelle affiche pour la "*Saxoline*".
(1896. Paris, Imprimerie Chaix.) 1^m,24×0^m,88.
14. WILLETTE Affiche pour la pantomime "*l'Enfant prodigue*".
Le Retour de l'Enfant Prodigue, (Acte III, Scène V.)
(1890. Paris, Imprimerie Eug. Marx, atelier Belfond.)
0^m,93×0^m,66.
15. CAZALS Affiche pour la "*7^e Exposition du Salon des Cent*".
Au premier plan, Paul Verlaine, sous fidèle portrait du poète.
Au deuxième plan, M. J.-M. Merisat.
(1894. Paris, Imprimerie Bourgerie et C^{ie}.) 0^m,61×0^m,40.
16. BEGGARSTAFF Affiche anglaise pour la revue "*Harper's Magazine*".
Traduction du texte : "*Le Harper*" est sa publication et la plus répandue.
Grâce à sa vente considérable et unique et depuis cinquante ans elle se vend, non pas à un shilling.
(Nottingham, Imprimerie Stafford & C^{ie}.) 2^m,20×2^m.
17. JULES CHÉRET Nouvelle affiche pour le "*Palais de Glace*".
(1896. Paris, Imprimerie Chaix.) 1^m,24×0^m,88.
18. EUGÈNE GRASSET Affiche pour le Magasin de Nouveautés "*A la Place Clichy*".
(1891. Paris, Imprimerie de Malherbe.) 1^m,40×0^m,84.
19. FERDINAND BAC Affiche pour le Concert de la Scala, "*Yvette Guilbert*".
(1893. Paris, Imprimerie Chaix.) 2^m,13×0^m,88.
20. EDWARD PENFIELD Affiche américaine pour la revue "*Harper's Magazine*".
(N^o de Mars 1894.) 0^m,49×0^m,35.
21. JULES CHÉRET Affiche pour "*l'Arc-en-Ciel*", ballet pantomime représenté aux Folies-Bergère.
(1893. Paris, Imprimerie Chaix.) 1^m,24×0^m,88.
22. LUCIEN MÉTIVET Affiche pour le Concert des Ambassadeurs, "*Eugénie Buffet*".
(1893. Paris, Imprimerie Charles Verneau.) 1^m,18×0^m,80.

- Pl. 23. MAURICE RÉALIER-DUMAS Affiche pour la Société française d' "Incandescence par le Gaz (Système Auer)".
(1892. Paris, Imprimerie Chaix.) 1^m,76×0^m,62.
24. M^{re} GREIFFENHAGEN . . . Affiche anglaise pour la revue hebdomadaire "Illustrated Pall Mall Budget".
(Londres, Imprimerie W. H. Smith and Son.) 2^m×1^m,30.
25. JULES CHÉRET Dessin original pour les *Maîtres de l’Affiche*.
Épreuve d’amateur, sanguine et teinte, sans filigrane.
26. JULES CHÉRET Affiche pour l’Alcazar d’Été, "Lidia".
(1895. Paris, Imprimerie Chaix.) 1^m,24×0^m,88.
27. BOUTET DE MONVEL . . . Affiche pour la "Pâte dentifrice du docteur Pierre".
(1894. Paris, Société de Publications d’Art. Devarenne et C^{ie}.) 0^m,82×0^m,61.
28. MUCHA Affiche pour le Théâtre de la Renaissance, "Gismonda".
(1894. Paris, Imprimeries Lemercier.) 2^m,11×0^m,69.
29. ED. DUYCK & A. CRESPIN Affiche belge pour la "Ferme de Frabinfax".
(1894. Bruxelles, Imprimerie lithographique Van Bugghenhout.) 1^m,18×0^m,89.
30. JULES CHÉRET Affiche pour le "Quinquina Dubonnet".
(1895. Paris, Imprimerie Chaix.) 1^m,24×0^m,88.
31. GUILLAUME Affiche pour le Théâtre de l’Ambigu, "Gigolette".
(1894. Paris, Imprimerie Camis et C^{ie}.) 1^m,90×1^m,25.
32. GEORGES MEUNIER . . . Affiche pour la Compagnie des Chemins de fer de l’Ouest, "Excursions en Normandie et Bretagne".
(1896. Paris, Imprimerie Chaix.) 1^m,95×0^m,79.
33. CHARLES H. WOODBURY. Affiche américaine pour la revue "The Century Magazine", publiée à New-York.
0^m,48×0^m,30.
34. JULES CHÉRET Affiche pour la Compagnie du "Théâtrophone".
(1890. Paris, Imprimerie Chaix.) 1^m,24×0^m,88.
35. STEINLEN Affiche pour l’opéra "Hélène", représenté au Théâtre national de l’Opéra.
(1896. Paris, Imprimerie Charles Verneau.) 0^m,80×0^m,60.
36. PAL Affiche pour le Théâtre Olympia, "Grand ballet Brighton".
(1893. Paris, Imprimerie Paul Dupont.) 1^m,22×0^m,80.
37. ARTHUR W. DOW . . . Affiche pour la revue "Modern Art", publiée à Boston.
0^m,54×0^m,39.

37. JULES CHÉRET Affiche pour le Musée Grévin, "*les Coulisses de l'Opéra*"
(1891. Paris, Imprimerie Chaix.) 0^m,87×2^m,43.
38. PIERRE BONNARD Affiche pour la "*Revue Blanche*".
Les conditions de prix et de périodicité inscrites sur cette affiche ont été modifiées depuis. La *Revue Blanche* paraît actuellement deux fois par mois, en livraison de 50 pages, le numéro 61 centimes
(1894. Paris, Imprimerie Edw. Ancourt et C^{ie}.) 0^m,62×0^m,80.
39. GASTON NOURY. Affiche pour les grandes fêtes des Tuileries,
"*Pour les pauvres de France et de Russie*".
(1892. Paris, Imprimerie Hérold.) 0^m,99×1^m,39.
40. HENRI MEUNIER. Affiche belge pour les "*Concerts Ysaye*" donnés
à Bruxelles.
(1895. Bruxelles, Lithographie J.-E. Goossens.) 0^m,89×1^m,25).
41. JULES CHÉRET Affiche pour le Musée Grévin, "*Pantomimes lumineuses*".
(1892. Paris, Imprimerie Chaix.) 1^m,24×0^m,88.
42. EUGÈNE GRASSET Affiche pour la "*Librairie Romantique*".
(1887. Paris, Imprimerie J. Bognard.) 1^m,28×0^m,90.
43. WILLETTE Affiche pour le "*Cacao Van Houten*".
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44. WILLIAM CARQUEVILLE. Affiche américaine pour la revue "*Lippincott's Magazine*", publiée à Philadelphie (Mai 1895).
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45. JULES CHÉRET Affiche pour le roman "*l'Amant des Danseuses*",
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46. STEINLEN. Affiche pour les Scènes impressionnistes, "*Mothu et Doria*".
(1893. Paris, Impressions Artistiques. — Pajol et C^{ie}, éditeurs.)
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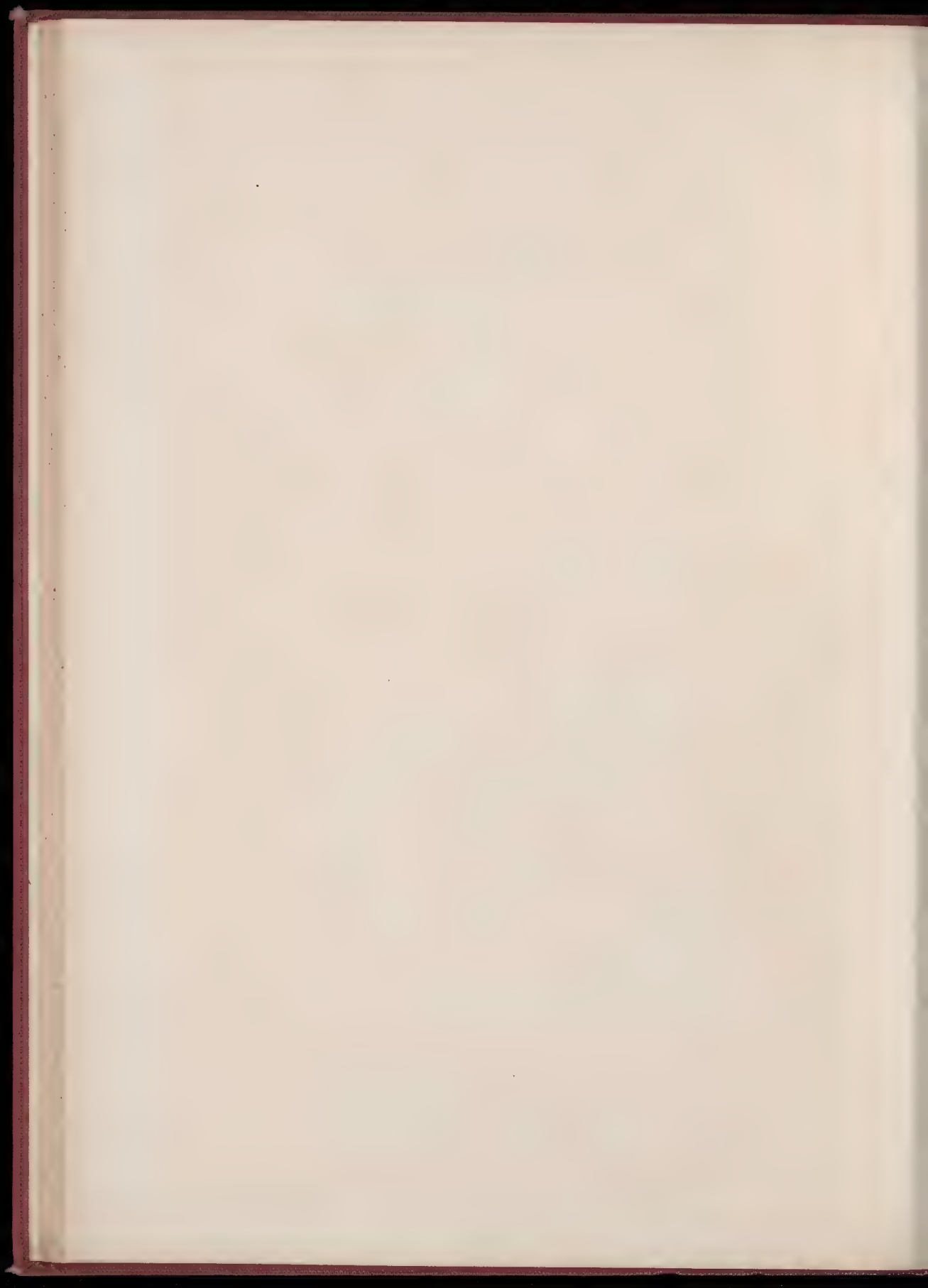


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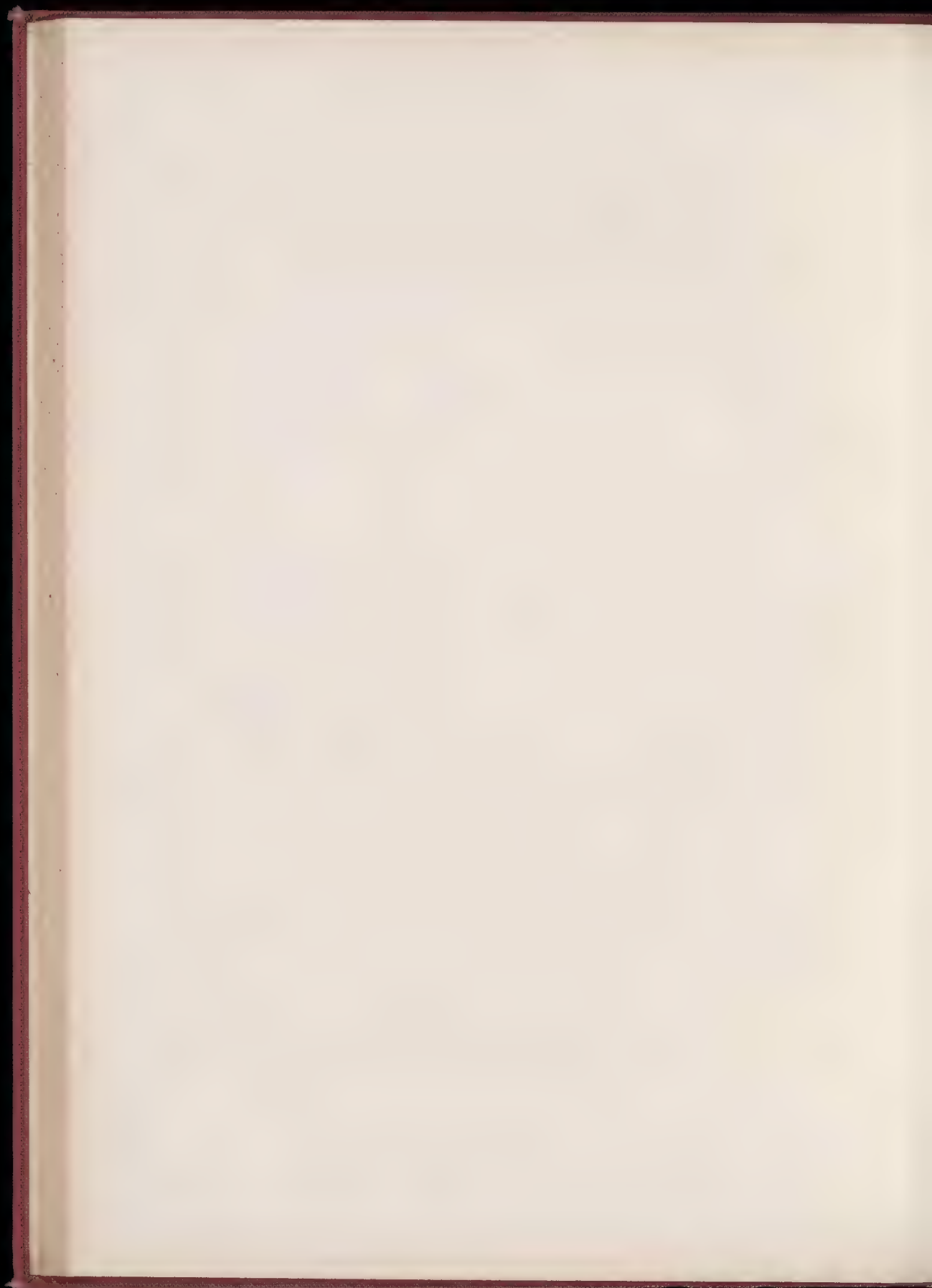
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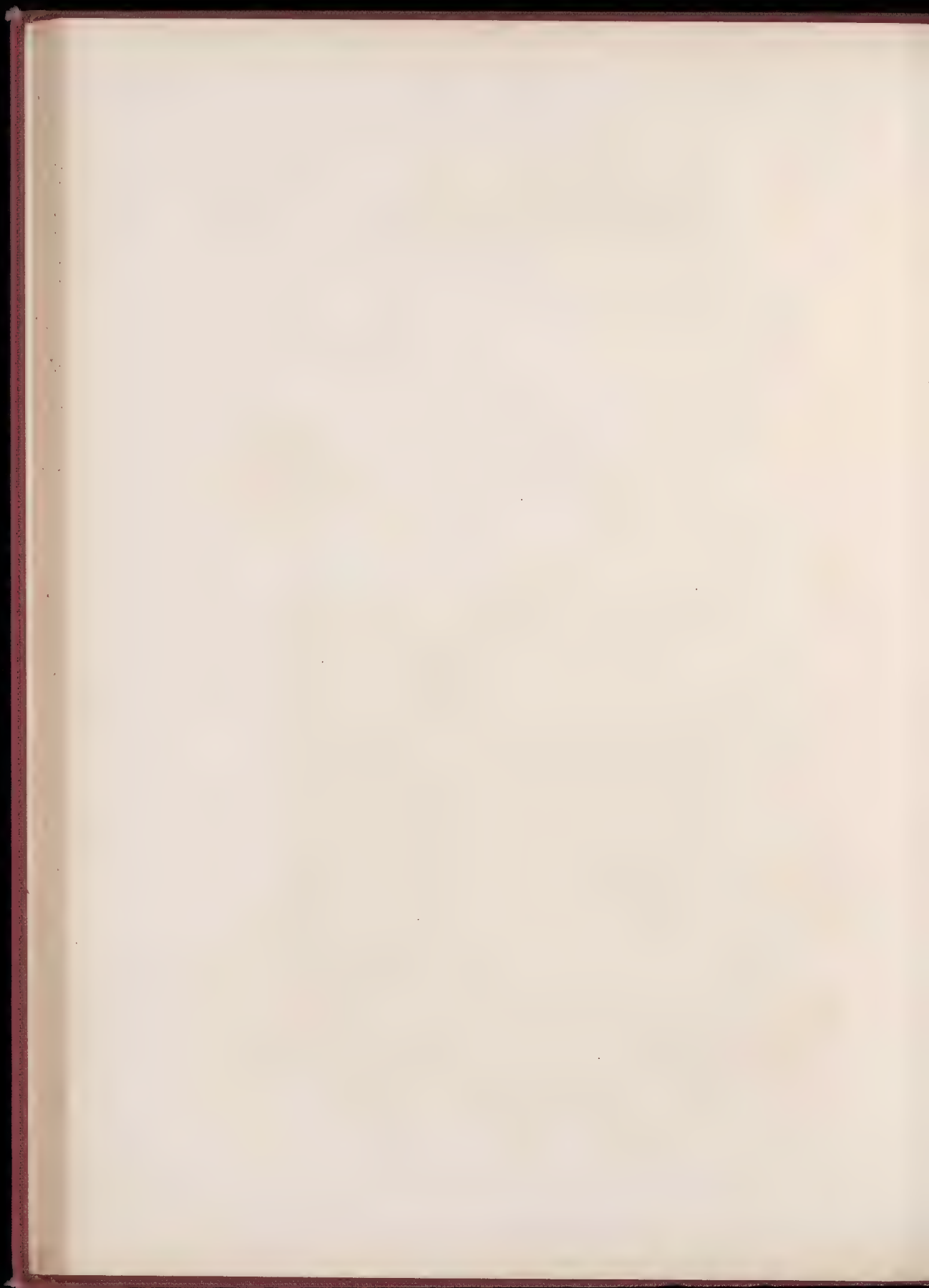
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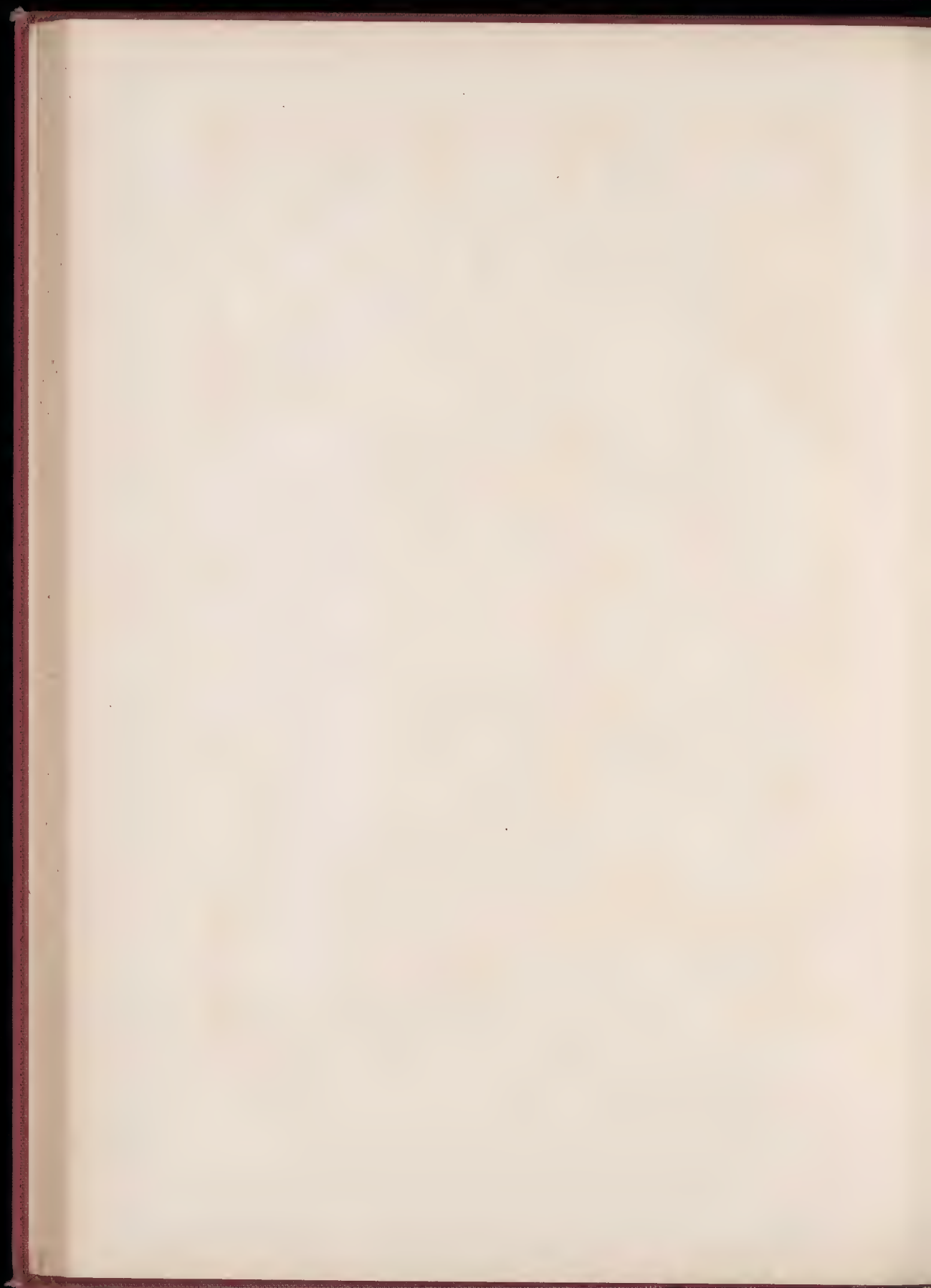
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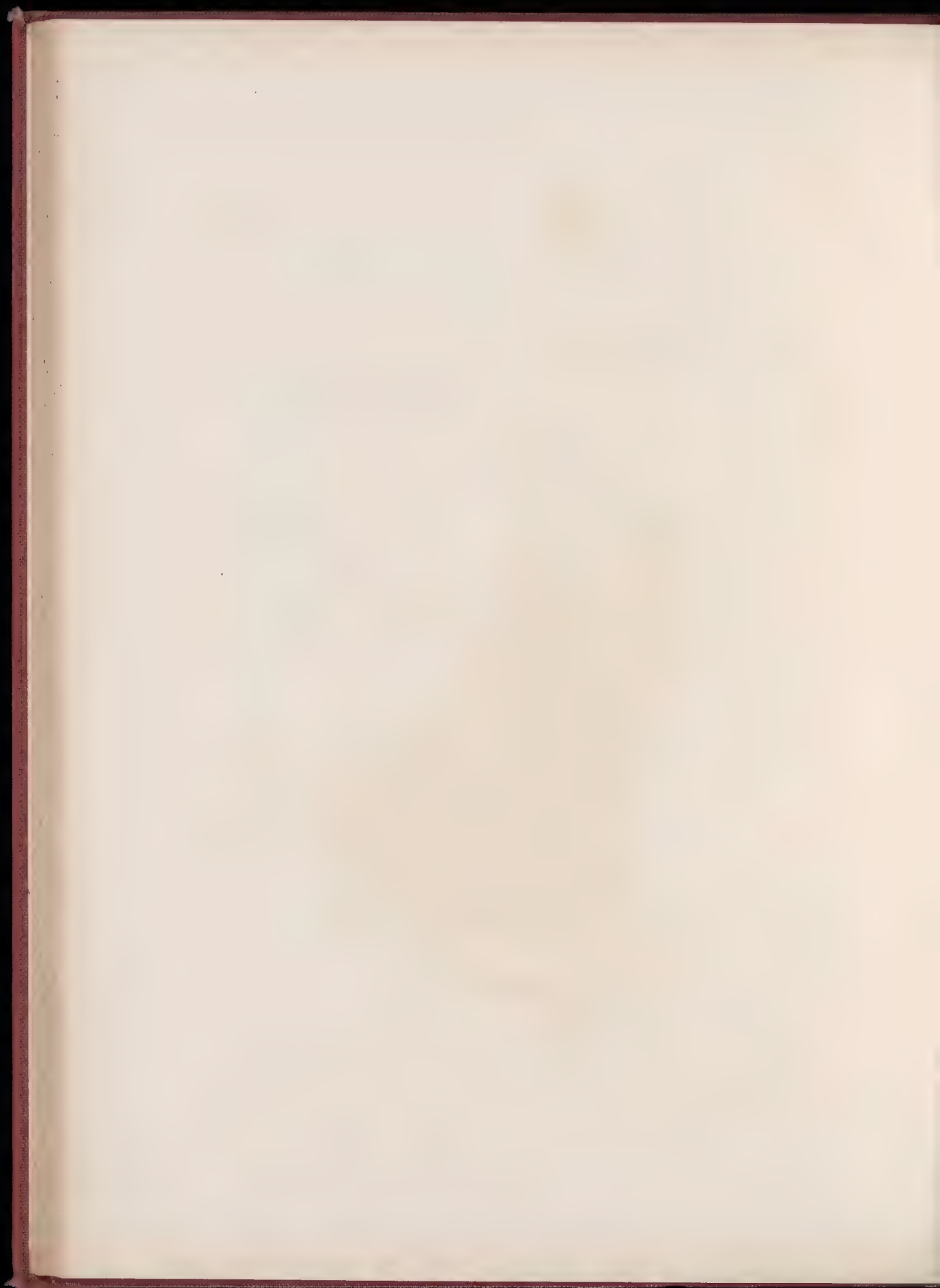
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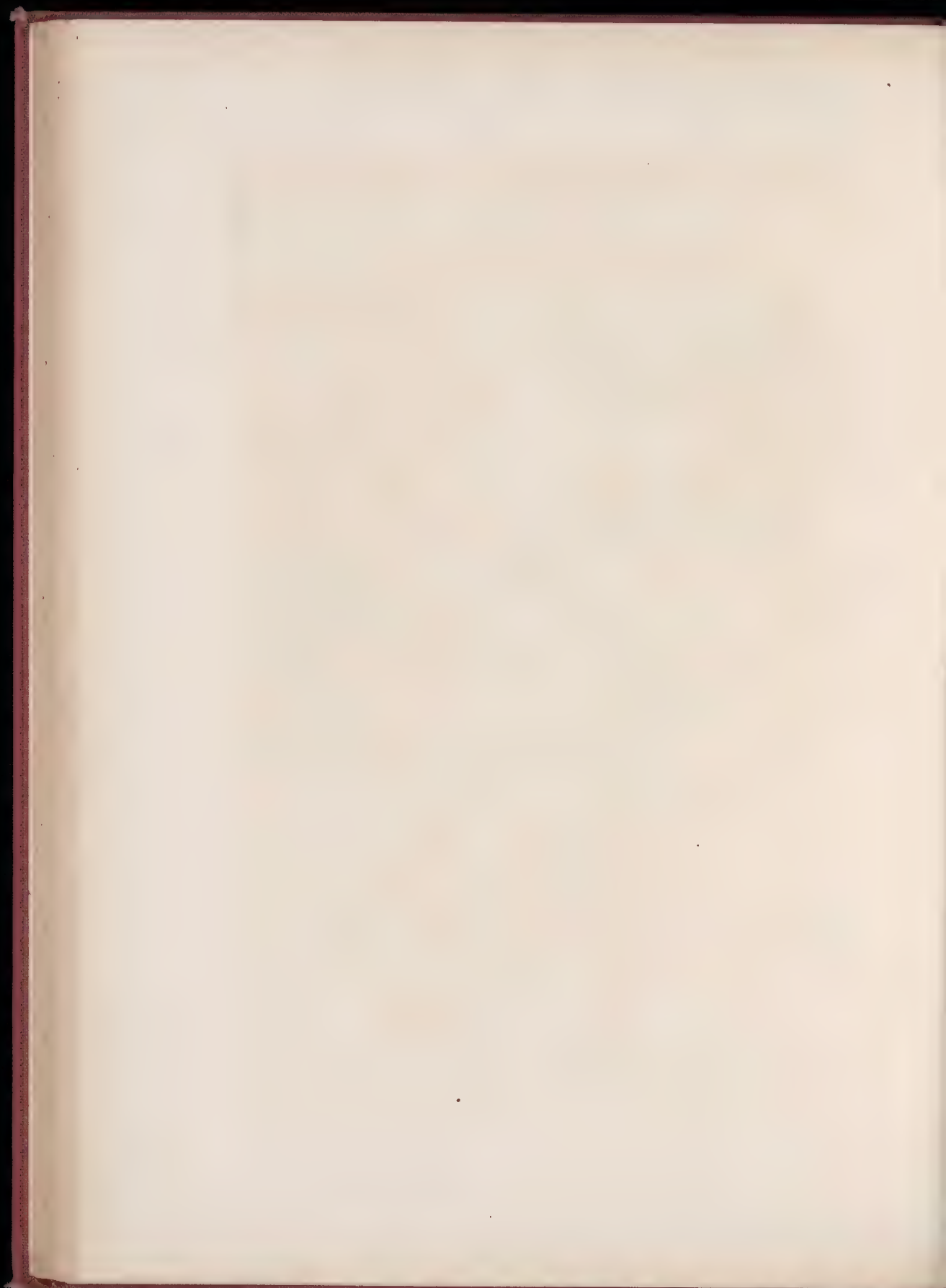
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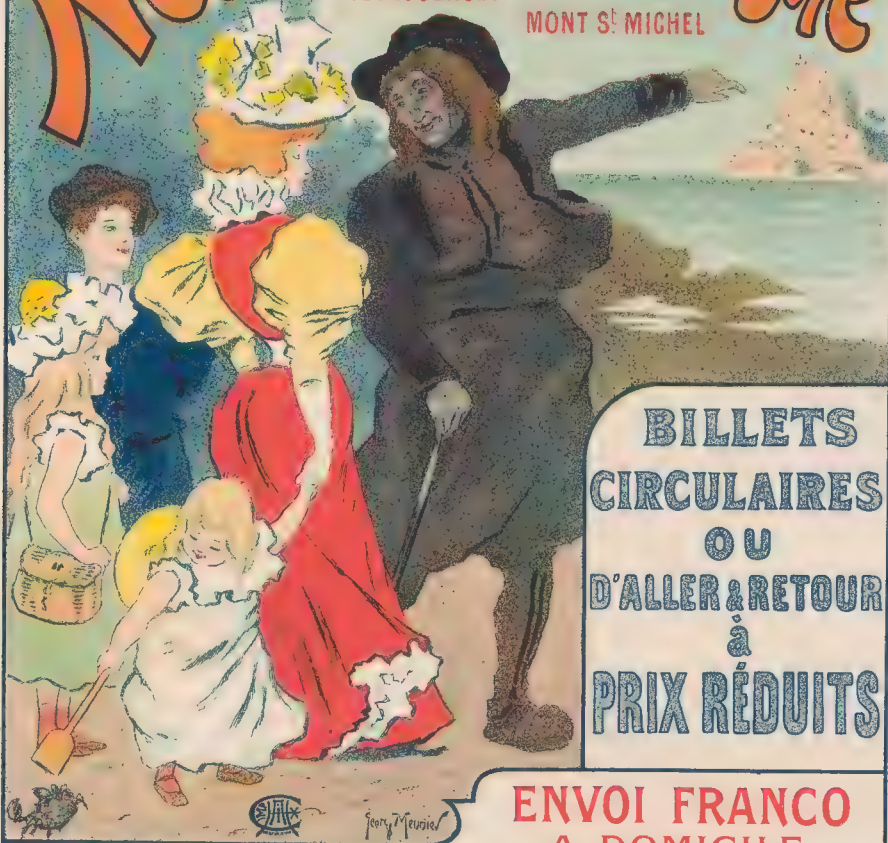
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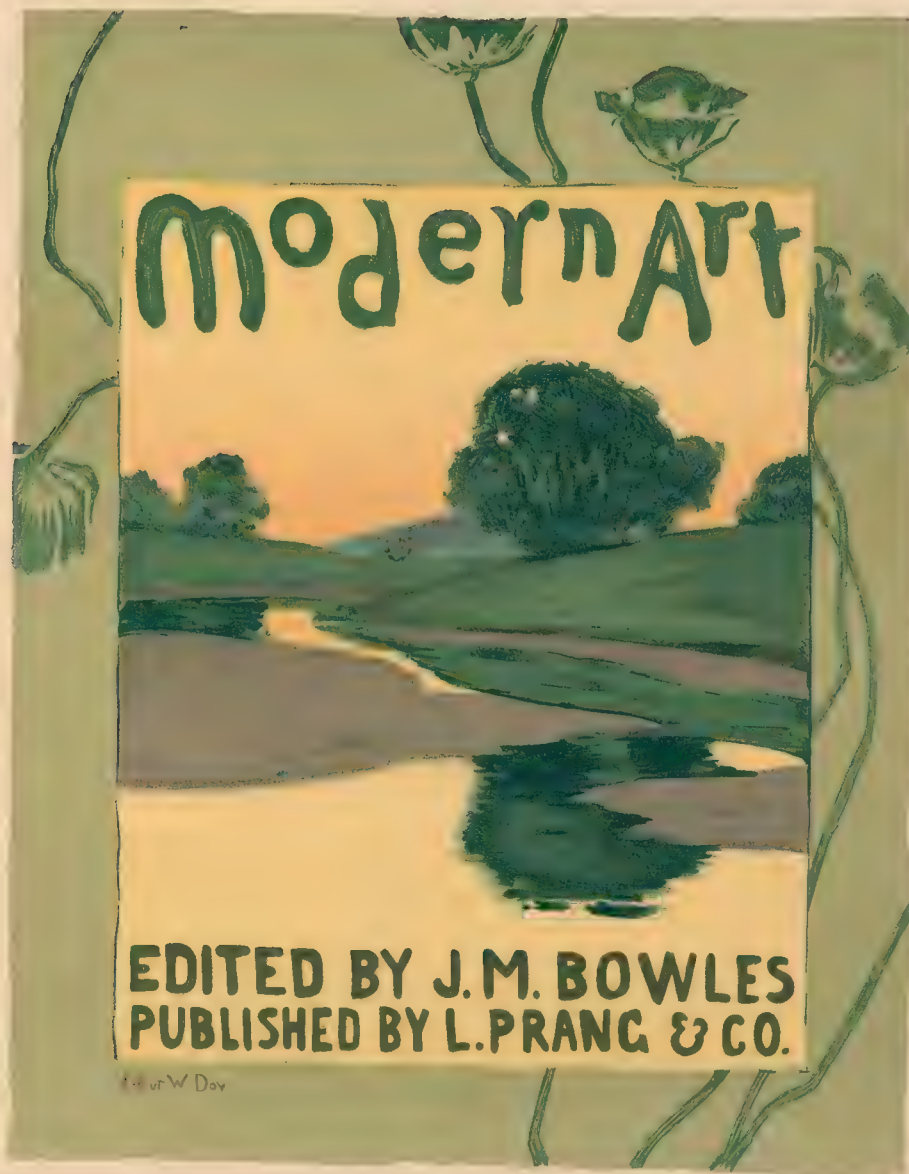
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au
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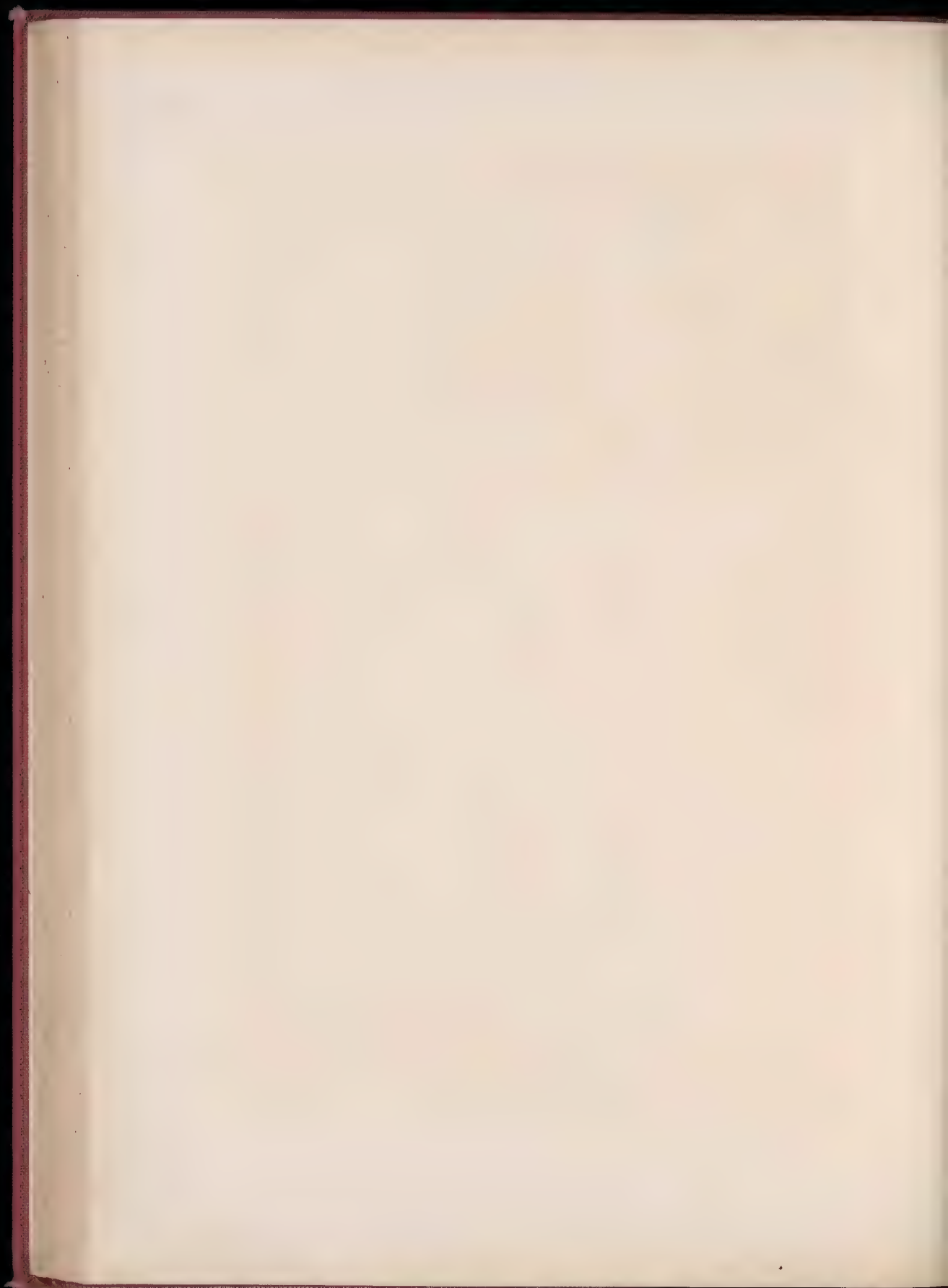
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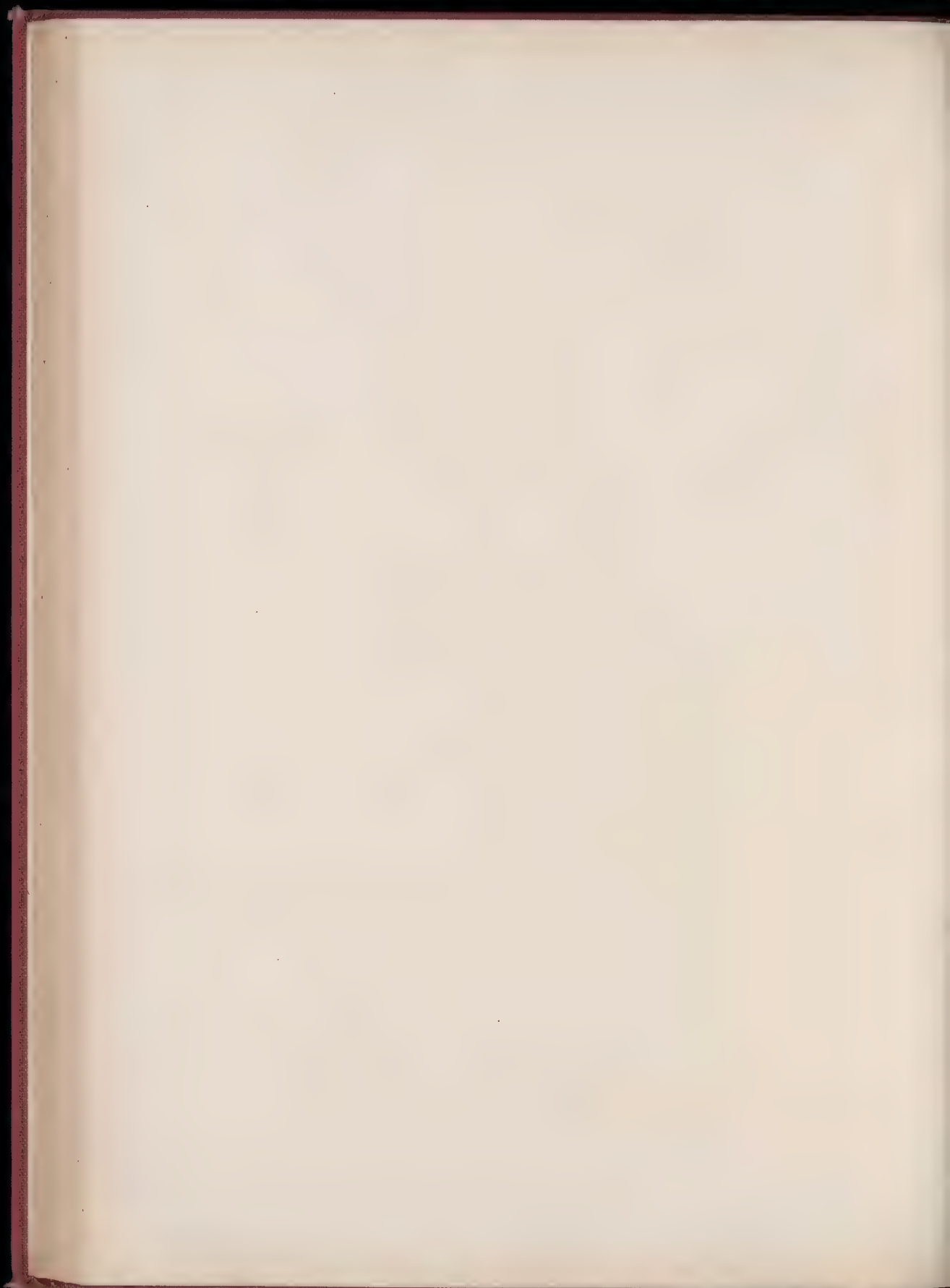
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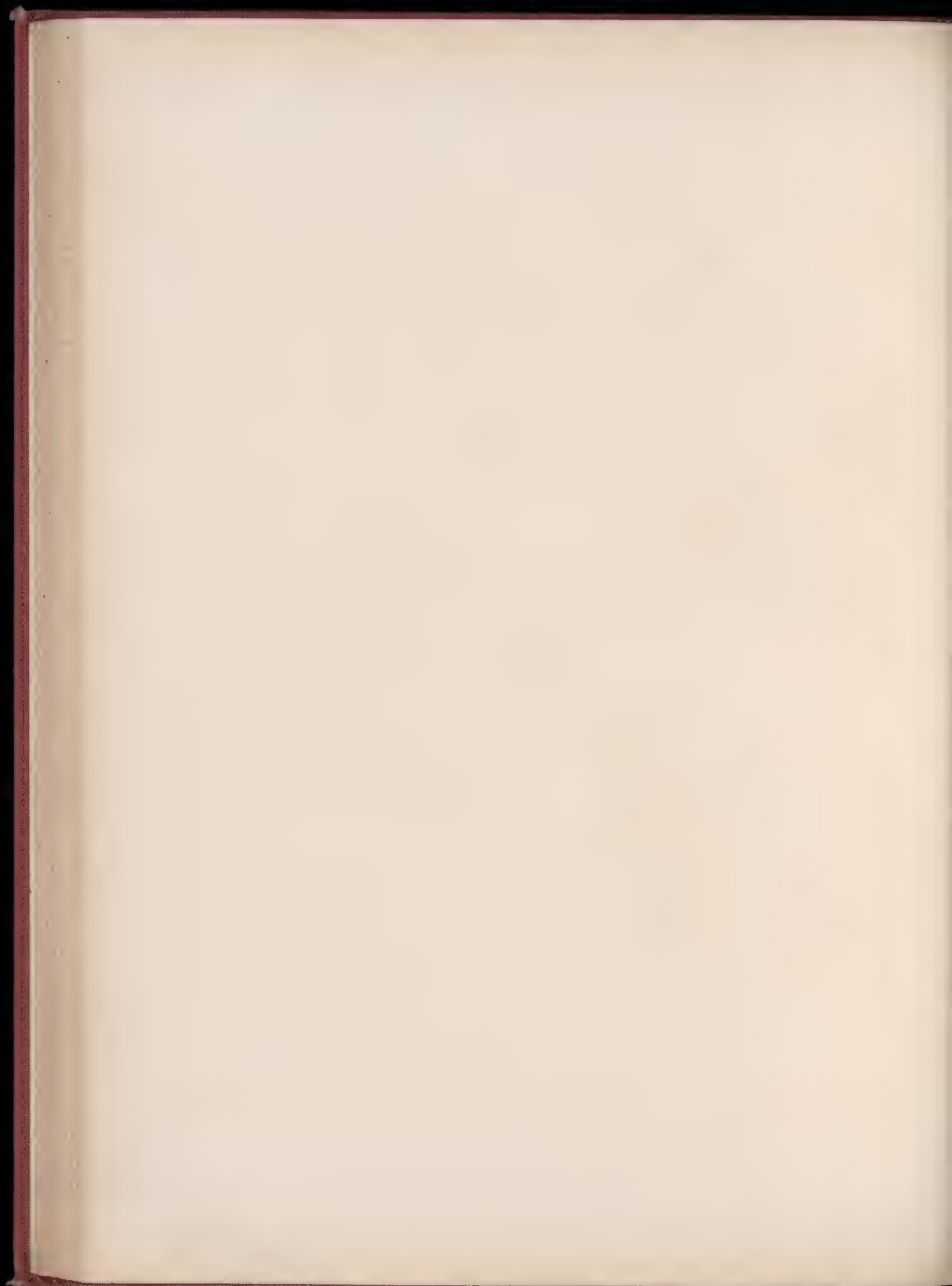




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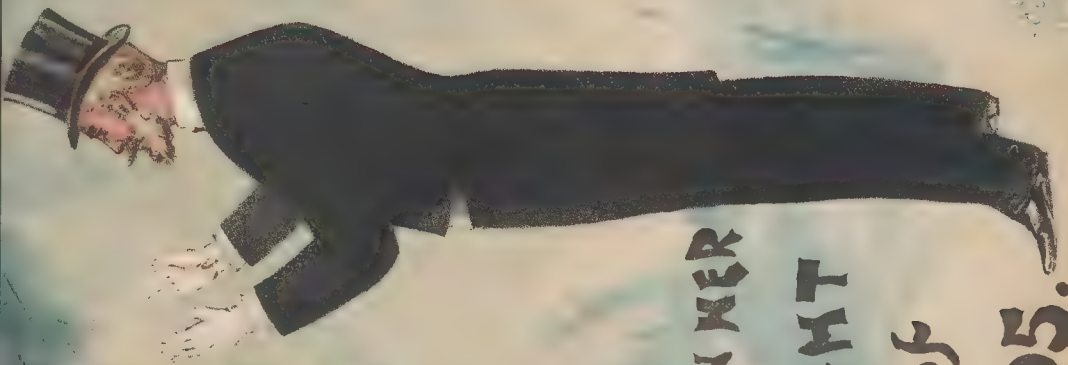


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loved from times of old, when, behold, one came and told His Majesty, saying, "An ambassador of the Prince of Bekhten hath arrived, bringing with him a multitude of gifts for the Royal spouse."



THE PRINCESS'S ATTENDANTS ARE ALARMED



THE EMBASSY FROM BEKHTEN

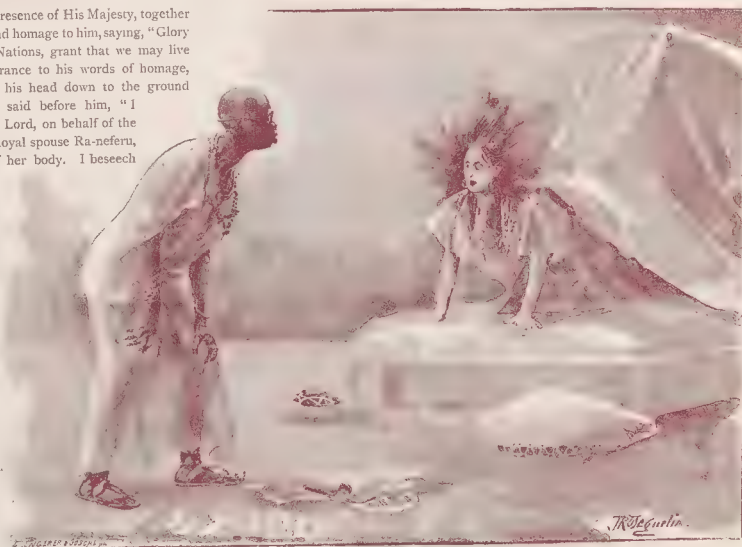
Bekhten, he found the lady Bent-reshet in the state of a woman of whom a demon had taken possession, and he found himself utterly unable to contend against him successfully.

And it came to pass that the Prince of Bekhten sent an ambassador a second time unto His Majesty, saying, "O my Sovereign and Lord, I beseech thy Majesty to command that a god be brought [unto this country to heal my daughter]."

Now on the twenty-sixth day of the first month of the season of inundation, during the time of the celebration of the festival of Amen, His Majesty was in Thebes, and he went a second time into the presence of the god Khonsu Nefer-hetep in Thebes, and said, "O my fair Lord, I have come once again into thy presence [to entreat thee on behalf of the daughter of the Prince of Bekhten." Then the god Khonsu Nefer-hetep in Thebes was brought unto Khonsu, who performeth mighty things and wonderful, the great god, the vanquisher of the hosts of darkness, and His Majesty spake in the presence of Khonsu Nefer-hetep in

And when he had been brought into the presence of His Majesty, together with his offerings, he spake words of fealty and homage to him, saying, "Glory and praise be to thee, O thou Sun of the Nations, grant that we may live before thee." And when he had given utterance to his words of homage, at the same time prostrating himself with his head down to the ground before His Majesty, he spake again, and said before him, "I have come unto thee, O my Sovereign and Lord, on behalf of the lady Bent-reshet, the younger sister of the Royal spouse Ra-neferu, for, behold, an evil disease hath laid hold of her body. I beseech thy Majesty to send a physician to see her."

And His Majesty said, "Let the men who are learned in the knowledge of books, and the books of the learned ones be brought to me." And when they had been led in before him His Majesty straightway said, "I have caused you to be summoned in order that ye might hear these words which I am about to say. Let there be brought in to me from out of your company a man wise of heart and able with his fingers." And it came to pass that when the Royal scribe Tehuti-em-Kheb had come into the presence of His Majesty, that he ordered him to set out on a journey to the land of Bekhten, together with the ambassador from that land. Now, when that physician had accomplished the journey into the land of



THE PHYSICIAN'S INTERVIEW WITH THE PRINCESS



TIL GOD KHONSU STARTS FOR BEKHTEN

Thebes, saying, "O my fair Lord, turn thy face upon Khonsu, who performeth mighty things and wonderful, the great god, the vanquisher of the hosts of darkness, and do thou most graciously grant that he may go into the country of Bekhten." And His Majesty spake yet again, saying, "Grant, then, that thy saving power may go with him, and let me send His Divine Majesty unto Bekhten to deliver the daughter of the Prince of that land from the power of the demon."

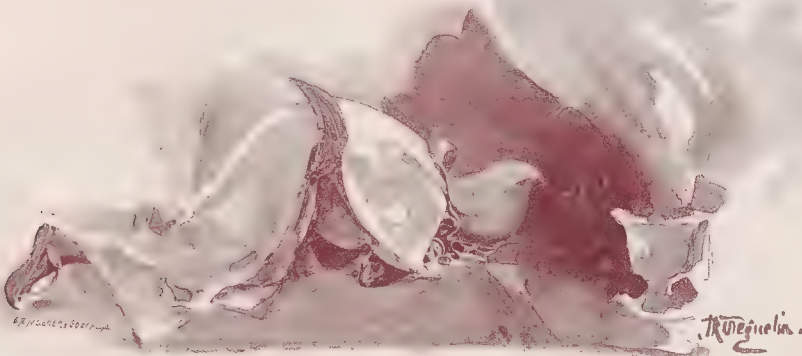
And behold the god Khonsu Nefer-hetep in Thebes granted his request, and he bestowed upon Khonsu, who performeth mighty things and wonderful in Thebes, his saving power in a fourfold measure.

And His Majesty commanded them to send Khonsu, who performeth mighty things and wonderful in Thebes, on his journey in a boat, together with five other boats, and a multitude of chariots and horses accompanied them on the right hand and on the left; and the god arrived in Bekhten after travelling one year and five months.

And the Prince of Bekhten, together with his soldiers and his nobles, came forth to meet Khonsu, who performeth mighty things and wonderful in Thebes, and he threw himself upon his face, saying, "Thy coming unto us by the ordering of the King of Northern and Southern Egypt, User-Maat-Ra-setep-en-Ra, is grateful unto us and welcome." And the god Khonsu went to the place wherein was the lady Bent-resbet, and he bestowed his saving power upon the daughter of the Prince of Bekhten, and she was healed straightway. And the demon which had possessed her spake before Khonsu, who performeth mighty things and wonderful in Thebes, "Grateful and wel-

come is thy coming unto us, O great god, the vanquisher of the hosts of darkness; Bekhten is thy city, the inhabitants thereof are thy slaves, and I am thy servant; and I will depart unto the place whence I came that I may gratify thee, for unto this end hast thou come hither. And I beseech thy Majesty to command that the Chief of Bekhten and myself may hold a festival together."

And the god Khonsu graciously granted this request, and spake to his priest, saying,



THE KING ASKS KHONSU IF HE WILL GO

"Let the Prince of Bekhten make a great festival in honour of the demon." Now, while the god Khonsu, who performeth mighty things and wonderful in Thebes, was arranging these things with the demon, the Prince of Bekhten and his army stood by in exceedingly great fear.

The Prince of Bekhten made a great festival in honour of Khonsu, who performeth mighty things and wonderful in Thebes, and of the demon of the Prince of Bekhten, and they passed a happy day together; and by the command of Khonsu, who performeth mighty things and wonderful in Thebes, that demon departed in peace unto the place which he loved.

And the Prince of Bekhten and all those who were in that country rejoiced exceedingly, and he conceived a design in his heart, saying, "The god Khonsu shall be made to abide in the country of Bekhten, and I will not allow him to depart into Egypt;" and the god Khonsu tarried in Bekhten for three years, four months, and five days.

And it came to pass on a day that the Prince of Bekhten was sleeping upon his couch, and he saw in a dream the god Khonsu come out from his shrine: now he was like unto a hawk of gold, and he flew up into the air, and departed to the land of



THE GOD, THE EVIL SPIRIT, AND THE PRINCE ENJOY THEMSELVES

And so Khonsu, who performeth mighty things and wonderful in Thebes, returned to his own temple happily on the nineteenth day of the second month of spring, in the thirty-third year of the King of Northern and Southern Egypt, User-Maat-Ra-setep-en-Ra, the giver of life, like the Sun, for ever and ever.



KHONSU EXPELS THE EVIL SPIRIT

Egypt. And when he woke up he was stupefied with terror, and he spake unto the priest of Khonsu, who performeth mighty things and wonderful in Thebes, saying, "The god hath departed from us, and hath made his way into Egypt; we must now send his chariot back to Egypt."

And the Prince of Bekhten gave the command, and the god set out for Egypt, and he gave unto him multitudes of offerings and gifts of all kinds of precious things, and he went accompanied by many soldiers and horses. And when he had made the journey to Thebes in peace, Khonsu, who performeth mighty things and wonderful in Thebes, departed to the temple of Khonsu Nefer-hetep in Thebes, and he laid before him all the offerings and gifts of all kinds of precious things which the Prince of Bekhten had given him, and he did not devote to his own temple anything of it all.



THE PRINCE'S VISION



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Fair Women at the Grafton Galleries.

FROM the days when Count Anthony Hamilton produced his "Vision of Fair Women," wherein *L'Enchanteur Faustus* unrolls before Queen Elizabeth a panorama of the dazzling beauties whose names are enshrined in story, from Helen of Troy to Fair Rosamond, "Lyrics," "Visions," and "Dreams" of "Fair Women" have formed the delight of poets, ending with "Epics of Fair Women," inspirations of Tennyson and Swinburne.

Translated from poetry to painting, the scheme of an exhibition of "Fair Women, real and ideal, has become an accomplished fact at the Grafton Galleries.

Mr. F. G. Prange, his Directors, and the efficient committee of fair and aristocratic ladies are to be congratulated upon the success which has crowned the realisation of this happy idea. It may be objected, in a gathering so extensive and widespread as the present collection of portraits of "Fair Women," that many of the subjects—admirable on their merits as likenesses or as works of art—fall disillusionisingly short of the designation adopted to describe the experiment. It is familiarly asserted, "Beauty is in the eye not in the object." A selection could easily be made of interesting celebrities whose faces are to the crowd neither

beautiful nor likely to be accepted as fair. Much allowance must be made for the magic of associations and old acquaintanceship. The verdict of history has pronounced that a given celebrity, without being absolutely beautiful, became the centre of attraction in her own day; and, with due reverence for past traditions, it is not becoming to traverse time-honoured conclusions.

Even physical beauty is a changing quality, and varies with the ages, as the beholder will realise from the collective gathering of "limnings" of "Fair Women."

Those objective protests likely to suggest themselves to the "many headed" are anticipated, on the part of the Direction, in a sagaciously politic note to the catalogue.

As there are included certain pictures of Women, possibly more celebrated for their historical interest, their influence, or their wit, than for their beauty, some exception has been taken to the title of the exhibition. The Directors, however, do not know of any fixed standard by which such pictures can be judged. and, further, they believe that in the eyes of some one person, at least, almost every woman has been considered fair.

FAIR WOMEN

AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES



Only a sense
Remains of them, like the omnipotence
Of music, when the inspired voice and lute
Languish: ere yet the responses cease,
Which through the deep and labyrinthine soul,
Like echoes through long caverns, wind and roll.

WITHIN the Grafton Galleries there are found a sufficiency of delectable pictures of "Fair Women," to whose personal attractions it is likely their painters have rendered due justice. Of fair celebrities there is on view a supply adequate to satisfy all requirements. Among the portraits of ladies of gentle birth, who made distinguished marriages—but concerning the details of whose modest careers the Museum of History has not busied herself—there will be discovered many whose names are entitled to take foremost rank on the muster-roll of "Fair Women."

Give beauty all her right!
She's not to one form tied;
Each shape yields fair delight,
Where her perfection lide.
Helen, I grant, might pleasing be,
And Ros mond was as sweet as she.

The range of the exhibition appropriately illustrates that the gifts of the gods are impartially distributed. To some of the comely daughters of men enduring fair fame is allotted; to another class—the sirens of the earth—a piquant notoriety. The chosen few are dowered with beauty, convincing and subjugating. On others are bestowed winsome powers of pleasing. Many—and likenesses of these abound in the galleries—without absolute loveliness have compensating attributes; without perfection of face or features, they are beyond all things captivating; there is "expression," *ensemble*, endless varieties of "charm," air, visible high-breeding, and, above all, "distinction." Several—whose attractiveness is less striking at the first glance—are found to fascinate by grace, artlessness, sweetness, and gentle softness. In the resplendent few are combined all these high gifts; and these supreme favourites of fortune constitute the select band of "Fair Celebrities," whose fame is enduring.

Typical illustrations of all sorts and conditions of womankind make up the sum of the selection. There is subtle witchery infused in the subject, and in the successful method in which it is illustrated; for people go again and again. These assiduous attendants repeat their visits from motives as diversified as the exhibits. Nor can these frequenters be accounted in the mass as connoisseurs of fine arts. To the last-mentioned class the collection may appeal on legitimately artistic grounds, for the galleries contain recognised *chef-d'œuvre* of the great masters of feminine portraiture.

The theme is kaleidoscopic, and there are multifarious methods of treating the exhibition which commend themselves in succession to the writer. Poets have revelled, as in a garden of flowers, where beviols of "Fair Women" are more abounding than roses.

Beauty gilds the blushing morn,
Hangs the dewdrop on the thorn,
Paints the rose in richest bloom,
Fills the air with sweet perfume.

But sweet perfume,
Nor rose in bloom,
Nor dewdrop bright,
Nor morning light,
In charms can vie
With Woman's eye.

In Woman's eye we raptur'd view
Beauty at once, and pleasure too.

Art critics have exercised their judicial functions, have dealt out scholarly judgments, and passed verdicts, according to their custom—and to the respective gospels they happen to hold—otherwise not callous to the claims of beauty, as represented in the subjects thus academically reviewed.

The literary mind has delighted in the crowding associations—summoned by the spell of so many "Fair Women"—with histories and traditions of their own! Versatile scribes have poured forth from their mental storehouses wealth of anecdote, of reading, and of historical illumination.

There is the general and the particular; the temptations of comparison, of analysis; of the why and the wherefore; of ox-eyed Junos and divinities with classic foreheads; and how, among the diversity of types of beauty, one or another arbitrary standard rules the day or the era; and, lo! all feminine loveliness is found to conform to the existing mode; these are the secrets of the fair.

The present review is based on the simplest lines as to the selection of famous fair women and literary notes. Almost all the best examples by the foremost painters naturally secured recognition in their own day, and an appreciative public existed, eager enough, like Mr. Secretary Pepsy, to secure reproductions of the respective artists' most successful examples; pictorial embodiments of "Fair Women," familiar in the flesh, were in general request in their own generations. The most accomplished engravers—the Faithornes, Smiths, Faber, McArdeils, Earloms, Wards, Keyboldses, Cousins, &c., of their respective epochs—Stuart, Georgian, or Victorian

—were employed in reproducing the favourite masterpieces as they left the painters' hands. These engraved versions—to which the mezzotinters, etchers, stipplers,



LADY JANE GREY. By Lucas de Heere

&c., added refining qualities of their own—were published, as in the instances of Sir Joshua and his colleagues, while the original paintings were at their freshest and best, before the sophistications of the "cleaner and restorer" fiends had "confused the issue," for the most part, or altered the portraits out of recognition. Admirable early proof engravings, issued to an art-loving public contemporaneously, from the basis on which the present selection is founded, with the reassuring confidence that, however much the paintings themselves have unfortunately suffered from time, neglect, exposure, accident, the misplaced zeal of so-called cleaners, and the Vandalism of reckless "restorers," the fine contemporary mezzotints—as Reynolds, with insight, himself expressed must afford to posterity trustworthy impressions of the pristine charms of the finest works, after time, wear, and decay have caused their glories to fade. "My pictures," said Sir Joshua, "will survive in the fine mezzotints by J. R. Smith and others."

The selection of fifty leading examples, reproduced as described, is elucidated with slight anecdotal biographical sketches, on the obvious grounds that it is interesting to be placed *en rapport* with the histories of famous and beautiful women. In many cases their stories supply the "hidden link" whence sprang the empire they exercised over their fellow-creatures, the secret of their charm, and how their particular gift of fascination arose in the first instance; for in the examples of those sirens who lived to please the powers undervent distinct stages rise, meridian, and decline. Lives commenced in the vein of light comedy ended in gruesome tragedy; thoughtless idols of the passing hour, neglected, were left to lifelong reflections. Queens, whose kingdoms were over all hearts, discredited, in solitary obscurity welcomed dissolution. The majority of dazzling Fair Celebrities—even among the most discreet—led feverish lives before the footlights. The few were happiest whose beauty blushed "unseen" save in their own domestic circles, and who, serene and tranquil, neither coveted outside applause nor the adulations of the throng, although their personal attractions may have warranted extended recognition.



HENRIETTA MARIA, QUEEN OF CHARLES I. By Sir Anthony Van Dyck

MARGARET TUDOR, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND. BY HANS HOLBEIN.

THERE is the statement of eyewitnesses that Margaret Tudor, the sister of Henry VIII., in her youth and prime was comely fair, with a bright complexion and abundant golden hair. Gavin Douglas gives her credit for beauty, and poets of the Scottish Court chanted their praises of her physical charms in such lyrics as the "Epithalamium," produced in honour of her nuptials in 1503:

O fair, fairest of every fair
Princess most pleasant and preclare.

Sweet lovely lump of beauty clear,
Most mighty monarch's daughter dear,
Born of a Princess most serene,
Welcome in Scotland to be Queen!

The marriage of Queen Margaret with James IV. of Scotland was celebrated in the poem of "The Thistle and the Rose," written by Dunbar of East Lothian, who may be

than sixteen." The alliance would be advantageous in every way, and a link connecting England with the Empire. The Duchess professed, for herself, that "she was wholly at the disposal of her uncle, the Emperor." The amount of dotes and dowries, with the security for their payment, were elaborately discussed, but the wily Emperor Charles, it appears, was merely playing a part. The house of cards, so carefully raised, fell as suddenly to the ground. As regards the fair widow, she would admit no more than this: "As for mine inclination, what should I say? You know I am at the Emperor's commandment"—"his poor servant, and must follow his pleasure." As to the words imputed to her, "that the ministers would lose their labours, for she minded not to fix her heart that way," she gave this assurance to Sir Thomas Wriothesley,—"M. Ambassador, I thank God He hath given me a better stay of myself than to be of so light sort. I assure you that neither those words that you have spoken, nor any like to them, have passed at any time from my mouth; and so, I pray you, report for me." The Duchess Christina subsequently married Francis Duke of Lorraine. She died in 1590.



MARGARET TUDOR, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND. By Hans Holbein.

called poet laureate to the King of Scots. The following verse has a particular reference to the English princess at the time of the marriage treaty:—

Nor hold no other flower in life so dainty
Like the fresh Rose, of colour red and white,
For if thou dost, hurt is thine honesty.
Considering that no flower is so perishing,
So full of virtue, pleasure, or delight,
So full of blissful, angel-like beauty,
Imperial with honour and dignity.

The portrait of Margaret Tudor by Holbein, lent to the Grafton Galleries by the Marquis of Lothian, K.T., represents the Queen in middle age, after she grew stout, and the comeliness of her countenance had been impaired by an attack of small-pox. The picture has been engraved several times. Like her royal brother, Margaret was a much-painted personage. There is the well-known picture at Windsor, done by Mabuse about 1496, representing her with her two brothers; another likeness, by Minour, painted about 1502, for presentation to James. Another at Wilton, belonging to the Earls of Pembroke. An interesting picture of the Queen as Dowager, with the Regent Albany, in possession of the Marquis of Bute, is of further interest, as it is suggested the piece was painted at the period when the personages represented were reproached with undue tenderness for each other. Other portraits may be mentioned, such as the one at Queen's College, another lent to the Tudor Exhibition, and that engraved by G. Valck in Larrey's *Histoire d'Angleterre*. The two royal personages, Margaret and Henry, showed the strongest points of affinity, physical and mental; the careers of both were equally harassed by matrimonial complications; and both were always troubling the spiritual powers for dispensations and divorces, in which respects they set to their subjects examples equally reprehensible.

Margaret Tudor, by her marriage with James IV., who lost his life at Flodden in 1513, became grandmother of Mary Queen of Scots. In 1514 she married Archibald Earl of Angus, from whom she later obtained a divorce. In 1528 she married Henry Lord Methven; from the latter she was again seeking a divorce, with a view to contracting a fourth marriage, when death terminated her career. She thus left two husbands living, besides more than one claimant to whose matrimonial advances she was favourably disposed.

CHRISTINA OF DENMARK, DUCHESS OF MILAN. BY HANS HOLBEIN.

AFTER the death of Jane Seymour, his third wife, Henry VIII. began to look abroad for a fresh alliance, and it was at this period that his thoughts turned to the fair Christina. He first seemed anxious to wed Mary of Guise, although repeatedly assured she was pledged to his nephew, James V. of Scotland, the son of his sister, Margaret Tudor. Indignant at his failure in this quarter, Henry, for a while at least, left it to be assumed his desires were centred on Christina Duchess of Milan, whose portrait he straightaway commissioned Holbein to paint for his cabinet. The King's matrimonial proclivities were not without their advantages so far as concerned the Court painters of his day. Holbein seems to have enjoyed considerable practice in travelling to courts to paint the likenesses of possible queens—for instance, the Lady Anne and her sister Amélie of Cleves. Christina of Denmark, daughter of the Danish king and niece of the Emperor Charles V., at the time when Henry VIII.'s ideas were fixed in her direction, was the youthful relict of the Duke of Milan; "tall, handsome, and no more



CHRISTINA DUCHESS OF MILAN. By Hans Holbein.

It has been considered questionable whether the King was seriously bent on either of these matches; it is alleged Henry's advances were but political devices to preserve the balance of power between the two rivals, Francis I. and Charles V., lest they and the Pope together, by combining policies, instead of fighting among themselves, should prove too much for him. Whether the Duchess of Milan ever made that famous response about the impediment to this alliance of having only one head to lose, or one neck to dislocate, or the fair widow was eager for the match, there is little doubt that the connubially inclined monarch was himself, at this juncture, a not particularly attractive bridegroom; the state of his health, which in the spring of 1538 was sufficiently serious, might have afforded ample grounds for avoiding further matrimonial experiences. He had a bad fistula in one leg which was already gravely dangerous, his face at times growing quite black, while he became speechless from pain. His illness was doubtless aggravated by anxieties, both domestic and foreign; for if other princes

should combine forces, and be banded against him, the loyalty of his own subjects was not to be depended upon.

The superb example of Holbein's masterly artistic treatment of the likeness of a "Fair Woman" of the sixteenth century is lent to the Grafton by the Duke of Norfolk, K.G. The painting was one of the most admired at the Tudor Exhibition.

LADY JANE GREY. BY LUCAS DE HEERE.

THE remarkably interesting picture exhibited by Earl Spencer, K.G., in itself repays a visit to the Grafton Galleries. Its marvellous quality, preservation, and technique



MARY SIDNEY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE. By Marc Gheeraerts.

perfection are things to admire, and a debt or gratitude is due to the gracious owner for its loan. The painting is well known to experts, and it has been reproduced by various methods. There exists no diversity of opinion as to the beauty of the piece itself, but from that point divergences arise. It is variously affirmed that the lady, who is certainly perfectly in place amongst a collection of "Fair Women," is not Lady Jane Grey, and that the picture is as obviously not by Lucas de Heere. The theory has been suggested by connoisseurs that the painting more resembles the method of Bernard Van Orley than the earlier Lucas de Heere, and that the subject represents a repentant Magdalen, displayed according to Low Country lights prevailing upon that theme in the sixteenth century. On the other hand, it has been pointed out with strong conviction during the ownership of a former Earl Spencer that not only is this the true effigy of Lady Jane Grey, but that this particular "limning" is the archetype whence all the other portraits have been copied; and it really seems likely, from the evidence of a very considerable collection of engraved portraits, described as "Lady Jane Grey," that this conclusion is not wide of the truth. Let us, however, in this instance, waive controversial questions and conveniently adhere to the statement made by the proprietor, by the Directors of the Grafton, and by the compilers of the excellent catalogue. The picture was successfully engraved in 1817 for the collection of notable bibliographical *ans* published by the Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibdin as *The Bibliographical Decameron; or, ten days' pleasant discourse upon Illuminated Manuscripts, and subjects connected with early Engraving, Typography, and Bibliography*. It will be there seen that the authorities are prepared to go to the block as to the authenticity of the portrait, even including the local surroundings and the prospect seen through the windows. Less confidence is expressed as to the correct attribution of the name of the artist. It is familiar to every one that the unfortunate "Fair Lady" under discussion was the daughter of Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, and the cousin of Edward VI., at

whose death she was very injudiciously proclaimed Queen: a circumstance deeply regretted at the time, as it entailed an unmerited fate upon one of the brightest ornaments of her age, a lady in whom all graces and accomplishments were mingled, with wisdom beyond her years, and gentleness of spirit altogether phenomenal. Learning and philosophy came to her aid, even in this trying ordeal. When Sir John Gage, Constable of the Tower, led this accomplished creature to execution, and desired some token of her remembrance, "she gave him her Table-book, on which were written three sentences on seeing her husband's dead body; one in Greek, another in Latin, and a third in English" (Hume, on the authority of Heylin). We here give Dibdin's theories for what they are worth, in which he claims, so far as concerns the likeness (he has less certainty about the "limner"), "that the picture is the vera effigies of Lady Jane Grey. What is the history of the accompanying exquisite portrait? Briefly this: and remember also, lovers of graphic *veritas*, 'tis the only legitimate portrait of Lady Jane Grey that has yet been made public. The original is at Althorp, in the possession of Earl Spencer, and is executed throughout with a fidelity and tenderness very rarely occurring in pictures of that period in our own country. . . . Through the windows are seen, to the left, the two adjoining spires, and to the right the larger tower and spire of the churches of Leicester. The entire detail bespeaks the genuineness of the picture; giving us also a portrait of the very study, in her father's house, where the accomplished student sat. After having examined the engraved portraits of the same person in Holland's *Heroologie*, and Larrey's *History of England*, as well as several other minor engravings, I have no hesitation in assigning to the picture the character of its being the only legitimate portrait of Lady Jane Grey extant. All that have preceded it have evidently only an ideal set of features, accompanied by an imitation of the dress as in the painting, but representing rather a woman of five-and-twenty or thirty, than a beautiful and well-bred female under seventeen years of age."

HENRIETTA MARIA, QUEEN OF CHARLES I. BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK.

THE portrait of Henrietta Maria, queen of the unfortunate Charles I., exhibited by Lord Wantage, V.C., is one of the numerous pictures of the daughter of Henry IV. of France, painted by Sir Anthony Van Dyck, who in his portraits of the royal family and of the aristocracy of his period has endowed his sitters with nobility and stately distinction which have bequeathed to posterity the most dignified impressions of the persons who had the advantage of being represented by this truly denominated "Court painter."

LUCRETIA. BY LORENZO LOTTO.

THE noble example of Lorenzo Lotto, lent by Captain G. L. Holford, described as "Lucretia," has been alluded to as "a pictorial enigma"; the inference is that the personage represented is the famous Lucretia. This suggestion is supported by the artist having placed in the hand of his impressive sister a drawing which indicates the tragic fate of the earlier Lucretia of Roman historical celebrity.

MARY SIDNEY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE. BY MARC GHEERAERTS.

THE portrait of this fair representative of the Sidneys, and direct ancestress of the Pembrokes, must always be regarded with especial interest; the picture is the property of Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, who has lent it for exhibition. The artist has probably succeeded in giving both the features and expression of the gentle original. The effigy of "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," would of necessity be looked for in a collection with the pretensions of the present, though other noble ladies of letters are absent, such as her Grace Margaret of Newcastle. Wondrous to relate, the Countess's portrait is not disappointing; the mental ideals of famous female celebrities are too rarely realised, but this particular likeness just happens to harmonise with the expectations of what so gentle and learned lady must have been. The picture is fairly well known



LUCRETIA. By Lorenzo Lotto.

through engravings, which do justice to the original. Daughter of Sir Henry Sidney, K.G., she was consequently sister of the famous Sir Philip Sidney, that paragon of his age, "a gentleman finished and complete, in whom mildness was associated with courage, condition mollified by refinement, and countenance dignified by truth," Sir Walter Raleigh called him "the English Petrarch." "He trod," wrote the author of the *Effigies Poeticæ*, "from his cradle to his grave amid incense and flowers, and died in a dream of glory." Congenial qualities and kindred pursuits united Sir Philip with his sister. Their youth was passed at Penshurst in sympathetic studies. Mary Sidney was married in 1576 to Henry, second Earl of Pembroke, who had been married twice before. In 1580, owing to a quarrel with Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, Philip Sidney (who was not knighted by Elizabeth until 1583) retired to Wilton, the seat of his brother-in-law, the Earl of Pembroke, and there he planned his celebrated romance, known as *Arcadia*, the idea of which is supposed to have been suggested to him by the *Arcadia* of Samazaro, a complete edition of which was printed at Milan in 1504. Sidney's *Arcadia* seems to have been composed for the amusement of his sister, and to her it was sent in portions as it came from Philip's pen. He never completed the third book, nor during his brief lifetime was any portion printed. Fatally wounded at the siege of Zutphen—where, though hardly beset, and with two horses shot under him, he rescued Lord Willoughby, who was surrounded by the enemy—Sir Philip Sidney died at Arnhem, October 7, 1586, in the thirty-second year of his life. After his lamented decease, which was mourned by all England, and abroad in an almost equal degree, his poems were preserved with tender affection and interest; the *Arcadia*, imperfect as it was left by Sir Philip, was corrected by his mourning sister (about whose portrait one seems to trace an expression of touching melancholy), and was by others carefully perused under her direction: the title under which it appeared in type, *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*, was thus justified. A continuation was written by Gervase Markham. The Countess was regarded by her contemporaries as a poetical muse, and to her good graces were dedicated poems by other poets as "the subject of all verse." Mary Sidney, carefully trained from early youth, possessed talents for poetic composition, and these gifts she assiduously cultivated; from the Hebrew Psalms she made translations into English verse, versions in which her brother also assisted. The MSS. are said to be preserved in the library at Wilton. *A Discourse of Life and Death*, done into English by the Countess, from the French of Philip Morndy, was published at Wilton 1590. *The Tragedie of Antonie*, done into English by the Countess of Pembroke, London 1595. "An Elegy on Sir Philip Sidney," printed in Spenser's *Atrophel* (Spenser's poem is an elegy on the same subject), 1595. "A Pastoral Dialogue," in praise of Astraea (Queen Elizabeth, with whom Sir Philip Sidney was a privileged favourite), published in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*, 1602. A long poem in six-line stanzas, entitled "The Countess of Pembroke's Passion," occurs among the Sloanian MSS. (No. 1303). Living to an advanced age, she survived her husband the Earl by twenty years; she died September 25, 1621, at her house in Aldersgate Street, London, albeit this sounds a prosaic address for the refined "Stella" after the sylvan glades of Wilton, that Arcadian retreat. She was interred in the chancel of Salisbury Cathedral, with the members of the Pembroke family—strange to say, without any monument being raised to her fame. The familiar lines written by Ben Jonson, designed to be inscribed upon her tomb, must hold a lasting place in the recollection



BARBARA VILLIERS, DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND. By Sir Peter Lely.

of readers. Few epitaphs have the advantage of being thus widely known, and thus generally remembered:—

Underneath this sable hearse	Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
Lies the subject of all verse!	Fair, and lovely, and good as she,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;	Time shall throw a dart at thee.

BARBARA VILLIERS, DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND. BY SIR PETER LELEY.

The example of Sir Peter Lely's *dignum* art, lent from the "Lely Room" at Hampton Court by her Majesty the Queen, represents the celebrated favourite—ultima of the too "merry monarch" tricked out in the semblance of Britannia, as she is said to figure on the reverse of his majesty's currency.

The imperious Barbara Villiers was the daughter of Viscount Grandison. Her first husband was Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemaine; and, to add to the "honours" of a notorious connection, about which there was a lavish amount of "gilding," the already elevated personage was created a Duchess by the grateful monarch, who, to do him credit, stood in no little awe of his exacting favourite's "tantrums." Of gentle birth, Barbara was dowered with a beauty which may be called defiant. Her loveliness "was of that splendid and commanding character that dazzles rather than interests." How perfect of its kind was that beauty which could subdue even a turbulent mob, ripe for mischief, and convert the reckless-minded into adulators of the fair, false face they had reason to blaspheme! We are told how, at the climax of her unpopularity, when the licence, greed, and excesses of the King's "virago," grown outrageous, were disturbing the Court, and sowing disaffection broadcast over the land, the execrated wanton went in some state to Bartholomew Fair to view "the rare puppet-show of Patient Grizzle." Her equipage was recognised by the rabble, who followed her with hisses, curses, and threats; when the Castlemaine stepped forth in the indignant majesty of her beauty, awing the surrounding crowd with her proud consciousness of irresistible physical charms, and the people—struck with admiration, and melted by the supremacy of this wondrous gift—changed their curses into blessings "on her handsome face," though it had largely helped to undo the nation. The picture, by Sir Peter Lely, "from the Hampton Court Beauties," in which the lady appears tricked out with the helmet, shield, and spear of Pallas, though more resembling Bellona, and of necessity theatrical, impresses by the imperious beauty of the face, the lips curling with arrogance and "womanish disdain," and the proud, unabashed, sensuous eyes, full of latent fire beneath the lazily dropped lids, speaking of empire o'er mankind.

Love is all gentleness and joy;
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
That flouts his link full in your face!



SARAH JENNINGS, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH. By Sir Godfrey Kneller.



ELIZABETH HAMILTON, AFTERWARDS CONTESSA DE GRAMMONT, "LA BELLE HAMILTON." By Sir Peter Lely.

Thus sang the Earl of Dorset, Court wit, poet, and gallant Lothario, who, it must be conceded, was a judge of the merits of the case.

Secretary Samuel Pepys, of the Admiralty, had a profound admiration for Barbara's triumphant beauty, though, good man, he tells us of her wicked ways. We can, in his company, betake us "to Lilly's, the painter's," in 1662, there to see "the fellow that showed us" pictures of the King and the Duchess of York seated in State, "most rare things"; but, alas! my Lady Castlemaine's portrait is locked up and cannot be seen, unless Mr. Pepys will come again. This was in June: four months later the painting of Barbara was finished, and on view. Pepys leaves Whitehall and the Duke of York to call at "Mr. Lilly's, the great painter, who came forth to us; but, believing that I came to bespeak a picture, he prevented it by telling us that he should not be at leisure these three weeks; which, methinks, is a rare thing. And then to see in what pomp his table was laid for himself to go to dinner; and here, among other pictures, saw the so much desired by me picture of my Lady Castlemaine, which is a most blessed picture, and one that I must have a copy of."

The Duchess of Cleveland was the mother of six children. Charles Fitzroy, the eldest son, by Charles II., was made Duke of Southampton, and, on his mother's death in 1709, Duke of Cleveland; the title became extinct at the death of his son William in 1774. The second son was Henry Fitzroy, born 1663; he was created Duke of Grafton, and was married at the age of sixteen to Isabella, only daughter and heiress of the Earl of Arlington. The Duchess of Grafton was the most beautiful woman of her time; reigned supreme "Lady of Hearts" at the Court of William III., and was celebrated by the poetsasters of her generation. She was the ancestress of the Fitzroys, Graftons, and Southamptons. George Fitzroy, Lady Castlemaine's third son, was created Duke of Northumberland; he turned out weak and dissipated, and he left no issue. Lady Castlemaine's three daughters were Anne Palmer Fitzroy, born in 1661, who married the Earl of Sussex; Charlotte Fitzroy, who rivalled her mother's beauty, and was married to the Earl of Lichfield; the third daughter, Barbara, about whose paternity questions were raised, became a nun at Pontoise.

Later in life the Duchess, descending from her high pinnacle, weakly contracted a marriage with the no less notorious "Beau" Fielding, who was probably greedy for her wealth, and, it is recorded, the lady met her deserts. She died in 1709.

SARAH JENNINGS, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH. BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

FEW even of those famous beauties who have "left their mark" on the pages of history have attained the predominant power in the affairs of State exercised by Sarah Duchess of Marlborough. One of the most remarkable of her sex, Nature had endowed her with personal beauty to attract, a masculine vigour of mind, and an impetuosity of will which hurried her into errors of judgment difficult even for her masterful polity to retrieve. Born at Holywell, near St. Albans, on May 29, 1660, the day of the Restoration of the Stuarts, Sarah Jennings was, by after-circumstances, to exercise an influence over the reign of a Stuart Princess which, in its way, probably stands unequalled. Her sister was "La belle Jennings" of De Grammont's *Memoirs* who married Sir George Hamilton, and was later known to fame as the Duchess of Tyrconnel. The father, Richard Jennings, of Sandridge, was a loyal Cavalier, and at an early age his two daughters were sent to that perilous school for brilliant and lovely maidens, the Court of Charles II. The Duke of York was their patron, and would have fain stood in closer relationship to La Belle Jennings, who laughed to scorn the suit of the Royal Tartuffe. At the age of twelve Sarah was sent to shine at Court under the auspices of the Duchess of York. It was in this situation that she became the companion and playmate of the Princess, and gained over the duller mind of Anne that supremacy which later in life had so unique an influence on the achievements of "Anne Regina's benignant rule."

Similar favour was enjoyed by Sarah Jennings after the death of the first Duchess of York, and she continued to be attached to James's second wife, Mary of Modena. This youthful courtier must have had great natural gifts to have held in popular attractiveness her own with the sprightly beauty, her eldest sister, the bewitching Frances. Sarah Jennings's face was of a rounded form, of the type *mignonne*; a nose, appropriately "tip-tilted," lent to this style of countenance its peculiar air of vivacious archness; the mouth tiny, and delicately shaped, dimpled with winning smiles; a wide broad forehead indicating the possession of mental vigour; auburn hair, which fell over the white brow and her well-turned shoulders in glossy masses of curls. This abundance of fair hair was a feature in the lady's beauty, and the story is related how, in a fit of pique with her husband, she cut off a great tress of this ornament and threw it down her placid spouse, casting his eyes on it where it was placed to catch his attention and to vex his composure, made no remark on this wilfulness, but the tress of hair disappeared. Years later, when Marl-

borough was no more, Sarah regained this memento, treasured by the Duke, locked up in a private cabinet with a few relics precious to himself.

A commanding figure gave the majestic Sarah that dignified air to which was early due the nickname "Queen Sarah." She has been described as a being formed to win, and to retain her empire by sheer commanding force. The attractions of the piquant character of her beauty were enforced by the superior qualities of her intellect—a woman born to rise superior to any situation, with a lofty, dauntless mental organisation which fitted her to contend with every impediment to her aspiring will. Some of these superficial qualities Kneller has contrived to convey in his portrait.

We are told the sweet and tender countenance did not betray the violent temper and hot impetuosity with which the fairy godmother, who had bestowed such rare gifts, chose to neutralise the sum of her bounties, defects which have been attributed to an elevated nature, impatient of littleness, disdainful of petty ambitions, overbearingly conscious of its own imperious power, yet capable of generous sympathies, an indomitable courage, and a wit which was unsparring. Miss Sarah Jennings possessed the charms of a *mignonne* face, and deep blue eyes seemingly full of sensibility; with a free and sylph-like carriage—a person which might fittingly clothe Aurora, the divinity of spring in a poet's fancy—while the exceptional intellectual gifts lay undeveloped.

Sarah received, ere her sixteenth birthday, numerous offers from persons of distinction. It is a proof of her disposition that, while she refused the more auspicious offers, she accepted the love of a young gentleman ten years her senior, whose position at the time was, from a worldly point of view, by no means desirable as regarded the fitting establishment in life of a promising, imperious beauty, who, like Alexander, felt the world all too small for her commanding impulses.

In attendance at Whitehall was the handsome favourite, John Churchill, awaiting the turn of Fortune's wheel. His sister Arabella was Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York, and, more equivocally, mistress of the pious and gravely gallant Prince her husband. She bore James II. the Duke of Berwick and three other children. Churchill, we know, had secured his stepping-stone to fortune by the good graces of the King's mistress; the brother of one favourite Sultana, and the quondam *protégé* of another, the intrepid and well-favoured Jack Churchill had risen rapidly in the profession of arms, and of Courts. At twenty-six he had already bought an annuity of 500*l.* a year with

money advanced by "the King's fair virago," Castlemaine; was a full-blown "dashing colonel," and, moreover, attached to the Duke of York's household, a Gentleman of the Bedchamber, a brave comrade of the Lord High Admiral's, and "the observed of all" at Whitehall. The good that was in John Churchill, who at one time bade fair to turn out a heartless rake, asserted itself under the limpid eyes, pretty airs of conquest, and bewitching ways of the fair Sarah. This remarkably distinguished pair somehow surrendered to each other. The heart that had hitherto disdained capture succumbed before this irresistible cavalier; while the all-triumphant Churchill became a gentle wooer, and remained in captivity for the remainder of his brilliant, active life. Before "the gray mare became the better horse" for the rest of her career, trials and endurance were to be overcome. It has been remarked that the tribulations and eventualities of a long engagement proved the faithful temperaments of these personages: shadows chequered the sunshine of this constant couple. Churchill's future prosperity was yet to be established. He was beyond everything cautious where money was concerned; his prudence was in this respect pushed to a mania. The lady was slighted to discover her loving heart balanced against prudent Churchill's economics, hence outbreaks of temper, which served to remind the lover that the goddess he idolised was flesh and blood. In the letters which passed between the pair, the easy tranquillity and amiable nature of Churchill's disposition is no less evident than the vivacious petulance of the queenly Jennings, who, while indignantly denouncing the excessive worldly precaution of her lover, threatened to break off the engagement and join her fair sister, La belle Frances, then Lady Hamilton, successfully married, and settled at the French Court. Churchill's redoubtable economics were not proof against these heroics: he besought his enslaver to change her resolute front, and to take him once for all in matrimonial bonds.

The wedding was a secret one, under the favouring auspices of the Duchess of York, their royal mistress, who, set on the match, was their only confidant. It is ascertainable that the marriage took place early in 1678. So mysterious and thorough were the precautions for securing secrecy that in after years, it is said, the husband and wife were unable to bring the actual evidences of the affair to light, when they attempted to clear up this point. Here indeed was an element of romance; and while the lady was still addressed by her husband as "Miss Jennings," by the irony of fate the couple were destined to live for two or three years far distant from each other. Colonel Churchill was sent on a mission to the Prince and Princess of Orange; then he was away with the unpopular James II. in Scotland, moving from place to place, invariably



MRS. SIDMONS AS "THE TRAGIC MUSE." By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

addressing impassioned letters to his beautiful Sarah, left with Mary of Modena in London, showing the empire his gifted bride had obtained over his usually placid, imperturbable nature. In 1683 Churchill became a Baron, and was appointed Colonel of the newly raised royal regiment of "Horse Guards" an important landmark in military annals. Of no less historical interest is the fact that Lady Churchill was shortly appointed Lady of her Highness's Bedchamber on the marriage of the Princess Anne. From that date to the subsequent downfall of the Marlboroughs at the hands of less reputable favourites—the ungrateful "creatures" they had themselves raised as "instruments"—the fortunes of the pair are closely associated with those of the kingdom, over the affairs of which, in Anne Regina's more notable epoch, the Marlboroughs individually exercised a masterly control which has rarely fallen to mere subjects, however elevated. The Duchess, who survived to the advanced age of eighty-four, died in 1744.

ELIZABETH HAMILTON, COMTESSE DE GRAMMONT.
BY SIR PETER LEY.

It would seem that, among the few portraits of "Fair Women" which come up to the expectation of the beholder, the likeness of "La belle Hamilton" deservedly takes a high rank. Painter and sitter were happily thrown together. Sir Peter Lely, on canvas, contrives to make the gay times of the Restoration possible, and indeed readily understood.

"Lely," says Walpole, "supplied the want of taste with *cliquant*: his nymphs trail fringes and embroidery through meadows and purling streams. Van Dyck's habits are those of the times; Lely's, a sort of fantastic night-gowns, fastened with a single pin. The latter was, in truth, the ladies' painter; and, whether the age was improved in beauty or in flattery, Lely's women are certainly much handsomer than those of Van Dyck. They please as much more as they evidently meant to please. He caught the reigning character, and

on the animated canvas stole
The sleepy eye, that told the melting soul.

I do not know whether, even in softness of the flesh, he did not excel his predecessor. The beauties at Windsor are the Court of Paphos, and ought to be engraved for the memoirs of its charming biographer, Count Hamilton."

Thus wrote Lord Orford in his *Anecdotes of Painting*, and, as we must perforce realise, with remarkable acumen. What a generation of voluptuous beauties must have betaken themselves to the Westphalian Lely's painting-room! It might be thought the ingenious artist had turned the family of self-conscious sirens out of his own imagination, or that the lovely Cytherean cohort were all sisters of the painter's own *beau idéal*! Not so, however. Have we not the testimony of the conscientious and precise Mr. Secretary Pepys and contemporaries, who went to view the portraits of the fair *demoiselles*, the originals being familiar to their eyes, and did not they pronounce the images *ressemblant*? The appearance of "La belle Hamilton" at this epoch justified the flatteries of her admirers in general, and those love-stricken nobles who wished to place their coronets upon her placid brow. Here, then, is her picture, drawn by the gallant and typical French count to whose courtship the imperious Elizabeth lent a favourable ear.

Count Philibert de Grammont has set down, in his confiding memoirs: "It had so happened that of all the beautiful women at court, this was the lady whom he had least seen, and whom he had heard most commended;" and now at a ball given by the Queen there is "La belle Hamilton" dancing; and the volatile Philibert, who was consumedly in love with Mrs. Middleton and everybody else in general, more especially the maids of honour, suddenly felt a new and serious emotion; instead of expecting to conquer by the unrivalled charms of his address, and those artifices, accord-



PRINCESS MARY, AFTERWARDS MARY II., AS DIANA. By Sir Peter Lely.



MRS. MARY ANNE FITZHERBERT. By Thomas Gainsborough, R. A.

ing to his creed, "fair in love and war," the experienced campaigner Grammont began to think, for the moment, that his affections were fixed. He records that "this was the first time that he had a close view of her, and he soon found that he had seen nothing at Court before this instant. He asked her some questions, to which she replied. As long as she was dancing his eyes were fixed upon her. Miss Hamilton was at the happy age when the charms of the fair sex begin to bloom; she had the finest shape, the loveliest neck, and most beautiful arms in the world; she was majestic and graceful in all her movements; and she was the original after which all the ladies copied in their taste and air of dress. Her forehead was open, white, and smooth, her hair was well set, and fell with ease into that natural order which it is so difficult to imitate. Her complexion was possessed of a certain freshness not to be equalled by borrowed colours; her eyes were not large, but they were lively, and capable of expressing whatever she pleased; her mouth was full of graces, and her contour uncommonly perfect: nor was her nose, which was small, delicate, and turned up, the least ornament of so lovely a face. In fine, her air, her carriage, and the numberless graces dispersed over her whole person made the Chevalier de Grammont not doubt but that she possessed every other qualification. Her mind was a proper companion for such a form: she did not endeavour to shine in conversation by those sprightly sallies which only puzzle; and with still greater care she avoided that affected solemnity in her discourse which produces stupidity; but, without any eagerness to talk, she just said what she ought, and no more. Her sentiments were always noble, and even lofty to the highest extent when there was occasion: nevertheless, she was less prepossessed with her own merit than is usually the case with those who have so much. Formed as we have described, she could not fail of commanding love; but so far was she from courting it, that she was scrupulously nice with respect to those whose merits might entitle them to form any pretensions to her. If the lover's portrait is highly coloured, it cannot be said that the painter's canvas was over flattering: what his brush has succeeded in conveying is the air of distinction and lady-like refinement distinctive qualities which, we are convinced, were inseparable from the subject. Here is Grammont's account of the famous portrait, certainly one of the gems of the collection, either of "Windsor Beauties," of Lely's Court commissions, or of the "Fair Women" show at the Grafton Galleries:—

"There was in London a celebrated Court-painter called Lely, who had greatly improved himself by studying the famous Van Dyck's pictures, which were dispersed all over England in abundance. Lely imitated Van Dyck's manner, and approached the nearest to him of all the moderns. The Duchess of York being desirous of having the portraits of the handsomest persons at Court, Lely painted them, and employed all his skill in the performance; nor could he ever exert himself upon more beautiful subjects. Every picture appeared a masterpiece; and that of Miss Hamilton appeared the highest finished: Lely himself acknowledged that he had drawn it with a particular pleasure. The Duke of York took a delight in looking at it, and began again to ogle the original."

On the same principle, on his own showing, the susceptible Count makes his readers his confidant that he was the lover of all the Court ladies in succession; he discloses that the Duke of York, and nearly all that Prince's courtiers, were suitors to the lovely Hamilton, all ogling and sighing in vain. "All the world agreed that Miss Hamilton was worthy of the most ardent and sincere affection, nobody could boast a nobler birth, nothing was more charming than her person."

Elizabeth, "La belle Hamilton," who flourished 1641—1708, was the eldest daughter of Sir George Hamilton, fourth son of James, first Earl of Abercorn, by Mary, third daughter of Walter Viscount

hurlcs (eldest son of Walter, eleventh Earl of Ormond), and sister to James, the first Duke of Ormond. "The families of the Hamiltons and the Ormonds, being very numerous, occupied a commodious house near the Court, and here persons of the greatest distinction in London constantly met."

A story is told in a letter from Lord Melfort to Richard Hamilton, which is famous as "de Grammont's short memory." Recalled by Louis XIV.—or making a pretence to that effect—it is certain the Count was departing unexpectedly for France, without the formality of winding up his affairs—the summons was too sudden! The two gallant Hamiltons, to whom the turn was distasteful, followed in pursuit, and came up with the Count near Dover, in order to bring matters to a conclusion at the mouth of certain pistols, sword-points, or otherwise, according to circumstances. The elder thus accosted the supposed fugitive traitor to love: "Chevalier de Grammont, n'avez-vous rien oublié à Londres?" To this the Count, who had already divined their errand, politely rejoined, "Pardonnez-moi, messieurs, j'ai oublié d'épouser votre sœur," adding, according to another account, "So lead on, and let us finish that little affair." And in the marriage which promptly followed ended the Chevalier's romantic courtship.

PRINCESS MARY AS DIANA. BY SIR PETER LE LY.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has lent, from the galleries of Hampton Court, the well-known and excellent example by Sir Peter Lely, described as "the Princess Mary," daughter of James II. (subsequently Queen Mary II.), "tricked out" in the character of Diana, after Lely's practice of making his courtly sitters masquerade as mythological personages, partially clad in costumes which belong to no recognised era. An early mezzotint of this subject, published about the period of the painting, but representing a personage more advanced in years, bears the inscription "Madame Jane Kellaway," with the address of the print-seller (probably the engraver), "sold by Alex. Brown at the Blue Balcony in Little Queen Street."

JEANNE-ANTOINETTE POISSON, MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR.

By FRANÇOISE BOUCHER.

THERE are various vocations for which gifted individuals have been alleged to be "born"; neither rival careers nor impediments were strong enough to keep them from the special pursuit for which they were by birthright predestined, like a Mozart for music, a Murillo for painting, and so on. On these recognised lines of natural selection and vocation, it must be said that Mlle. Poisson was born to become a royal mistress, her original gifts being developed by culture with success sufficiently pronounced. Arrived at the tender age of nine, a "wise woman"—sagacious enough in her generation—predicted that the already advanced student of "the art of pleasing" would one day be the mistress of the French monarch. When this encouraging forecast was realised, the Pompadour was not unmindful of her early benefactress, for inscribed on the list of pensions served



JEANNE-ANTOINETTE POISSON, MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR. By François Boucher.

out by the reigning favourite is "600 livres to Mme. Lebon, for having predicted, at the age of nine years, that she would one day be the mistress of Louis XV."

Jeanne-Antoinette Poisson was born December 29, 1721, in Paris. Her father, who held clerical positions in state departments like the commissariat, was a too notorious personage; his defalcations in connection with army supply had resulted unpleasantly. Later on he was attached to the commissariat or alimentary branch of the Hôtel des Invalides.

Pentreprise des viures et viande—whence Voltaire was led to pronounce him a "butcher." Mme. Poisson was the authoress of the Pompadour's future splendours, wherein no little assistance was rendered by the goodwill and liberal purse of Le Normand de Tournehem, syndic of *la ferme générale*, that abuse whereby the poor were oppressed to enrich those individuals who, for sums of ready money advanced to the State, were assigned the contracts for the extraction and collection of taxes at the expense of the suffering public. Le Normand was so delighted with Mlle. Poisson's appearance upon the scene that his solicitude for her future advancement has been regarded as paternal. The resources of his vast wealth were poured forth to bestow on the promising pupil all the graces and accomplishments which could enhance her powers of fascination. It may have been that the sagacious "farmer" of royal revenues looked upon his *protégée* as an investment. In any case, as the sequel demonstrates, he reaped largely where he had sown. No sooner was she established as the recognised mistress of the king, than the Pompadour showed her gratitude by promptly settling up for "favours received." One of the first uses she made of the royal patronage at her command was to make Le Normand Director-General of Buildings, including, of course, the erection of palaces; the post must have been profitable. Mme. Poisson made a fortune, and died in 1745; Le Normand died in 1751, his fortune estimated at twenty-five million livres.

We are assured that no charms were wanting in the instance of Mme. Pompadour to qualify her for the post of established favourite. She brought to her vocation grace, powers of witchery, intelligence, quick parts, and piquancy, the resources of wit, spirituality, and ready variety; her physiognomy changeful, capricious, varying at will. She was not to be described as actually beautiful, her features were not striking either as to regularity or proportion. She had a white and delicate skin, refined and almost colourless as to complexion; eyes which were alternately melting in captivating languor or flaming with the fire which consumes; her smile was delightful, her figure admirably poised, and her hands are described as matchless in their perfection. From her cradle the pet of idolaters who prophesied future fortune, every one who approached her conspired to spoil her with flatteries, praises, caresses; she was courted from infancy with adulations. She may be said to have had no childhood. Thanks to her natural disposition and her vivid imagination, she early became an accomplished mistress of the seductive fascinations of her sex. The masters given her by Le Normand had fostered her precocious talents: she excelled in all pleasing accomplishments: charmed her hearers when she played upon the lute or the clavichord; her singing and dancing were only surpassed by the virtuosi of the Opéra itself; she enjoyed a pretty talent for the arts of painting, drawing, etching, and engraving; she managed the brush, the point, the burin, and the pastel with a facility only short of professional skill; in declamation, recitation, and the graceful amenities of speech she was but second to the popular players of her time. Probably, in her own walk, her acting was unrivalled, for her entire career was one long-sustained performance, until she sank exhausted, worn out with fatigue, after supporting one *role*—her own—for forty feverish years of diversified excitement. It will be noticed that the writers who have enlarged upon the dazzling theme of Mme. de Pompadour's manifold accomplishments all arrive at one discovery: she did everything most astonishingly well for her position, but there the commendation rests; all her qualifications were those of the amateur. However, she had true genius for certain branches—dress and fascination, the charms of *la toilette* and *la coquetterie*; there she held her own, and more, and was admittedly above all rivalry.



HON. LADY DIANA SINCLAIR. By Richard Cosway, R.A.

The art of pleasing could no further go; she had learned everything—that is to say, those things which were regarded as delightful accomplishments in her day. It does not appear that her understanding was encouraged beyond the nourishment of fripperies and false views of life, of callousness to real worth and indifference to true honour. The collective reprobates, rouds, triflers, hangers on to the skirts of nobility, and traffickers in the follies of the elevated, which formed the society of the day, in a large measure constituted those Parisian *salons* which welcomed Mlle. Poisson as a paragon of perfection, and intrigued for the privilege of attracting the presence of the idol of the hour, the novelty of the age. Mme. de Mailly at that time reigned sovereign queen of the affections of "Louis le Bien-Aimé," and as titular mistress, duly ruled the court. For her ears the youthful phenomenon performed on the clavichord so pretty and moving a tune that the favourite Sultana threw herself into the arms of the fair performer, and breathed into the royal ear the ardour of her admiration for this marvel of innocence, grace, skill, and captivity.

A title and an estate were the necessary qualifications for so ambitious a rise in favour as the young lady and her patrons had seriously set themselves to attain. Good, generous Le Normand had a fortune and a nephew; both, for a consideration—redeemable in the successful future—were to be the lady's start in life. At the age of nineteen she became Mme. Le Normand d'Etoiles, with a husband of no account either way—unfavourable as to person, but convenient for his temporary position and the use of his name. There was the Château d'Etoiles situated at the extremity of the forest de Senart, on the right bank of the Seine—a "seigneurality" afterwards to be elevated into a "marquisate." Here she passed the best part of the year, the idolised of the wits and courtiers, who poured out their incense at her altar, whose adulations had the effect of elating her spirit and confirming her confidence in her powers of accomplishing the object of her ideal; but no flatteries led her judgment captive, nor diverted her serious thoughts from the end in view.

The splendours of Etoiles were such that the crowds of courtiers, of accomplished artists, distinguished men of genius, good-natured authors, and youthful scions of the nobility found the lady's *salon* the gayest and most brilliant of Parisian centres, where the rich magnificence of the appointments, the luxury of the table, and the dazzling society turned every day of the week into a festival, and the hostess was the queen of the company. Voltaire himself was carried away by the charm of the surroundings; the wit of his age applauded and encouraged the successful *début* of Mme. d'Etoiles, who shortly became the fashion.

The "Well-beloved One" remained to be run down, and the lady entered on the chase with spirit. The king hunted in the forest of Senart, and there was Mme. d'Etoiles, the châtelaine, also driving her phaeton in the neighbouring woods, lovely as a wood-nymph of fable—clad in rose or blue—and exercising even more bewitching powers of fascination.

Mme. de Châteauroux, Sultana in possession, sent the witching nymph orders to intrude no more on the royal hunting parties; but her death levelled all obstacles. In 1744 her rival was removed, and the post thus anxiously wished and waited for was vacant. The interval was short; the position was one too fondly coveted to be allowed to remain unappropriated; Mme. d'Etoiles set to work to seize the opportunity. Three months later, at a masked ball given at the Hôtel de Ville, the fair *intrigante* accosted and charmed his Majesty, under cover of the convenient mask. She left him ravished with delight, the lady throwing her handkerchief to the Sultan, and he stooping to secure it, amidst the frantic applause of the entire audience, neither unmindful of the entertainment nor of the consequences in the train of this royal and high-flown gallantry. This occurred in February 1745; a few days later she was favoured with a rendezvous. Two or three visits were paid by the king, who called to see Mme. d'Etoiles at her mother's residence in Paris. Shortly she supped with the king in company with the Dukes of Luxembourg and Richelieu, companions of the royal pleasures, who, having no share in the favour of introducing this coming divinity, looked coldly and distrustfully on the rising sun. The day following found the future Pompadour installed in the suite of apartments which had been the nest of her enthusiastic admirer, Mme. de Mailly. From that



MRS. COSWAY. By Richard Cosway, R.A.



GEORGIANA DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY CAVENTISH, AFTERWARDS COUNTESS OF CARLISLE. By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

you and I together we should shed tears at present, for the death of Sir James Macdonald. We could not possibly have suffered a greater loss than that valuable young man." His friend George Lord Lyttleton composed the touching inscription upon his monument in the church of Slate.

Lady Sinclair's other uncle, by her father's side, was Sir Archibald Macdonald, for many years Chief Baron of the English Exchequer. By her mother's side she had a third uncle, William Bosville, of Gunthwaite, in Yorkshire, somewhat of a public character, in both the political and social worlds, as an ultra-liberal, famous for his vast wealth and his eccentricities. His sister Julia was the wife of Viscount Dudley and Ward, and mother of the Earl Dudley, Secretary for Foreign Affairs during the administration of Mr. Canning. Lady Sinclair survived until 1845.

MARIA COSWAY. BY RICHARD COSWAY, R.A.

MARIA CECILIA LOUISA HADFIELD was born at Leghorn, where her father kept an hotel for the entertainment of British tourists. Some portion of her youthful life was passed in a convent. She early showed talents for art, and, as in the instance of her friendly rival Angelica Kauffmann, her enthusiasm was divided between the respective attractions of music, painting, and *les belles lettres*. Tall, graceful, elegant, and imposing in figure, she possessed a sweet and innocent countenance, with limpid full blue eyes, the witchery of which few could withstand; and her voice spoke enchantment, whether its accents were lisped in English, French, or Italian. Add to this a taste for display, a love of music, and a pretty talent for drawing, with, above all, the sovereign dowry of fair adventuresses in general—the art of captivation. From her convent Maria was sent to study in Rome, where she became a person of interest. She fascinated Batoni, the pious painter of altarpieces; Mengs and his sister Theresa, no less under the same spell, became her instructors in art; and there she met Fuseli, whose imaginative mind attracted her fervid temperament.

She studied with zealous assiduity to achieve a mastery over the two arts which were the passions of her youthful ambition. On the paternal Hadfield's death, Maria was for sheltering herself from the vanities of life within the sanctuary of a cloister, and, it is said, it required all the friendship of Angelica Kauffmann—a no less fervent Romanist, herself regarded as a phoenix amongst lady artists—to dissuade her Maria from taking the veil. Mrs. Hadfield brought the fair prodigy to London, where she at once became conspicuous by her accomplishments and the charms of her society. At one time, when the musical art was favoured with the foremost place in her regards, Maria engaged herself to Dr. Parsons, the composer; but the dazzling facility with which Richard Cosway though monkeykied in figure and a source of ridicule amongst his professional brethren—earned wealth and golden opinions by his skill in painting miniatures of the aristocratic and fashionable celebrities of the day, turned the well-

avoured Maria's affections towards the same delightful art, and, from embracing this fascinating, flattering, and lucrative branch, she was persuaded to wed the most successful of its exponents, in the person of the dandified "macaroni painter" Cosway; as whose better half she, in turn, according to contemporaries, became "the paintress of macaronis" on her own account. At his gorgeous abode in Berkeley Square, Cosway and his wife alternately painted all the personages of *bon ton*, and entertained them at concerts, where the stars of the opera warbled, and Mrs. Cosway was chief performer. The neighbourhood was too obscure, and their mansion too restricted, it was soon



MRS. WEST AND CHILD. By Benjamin West, P.R.A.

discovered by the aspiring pair, now embarked on the high tide of favour, when the Cosway miniatures, from being fashionable, "became the fashion itself." Nothing less would suffice than the historical Schomberg House in Pall Mall, between St. James's Palace and Carlton House, the Prince's brand new palace, so conveniently adjacent. Pall Mall alone could contain the carriages, chairs, and lackeys of their guests, the linkboys and sedan chairmen, which blocked the thoroughfare on their weekly assembles.

Cosway's patron-in-chief was the Heir Apparent. Had not the artist commemorated the graces of the Prince's personality and the more redundant charms of Mrs. Fitzherbert? and his princely admiration for art extended to its professors! His Royal Highness was fair, with an air about him—indeed, Cosway's miniatures make him remarkably attractive; he doted upon music; Mrs. Cosway was airily beautiful, and an accomplished musician; the Prince came to be pained by the pair; he graciously played and sang duets with Mrs. Cosway, she accompanied his solos; he performed *obligados* to her songs. With the Prince, in the days of his brilliancy, came the world of fashion, of beauty, distinction, and art; the elegant hostess, all sympathy and fascination, had for intimates her Grace of Devonshire, Georgiana Spencer, fair arbitress of fashion, who followed fondly in the Prince's train; the Hon. Mrs. Damer, an accomplished amateur sculptor; the Countess of Ailesbury; the Marchioness of Townshend, famous for her dashing career; winsome Lady Cecilia Johnstone; and the fair celebrities who led the *ton*. Thither, too, came Horace Walpole, foremost of *dilettanti*, attracted by the surroundings—the gorgeous art treasures, the Royal Highnesses, famous beauties, the Italian vocalists ("Rubinelli warbling at the extravagant rate of ten guineas for one song"), the *en dits* and delightful scandals, which formed such appetising copy for those MS. letters some day to see the glories of type. Stratford Place was the next remove, and here the splendours of the Cosway establishment culminated. As set down by chatty "Antiquity," J. T. Smith, the description reads like a page of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments."



LADY MARIA WALDEGRAVE, AFTERWAS THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.
By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

After various fortunes and some reverses, it is believed that the fair Mrs. Cosway ended her days as the Superior of a religious seminary at Lyons.

ELIZABETH CUMBERLAND, AFTERWARDS LADY EDWARD CAVENTISH-BENTINCK. AFTER GEORGE ROMNEY.

The original portrait of Miss Cumberland by George Romney was lent to the Winter Exhibition at Burlington House by Lord Hillingdon; while the Duke of Portland, into whose family the lady came by marriage, contributes to the Grafton Galleries the present copy.

Miss Elizabeth Cumberland was the eldest daughter of Richard Cumberland, broadly described as "the celebrated writer." His contemporaries were pleased to be satirical at the expense of this versatile personage, and it is stated that the character of "Sir Fretful Plagiary" was written with the intention of ridiculing his literary and social pretensions. The story of a famous instance of Dr. Johnson drinking tea on an extended scale—even unusual with him—had its origin at Mrs. Cumberland's house: "I can only say," wrote the dramatist, "my wife would have made tea for him as long as the New River could have supplied her with water."

It was the remark attributed to Reynolds on this occasion, that his friend had consumed already eleven cups of tea, which roused the Doctor to the pertinent reprimand, "Sir, I did not count your glasses of wine; why should you number up my cups of tea?" Amongst Sir Joshua's sitters we find the name of Miss Cumberland figuring in 1758-9. Cumberland was notoriously afflicted with an extra allowance of vanity, and according to Walpole "rained himself in new laurels every day!" His consequence must have risen when, in 1782, the fair Elizabeth was led to the altar by Lord Edward Charles Cavenish-Bentinck, second son of the second Duke of Portland. Lord Edward was a conspicuous personage in the world of fashion, and we read of him some years anterior to his marriage disporting his person amidst the gayest of the *bon ton*, and appearing in historical costumes among the "Henri Quatres and Quatresses" at the



THE LADIES MARIA, LAURA, AND HORATIA WALDEGRAVE. After the Engraving from the Picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

Downman, A.R.A., and James Nixon, A.R.A., the miniaturist, have left portraits of her, which, compared with the work of Sir Joshua, are inferior; moreover, she was painted by Sir Joshua, her noblest painter, and by his lifelong friend. He had painted her as a child of sixteen on her mother's side, by and by as a young bride, "a lovely girl, natural and full of grace," as Walpole writes to Mann; again, later on, in 1781, as a mother among her infant children, a crown being placed on her game of "let riddles." He painted her in 1785, when Sir Joshua's pet, in her childhood, was crowned the aristocratic queen of *ton*. "The young Duchess," says Leslie, "was now setting to him the full flush of her triump as arbitress of fashion, the most brilliant of the gay throng, who danced and played the nights away at the White Club, masqueraded at the Pantheon, and were nicknamed at St. James's." Marie Antoinette had scarcely a rival in the court, and the more of a *coquette*. It was this beautiful young Duchess who set the fashion of the feather head-dresses in 1785, a mark for all the wifings of the town. With his usual moderation, Sir Joshua sought to lower the exuberant planes adopted by her bewitching Grace.

Amongst the flippant *jeux d'esprit* produced on the Duchess and her much-discussed "feathered head," now historical, we must notice the Earl of Carlisle's verses, "in answer to all the absurd and illiberal remarks cast on the fashionable feathers by churlish old women, ridiculous prudes, and bigoted censors." Says the poet:

What if feathers do swell the air,
 Let us see with a view to war,
 'Tis the best flight of genius to improve
 The mind and body of a noble crew;
 These can adorn the world with grace,
 And raise the splendour of your charms divine;
 Such plumes the worth of mighty conquerors show,
 For who can conquer hearts as well as you?
 When on your head I see those fluttering things,
 I think that love is there, and claps his wings;
 Feathers helped Jove to fan his amorous flame;
 Cupid has feathers; angels wear the same,
 So, then, from heav'n its origin we trace,
 How can it be so much to blame?

The Earl of Carlisle was given, like the lighter spirits of his age, amongst them, the Duchess's name, and told of her in his moods. Her Grace endeavoured to make friends with all, "both grave and gay," and evidently succeeded, while pleasing one half of society, in at the same time offending the other. Devonshire House was the resort of the "Votaries of Fashion," and moral preceptresses were not lacking who more than hinted that it was her Grace's duty to invite them there, to school the manners of the age, which told her that she was to "alight-fly," like the Duchess's head-dress. The more of a

is affixed to one "Letter" of grave remonstrance printed in 1777. The Duchess had evidently hurt the literary susceptibilities of the authoress of this reprobation:

For you the pen is not a sword,
 For you the quill is not a sword.

"It is impossible that you can be happy," writes a female censor, who considered herself neglected.

Detraction reached its height at the period when the Duchess was prominently figuring at the Great Westminster Election of 1784 as an active agent against the Tory Ministry, herself "the female champion" of the Whig chief, C. J. Fox. The bitterest of her political adversaries asserted nothing to the lady's dishonour, though the *Devonshire* was in general ungenerous, coarse, scathing, and unflattering. On the other side, from her own party, and the friendlier bards who sympathized with Fox and the Whig politics, the most flattering lyrics poured in streams; and from this source calumniators were refuted.

Who can deny when beauty sues?
 And where's the tongue can blame her Grace;
 Not a timid slaver can refuse
 To be the slave of such a face.

She went to stay on the Continent for some time with the Duke's cousin, the fair lady who afterwards became his second wife. While travelling on her way home from Italy through Switzerland, the Duchess was inspired to write a poem, on the "Passage of the Mountain of St. Gothard," which was published (with a *Journal de la Montagne*) and dedicated to her children. These verses gave occasion to Coleridge's "Ode" commencing

O lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,
 What is it that you that heroic measure?

The Duchess's poem appeared in 1802, accompanied with a French version by the Abbé de Lille: Italian and German renderings also appeared during the lady's lifetime; and, ten years after her death, the poem was reprinted by her successor, Lady Elizabeth Foster, by that time Duchess of Devonshire in her turn.

The fair Georgiana, who was reckoned by her contemporaries as somewhat of a goddess, died at Devonshire House on March 30, 1806. Her comparatively early decease gave rise to monodies and poetical tributes.

MRS. WEST AND CHILD. BY BENJAMIN WEST, P.R.A.

The second President of the Royal Academy, as it is now recognised, was in few other respects second to Sir Joshua Reynolds, his predecessor, as first President; indeed, it would be difficult to define the position taken by Benjamin West in the opinion of later picture-buyers and critics. Certain it is that "the verdict of posterity," which regulates all these questions, has not indorsed the belief which at one period prevailed as to the artistic reputation of this artist. The portrait of Mrs. West is a favourable example of her husband's powers, and in the admirable mezzotint by Valentine Green the engraver has improved on the original version. Mrs. West, like her husband, came from America. She arrived in England in 1776. Her death occurred some two years before the decease of Benjamin West, who reached the advanced age of eighty-two. He died in 1820. The painting belongs to the Marquis of Lothian.



M. TAYNOR, M.D.C.C.XX. ENGRAVED BY J. G. H. R. P. I.

H.R.H. MARIA DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER. AFTER SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

ITAL interest attaches to the beautiful miniature lent to the Grafton Exhibition by Earl Waldegrave; the work of art in question being a reduction after the splendid portrait by Reynolds, representing the fair Maria Countess of Waldegrave as a widow. It is a very small picture, but it has been reproduced in small after Reynolds. Of the lady it has been remarked that Sir Joshua never tired of painting her; nor she of sitting to him. According to all accounts she ranked foremost amongst the handsomest women of her day. The President had an evident partiality, which is no less an instance of his good taste, for representing her lovely face and personative, which appeared on so many of his best canvases between the years 1764 and 1774.

The portrait of the youthful widow was contributed by Reynolds to the Royal Academy in 1764. Walpole has noted of the original, "One of his highest-coloured pictures;" and C. R. Leslie has observed of this momento: "The painting is indeed worthy of its lovely original, which Sir Joshua seems to have painted with peculiar enjoyment. The fair widow leans her head upon her hand, and looks upward as if for consolation and strength; she is in mourning, with a black veil over her head."

Maria Walpole was the second daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, and niece to Horace, who records she was "one of the most beautiful of women." Through her uncle's contrivance she, in 1759, became the wife of James, second Earl of Waldegrave, a natural descendant of the royal Stuarts, who was Governor to the Prince of Wales (George III.) and the Duke of York. An excellent man, but double the lady's age, he was her father had, in earlier days, been designed to wed another Maria Walpole, the fair Maria's aunt, and Horace's sister: "For character and credit he is the first match in England, for beauty I think she is. She has not a fault in her face and person, and the detail is charming. A warm complexion, tending to brown, fine eyes, brown hair, fine teeth, and infinite wit and vivacity."

The year of her marriage Lady Waldegrave became, by popular acceptance, one of the reigning beauties of the day, and, like Lady Coventry, was exposed to being "mobbed in the park" by the curious; her uncle denouncing "those ill-bred persons whose idea of liberty lead them to insult pretty women." Though ambitious, and loving display and expense, she proved an exemplary wife. In four short years she became a widow, Earl Waldegrave falling a victim to the scourge small-pox. "In him," wrote Walpole, "she lost a father, who formed her mind, and a lover, whose profusion knew no bounds." "My niece has but a moderate jointure of a thousand pounds a year, three little girls (the Ladies Waldegrave), her beauty, and the testimony of the best of men." Since the



MARY ISABELLA SOMERSET, DUCHESS OF RUTLAND. By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

death of Lady Coventry she is allowed to be the handsomest woman in England; as she is so young, she may find as great a match and a younger lover; but she cannot find another Lord Waldegrave." Loveliest of all the leading beauties who had figured at the King's marriage and coronation, "we have seen," says Leslie, "the fair bride at the outset of her brilliant prospects in life, coming to her friendly admirer, Reynolds, to perpetuate on canvas the glories of her entrance into the ranks of high life." It was the courtly painter's destiny to paint her in other characters: in widowhood, too quickly stepping on her promising marriage; later, as allied with a prince of the blood; finally as a duchess, the wife of the same member of the royal family. Whether her funeral weeds were worn or laid aside after the year of mourning, the world was once more dazzled by the glowing beauty of Lady Maria Waldegrave, refulgent after a partial eclipse, and tempting the advances of high-born suitors; there were the Dukes of Gloucester and Portland paying marked court to the full lustre of her charms. Walpole records: "The young Duke of Gloucester, who had gazed on her with desire during her husband's life, now openly showing himself her admirer, she slighted the subject, and aspired to the brother of the Crown."

The subject of this alliance, however flattering to the Walpole family, was painfully distasteful to the King, Queen, and Queen Dowager. The King considered "this step highly disgraceful," and wrote of his brother, "whom he had ever loved with the fondness one bears a child." "His wife I can never think of placing in a situation to answer her extreme pride and vanity." The worthy and virtuous couple were, by the influence of the throne, left under the imputation of a *liaison* six years after they had been lawfully married; the royal family keeping up the pretence of treating the lady as the Duke's mistress, though they were married September 6, 1766.

In 1772, after the Duke had been very near death his life had been saved by a journey to Florence—the general admission of the marriage was allowed to be made public. Horace Walpole, who at first had been most officiously zealous in warning his niece to renounce the suspected connection, has thus recorded his own sensations on the point: "For my own part, I have not at all changed my sentiments from the event, but still think her prudence to have been perfect. It is a great satisfaction that her character is invulnerable, and it gives me much more pleasure that she has preserved the honour she had, than that she has obtained this great honour, which does not dazzle me at all."

THE THREE LADIES WALDEGRAVE. AFTER THE PICTURE BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

It would have added to the long list of artistic triumphs already achieved by Mr. F. G. Prange, the spirited and energetic art manager of the Grafton Galleries, in carrying out his successful project of the now far-famed and widely appreciated "Fair Women" Exhibition, if, among the masterpieces already gathered there, he had secured the prized original painting by Sir Joshua of the three lovely daughters of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, by her first husband, Lord Waldegrave.

The picture takes high rank amongst the *chefs-d'œuvre* of portraiture or portrait groups of every age. The absence of this noble production is supplied, however, if in a minor degree, by an engraving by J. S. Skelton, after the picture, the print which hangs in the vestibule, the contribution of Mr. Algernon Graves, who has lent the managers a little collection of engravings in mezzotint and stipple, his own publications, after original works (for the most part found in the Galleries) by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Raeburn, Lawrence, Hoppner, Greuze, Sir Frederick Leighton, &c.

To Horace Walpole, the cognoscente and dilettante of Strawberry Hill, posterity unconsciously owes much. In his *Letters* the doings of his fashionable contemporaries survive with all the dashing and modish characterisation distinctive of his times. In his *Anecdotes of Painting in England* we get familiar touches of his own concerning artists who flourished in his lengthy career, which a less chatty biographer might have overlooked; then among other works there are the *Memoirs* of his own times. Apart from the literary benefits attributable to his versatile and easy-flowing pen comes his love of art, and his predilections as a collector. To the latter impulses are due his commission to Reynolds to paint the great and masterly example reproduced in our pages, the portraits of the Ladies Maria, Horatia, and Laura Waldegrave, artistically united in one group.

The three fair Ladies Waldegrave, taking Walpole's own authority, though dowered with loveliness of a less glowing type than the pre-eminent beauty claimed for their winning mother, the Duchess, were confessedly charming subjects for the painter's genius to portray; and it is natural that their grand-uncle, Lord Oxford (who treasured certain lovely portraits of their mother, including some of Sir Joshua's finest works in this department), should desire to secure adequately satisfying pictures of his three lovely grand-nieces, then in the bloom of their youthful graces.

Horace had already commissioned Ozias Humphrey, eminent as an enameller, and whose "portraits in small" are vastly admired, to paint two of the winsome maidens; the portraits of the Ladies Maria and Horatia, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1780, disappointed the critical patron; in his Academy Catalogue Walpole has written: "Both too old, and Lady Horatia (his god-daughter) not near so handsome as she is." To Reynolds, his old friend and courtly entertainer, with whom he yearly sat at the Academy banquets, Walpole straightway applied on "the private view day" to paint a portrait group of the young ladies which should be worthy of the opportunity.

There may have been a deeper motive, for the three sisters were, by a singular trick of fate, all suffering simultaneously under the cold shade of love troubles, and the most trying disappointments, just as their prospectively brilliant establishments in life had been the subject of congratulation. "These charming girls," wrote Walpole, "inherit more of their mother's beauty than her fortune. Each has missed one of the first matches in the country, after each had proposed and been accepted." Horace whose taste was appropriately for the ancients—wishing to divert the minds of his grand-nieces from the actual associations and surroundings of the hour, proposed that their picture should be treated classically, and that the fair sufferers should be represented as "the Graces



JANE MAXWELL, DUCHESS OF GORDON. By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

adorning a bust of the Magna Mater"—an adroitly complimentary form of bringing forward the figure of his highly favoured niece, now raised to the rank of a Royal Highness. Reynolds, with more tact, found in the simple white dresses, powdered *à la*, and the youthfully fresh though pensive faces of the trio, a more congenial opening for naturalistic treatment, which would better suit the beauty of his fair sitters, the bereaved ones, whose recent misfortunes were naturally the topic of conversation in the "society" of the day. Thus the three high-bred, graceful figures appear—without the artifices pertaining to "the studio"—as in domestic life, busied about their little occupations, seated round a work-table. Lady Maria is bending over her tambour-frame, Lady Horatia is holding a skein of silk, which Lady Laura, seated in the centre, is winding ready for use; this one simple employment unites the group, and sustains the interest of the whole, while affording the artist an opportunity to arrange the heads respectively in profile, three-quarters, and full-face, without ostensible exertion after "effect."

Touching the suggestion thrown out as to the recent bereavements of the trio—suppositionally hinted in the picture by an air of gentle sadness in the fair countenances, it may be mentioned that Lady Laura had been disappointed in an expected marriage with Lord Egremont; four years later, in 1784, she became Countess of Euston. Lady Laura had experienced a similar slight at the hands of Lord Carnarthen, son of the Duke of Leeds: she was ultimately consoled in a union with her cousin, Lord Chewton, afterwards Earl of Waldegrave. Lady Horatia, when she sat to Reynolds, was drooping under the shock of the sudden death of the young Duke of Ancaster. On this point we must quote Walpole: "You will be charmed," he wrote, "I flatter myself, with poor Horatia, who is not at all well, but has behaved with a gentleness, sweetness, and modesty that are lovely. She has had no romantic conduct, concealed all she could, and discovered nothing she felt, but by her looks. She is now more pleasing, though she looks ill, by her silent softness, than before by her youthful vivacity. Maria, almost as much wounded, and to be pitied, carries off another kind of misfortune with a noble spirit." Horatia afterwards married Lord Hugh Seymour. Walpole set down in his Academy Catalogue, when the original painting was exhibited there in 1781: "Daughters of the Duchess of Gloucester, a most beautiful composition, the pictures very like, and the attitudes natural and easy."

At the great Westminster election of 1784, the Ladies Waldegrave were found canvassing in company with the famous Duchess. Their exertions in the Whig interests were gallantly celebrated in the following:—

Not seen to the Tune of "Let the Toast pass, &c."

To Fox and to Freedom we give our support,
Every Englishman is at his duty;
When their cause is at stake, let us pow'r to the Core;
And defend it with a good sword.
For Devon all good Englishmen must support,
And the *W. J. P.* is the sweet face of
The Duchess she looks like the sweet Queen of Love,
And to like the three Sister Graces.

LADY AUGUSTA CAMPBELL. BY J. H. BENWELL.

As an example after a gifted artist of the greatest promise, whose career was cut short by consumption at the early age of twenty-one, this well-known work—engraved by F. Bartolozzi under the title "A St. James's Beauty"—has been given in the present selection from the series of "Fair Women." The painting is evidently after Benwell's charming miniature executed in his own peculiar manner—a combination of oil, on pastel, and water colours; one of the originals reproduced by F. Bartolozzi, a companion to the "St. Giles's Beauty," by the same artist. The miniatures are described as the portraits of two sisters. The version, an oil-painting, contributed to the Grafton Galleries by Mr. H. H. Almack, is stated to be the portrait of Lady Augusta Campbell, daughter of John, fifth Duke of Argyll, and the wife of General Claverhouse.

ELIZABETH FARREN, COUNTESS OF DERRY. BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.

MISS ELIZABETH FARREN like her sister sovereigns, the successive

Queens of Comedy, Jordan and Mellon—came from Ireland, and from the same city. The paternal Farren appears in history first as an apothecary and surgeon in Cork, and subsequently as a member of a company of strolling players, amongst whom he was credited with the possession of abilities of his own. Mrs. Farren, the lady's mother, is described as Miss Wright, from Liverpool, her father a publican and brewer. Like her rivals aforesaid, the tall and elegant Miss Farren, whose Christian name appeared in her earlier bills shortened to "Eliza," was, in childhood, introduced to the boards, playing juvenile parts with success at Bath and elsewhere. Born about 1759, we find her acting in 1774 with her mother and sisters at Wakefield under Whitley, one of Tate Wilkinson's opponents. She sang between the acts of tragedy, and followed *The Wandering Patience* as columbine in the after-piece. Tate Wilkinson himself has credited the actress with infinite merit. Liverpool had the privilege of welcoming her as Rosetta in *Love in a Village*, which formed the *début* of so many actresses and singers of the era in question. She was at that time but fifteen. In the same city her great part of Lady Townly was subsequently performed. This was certainly one of her typical characters, and in after-life, when she became more conspicuous as a personage and a "star," in the playful personalities which then were common, the satirical writers and the caricaturists were partial to alluding to the lady under this sobriquet, and as "Niminy Pimminy" in General John Burgoyne's play of *The Heiress*.

Introduced by Younger, her Liverpool manager, to Colman, she was engaged for the Haymarket, and made her first London appearance there June 9, 1777, as Miss Hardcastle. She made friends in town, where her abilities secured due recognition and admiration, according to her deserts. Her fine



MRS. MARY ROBINSON ("PERDITA"). BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.



MISS GRACE DALRYMPLE ELIOTT BY RICHARD COSWAY, R.A.



HON. MISS MONCKTON, COUNTESS OF CORK, BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

notoriety at the era when conspicuous queens of high life were of the first importance, and had for her rivals the most famous of those personages, it must be conceded that her claims to rank amidst the select group of "Fair Women" are well founded. Four rival beauties, and duchesses, swayed their sceptres at one epoch: the winsome Georgiana Spencer, Duchess of Devonshire; the Duchess of Portland; the Duchess of Rutland; and the Duchess of Gordon: the first pair of these, Devon's "matchless queen" and her Grace of Portland, in opposition to the two latter; "Devon" idolised by Fox, "the Prince," and the great Whig party in opposition; Rutland and Gordon the twin constellations alike of Pitt, the Court, and the Tories during the "heaven-sent" Premier's lengthened administration. All these divinities were overwhelmed with adulation and enthroned on pedestals, and, by retributory justice, no less unduly bespattered with abuse and scandal, according to the political creed and interests of the respective scribblers, bards, or patronage-seekers who have written concerning them. The very finest and the most spiteful things were impartially said of all four, and the sobering reflection arises that they respectively paid for their glorification by the penalty of leading feverish lives, and apparently ending otherwise dazzling careers none too gaily; probably their ducal husbands wearied of the enforced second-fiddle vocation to which they were of necessity relegated, owing to the embarrassing predominance monopolised by their better halves.

The date of the birth of her Grace of Gordon is given as "about" 1749. History perhaps ought not to expect exact accuracy as to the nativity of famous beauties. The lady was of gentle antecedents, the second daughter of Sir William Maxwell, third baronet of Monreith, Wigtownshire; her mother being Magdalen Blair of Blair. Jane first saw the light in Hyndford's Close, Edinburgh, wherein Lady Maxwell occupied a vast second-floor flat. The vicinity was a lively one, and it is related that the high-spirited Jane fell in with the humours of her surroundings. Tradition represents her as a boisterous young hoyden, one of whose delights it was to encompass the perilous feat of riding on the backs of the pigs turned out of a neighbouring wynd in the High Street, Edinburgh. This sportive pastime was shared by her sister Betty, in a sort of open competition on relatively wild porkers; Betty leaving pig-racing to become Lady Wallace of Craigie, while Jane jumped at one bound into the highest position in Scotland, by espousing Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon, on October 28, 1767, at the house of her brother-in-law, Mr. Fordyce, in Argyle Street, Edinburgh. The Duke was supposed to be born in 1745, and was, therefore, by some four years the bride's senior, he being but twenty-two at the time of his first marriage, and one of the handsomest young men of his day, with the unique contingent advantages, according to the authority of Lord Kames, of being the greatest subject in Britain, in regard not only of the extent of his rent-roll, but of the number of persons depending on his rule and protection.

The Duchess, like her Grace of Marlborough, the great Sarah, whose example she may have resolutely followed—was a grand manager. Unaided



MRS. ANNE CARWARDINE AND CHILD. By George Romney

she took the management of family affairs into her own hands, with an unscrupulous desire for family aggrandisement. That she possessed beauty is proved by the portrait painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1775 (which has been made familiar through engravings), by miniatures, and by the verses of friendly postasters; even the caricaturists, who made much capital out of the Duchess and her high-handed doings, in their least generous sallies represented her Grace with a handsome face and a fine presence. She was, in fact, an imposing personage, and brought her well-favoured husband two sons and five daughters, all remarkably distinguished for beauty. She possessed excellent capabilities for business, was a too notorious diplomatist, enjoying a ready wit often betraying the owner into avowals which were best left unsaid, and is allowed an unusual abundance of good nature. Her dignified qualities were marred by a singular frankness of speech, degenerating into downright coarseness. Waxall, who was well acquainted with the fair "Gordina," places her below her pronounced rival, the witching Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, as to graces and accomplishments, but credits her with indomitable perseverance, pertinacity, importunity, and unconventionality beyond the powers of any rivalry, which amounts to the admission that in her own circle, come what might, she managed everybody, and contrived to get her own way. The Duchess of Gordon died in 1812.

MRS. MARY ROBINSON ("PERDITA"). BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THE pictured presentment of the fair and gifted "Perdita" figures among the oil-paintings at the Grafton Galleries. There are many versions of this "Fair Celebrity's" portrait, of varying excellence, both life-size and "in small," and it is a source for congratulation to find that the most famous example of all, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is contributed to the exhibition by the Marquis of Hertford (No. 74). Gainsborough produced a picture of the lightsome and sportive lady in his most light-handed manner (which was lent to the National Portrait Series), a dexterous piece of handling, and almost identical in every detail and every peculiarity with the likeness of Mrs. Grace Dalrymple Elliott, which is shown in the centre room of the present series. Other likenesses, more or less authentic, have appeared at recent exhibitions; such as the example contributed to the "Guelph" in 1892 by the Hon. F. B. Massey Mainwaring. Almost all the fashionable painters and miniaturists of her brief season of notoriety were in turn favoured by the arch favourite of fashion. We have genuine and well-recognised examples by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner, Cosway, Engleheart, and other artists, of whose work specimens are found amongst the miniaturists. In the congenial character of the heroine of the *Winter's Tale* "Perdita" was painted by John Hoppner, R.A., in 1782; and the picture in question was also lent to the Guelph Exhibition. There was evidently emulation amongst the fraternity of St. Luke to transfer to canvas the charms of the gifted being in question. In the days of her youthful struggles, her budding talents were in turn divided between the attractions of literature, music, and the stage. Miss Mary Darby may have been painted *con amore*, and as a model; for her beautiful face evidently exercised over the portrait-painters a similar fascination to that inspired by the winsome charms of Lady Hamilton and other sirens whose fortunes were not dissimilar.



MISS JACOBS. By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.



MRS. MICHAEL ANGELO TAYLOR AS MIRANDA. By John Heppner, R.A.

The story of Perdita's career, with its season of brilliant sunshine, and its melancholy decline, has been frequently told. The daughter of Captain Darby of Bristol, she was, at the age of fifteen, inveigled into marriage with an attorney named Robinson, who proved mere adventurer. He was imprisoned for debt, and his young wife shared his captivity, and endeavoured to earn money for his assistance by her pen. Through Garrick's influence she made a successful appearance on the stage; and in the character of "Perdita" won the youthful affections of George Prince of Wales, whose fickle mind shortly turned to other conquests. She afterwards experienced various fortunes, but, owing to an imprudent journey undertaken in the depth of winter, travelling all night in a post-chaise, and in very severe weather while a prey to terrible mental anxiety—she contracted a dangerous illness, which resulted in her losing the use of her limbs. Crippled for life, and disqualified for the stage, Mrs. Robinson again turned her talents to literature. She was the authoress of several novels and poems, and left her own memoirs, in which the story of her life is related with simple frankness. Mrs. Robinson was, by her literary admirers, christened "the British Sappho." Her brief and butterfly-like career came to an end in December 1800, at the age of forty-two. The following lines were composed by herself, with the intention of serving as an inscription on her last resting-place:

O then, whose cold and senseless heart
Ne'er knew affection's struggling sigh,
Pass on, nor vaunt the Stoic's art,
Nor mock the grave with tearless eye.

Yet o'er this low and silent spot
Full many a bud of spring shall wave;
While she, by all save One forgot,
Shall snatch a wreath beyond the grave.

HON. MARY MONCKTON, COUNTESS OF CORK.
AFTER SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

THE miniature of Lady Cork lent to the Grafton is after the fine original painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which was recently sold at Christie's. The Hon. Miss Monckton, born May 21, 1746, was the youngest child of John, first Viscount Galway. Well known in London society, the lively lady and her receptions are described by Miss Burney. She was notoriously eccentric, vivacious, and generally popular. Boswell says she and Dr. Johnson "used to talk together with all imaginable ease." To do the lady justice, all the numerous anecdotes grouped around her name prove that she was always at her ease and sprightly to a degree. One of her passions was the endeavour to bring famous people together, "to mingle those who possessed wit and genius amongst people of wealth and fashion." "They mix the rank and literature," says Miss Burney, "and exclude all besides." Her London house was a general meeting ground, and the hostess was described as securing at her parties "the Bluest of the Blues"; she certainly was an original. In 1786 she married, as his second wife, Edmund, seventh Earl of Cork and Orrery, whom she survived by forty years; under her married name she remained, to the end of her lengthy career, a conspicuous character in fashionable society, and the fame of her eccentricities has survived in various memoirs and reminiscences. Her free and easy manners provoked some amusement, but rendered her to others an object of terror; she is said to have indulged a taste for "collecting," on principles not generally practised, and in legal disfavour when attempted by strangers.

Tom Moore is credited with having been most in his element with Lady Cork. The poet sets down in 1819, under the heading of "Dining at Bowood," the following anecdotes of her friendly ladyship: "I mentioned her assailing me one morning with a pitch-plaster at a rehearsal we had of a reading of 'Comus,' when I had alleged cold as my excuse for not taking a share in it; her proceeding to unbutton my waistcoat for the purpose of putting on the plaster, and my flying from her and taking refuge among the Bacchanals, she following with the plaster in her hand. Lord Lansdowne told of his calling upon her one morning and finding her whole establishment assembled and in a state of bustle and important discussion. 'Come in,' said she, 'Lord Lansdowne, come in; I am so glad you arrived at this moment. Only think! the gray parrot has just laid an egg!'" Lady Cork died at her house (so well known for her entertainments) in New Burlington-street, May 30, 1840. She was at that time ninety-four years of age. As she wrote to Croker four years previously: "I would rather I was a *hundred*, because you and many other agreeable people would come to me as a wonder."

MRS. GRACE DALRYMPLE ELLIOTT.
By RICHARD COSWAY, R.A.

FEW painters have been favoured with sitters equally fascinating with Mrs. Elliott.

Gainsborough has left a picture of the lady at the zenith of her beauty. This covetable work, which is almost the counterpart of the same artist's portrait of Mrs. Robinson, is lent to the Grafton Galleries by the Duke of Portland. Moreover, there are various miniatures, all representing a being sufficiently charming to warrant the application of the lines touching "trifling errors," "Look in her face and you'll forget them all." Of course the "Fair Woman" in question, who pursued a butterfly-like existence between about 1756 and 1823, was a favoured friend of H.R.H. Prince Florizel, who seems to have enjoyed the society of most of those leading beauties of his period whose portraits are in the exhibition, and, equally as a matter of course, her "picture in small" was painted by the Prince's pet miniaturist. The example after R. Cosway, R.A., reproduced in these pages, was painted in 1785, and the original work is lent to the exhibition by Lord Tweedmouth. The bewitching Grace was the youngest daughter of Hew Dalrymple, an Edinburgh advocate, who was concerned in the great Douglas case; her mother, owing to matrimonial differences, it appears, had returned to her parental residence, where Grace was born. The probability is that Miss Dalrymple's early experiences predisposed her mind to take an easier view of domestic obligations than is generally accepted, and her education in a French convent may have imparted a taste for the Continent. Her remarkable personal attractions produced a marked effect upon Edinburgh society on her return, and impressed Dr. John Elliott sufficiently to tempt that somewhat elderly medico to place his fortune (made in privateering) and himself at the youthful charmer's disposal. Although the doctor was more than double the bewitching nymph's age, the offer was accepted. This happened in 1771. Elliott began life as assistant to a London apothecary, went to sea as surgeon on board a privateer, returned with plenty of prize-money, and became a physician; he was later on made a baronet, and appointed physician to the Prince of Wales. Before these honours arrived Elliott experienced

christened 'Sappho, or 'Petrarch's Laura'; it is exquisitely engraved by J. Condé, "from an original painting by G. Romney," and was published in 1803 as "Lady Hamilton."

Hayley, who produced a *Life of Romney* in 1809, relates that Lady Hamilton honoured the painter "with filial tenderness and esteem," and has left this record: "The talents which Nature bestowed on the fair Emma led her to delight in the two kindred arts of music and painting. In the first she acquired great practical ability; for the second she had exquisite taste, and such expressive powers as could furnish to an historical painter an inspiring model for the various characters, either delicate or sublime, which might have occasion to represent. Her features, like the language of 'Shakespeare, could exhibit all the feelings of nature, and all the gradations of every passion, with a most fascinating truth and felicity of expression. Romney delighted in observing the wonderful command she possessed over her eloquent features, and, throughout the surprising vicissitudes of her destiny, she ever took a generous pride in serving the art which had so gloriously distinguished her." "Justly inspired and ennobled the productions of his art."

The career of this illustrious woman, who was born in the humblest ranks of life, in Cheshire, or a while a nurse-girl at Hawarden, and who, after a long and arduous career, found in domestic service. After launching upon a life of gaiety, and going through a sufficiency of varied experiences on the outskirts of the fashion, she, in the latter part of her life, became the wife of the Hon. Charles Greville; who reluctantly surrendered his life to the service of the State, and was ultimately became the wife of the Ambassador, the friend and ally of Queen Maria Carolina, and the source of unusual influence at the Neapolitan Court. Lady Hamilton, who was born in 1765, and died in 1836, was the possessor of the attachment of the pair, Sir William and his lady, in the hero of the Nile became notorious. The subsequent romantic connection between her and his Emma are matters of history. This portion of her career is not a task for the artist, she depicted her in various poses before her return to England, that she would ever be a lady of fashion, over the her to the throne; at least, it can be shown that two royal dukes, and other favours, and Nelson's death, at this point was frankly outspoken, as we may read in the following words: "Nelson was a man of a high and noble mind, and his conduct was ever worthy of his high position. His prodigies of valour were performed in the service of his country. His leading qualities were patriotic zeal, a devotedness to duty, and a reverence for the laws of his country. The closing event of his glorious life was a noble and heroic death. The British people, and the world, will ever honour his memory. In the case, the national gratitude would make a handsome provision for 'a dearest Lady Hamilton' than what the Government could do. Thomas, who, never forgot the services of his friend, and the loss of his life, being spared, wealth and honours beyond his former distinctions would be a great advantage to him. 'One day' his beloved friend would become his 'good Duchess.' With the loss of her hero Lady Hamilton's fortunes declined.

The Duke of Wellington, who had a generous respect and an anxiety, but his will was disputed, and the lady never lived to benefit by this mark of posthumous admiration. Her affairs were managed by her friends, and she was able to make arrangements with creditors inevitable difficulties.

She went to Calais to escape from money troubles or to avoid arrest for debt, and she died there, under distressing circumstances and in complete poverty.

HON. LADY CHARLOTTE LEGGE, AFTERWARDS LADY FEVERSHAM. BY G. R. K. N. A. LADY CHARLOTTE DUNCOMBE. BY G. R. K. N. A.

THE Honourable Lady Charlotte Duncombe, born Lady Charlotte Legge, was the only daughter of William, second Earl of Dartmouth by Frances Catherine, sole daughter and heiress of Sir Charles Gounter Nickoll, K.B.; she was married to Charles Duncombe, eldest son of Charles Slinchby Duncombe, Esq., of the County of York. The charming portrait reproduced in our pages was published by C. Wilkin, the engraver, in the year 1800. It is now the property of the Hon. and Rev. Edward Legge. This print is greatly valued by the family.



MRS. BALDWIN, "A GREEK LADY." BY G. R. K. N. A.



ELIZABETH FOSTER, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE. By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.A.S.

created Baron Feversham; he died in July 1841. The fair Lady Charlotte enjoyed the privilege of bringing up a numerous family—eight sons and four daughters. Her eldest son, the second Baron, was created Earl of Feversham in 1868. One of her sons was the Hon. Arthur Duncombe, an Admiral on the reserve list; another, the Hon. and Very Rev. Augustus Duncombe, earned distinction as the devoted and amiable Dean of York. The children of so sweet a lady would perpetuate her charming qualities. One of her four daughters became Countess of Eldon. Lady Feversham died in 1848.

The delightful example by John Hoppner, R.A., is contributed to the Grafton Galleries by the Earl of Dartmouth, who has also lent the fair lady's likeness, painted by George Romney before her marriage; one of the most captivating of this artist's productions. Both pictures add considerably to the attractions of the exhibition, and in every sense fully justify the pretensions of the directors as to its title of "Fair Women."

MRS. CARWARDINE AND CHILD. By GEORGE ROMNEY.

ONE of Romney's most appreciated portrait groups, in which he has rivalled the easy and natural air Reynolds contrived to give to his paintings of this order, is the likeness of "Mrs. Anne Carwardine and Child." The lady was the wife of the Rev. Thomas Carwardine, of Earl's Colne, Essex. She died in 1817, at the age of sixty-five. Though it would be a stretch of imagination to describe this as the representation of a "Fair Woman," the picture must be welcomed as a fine example of domestic portraiture; the engraving by J. R. Smith in mezzotint is much esteemed, and fetches an astonishingly elevated figure. The painting is the property of Lord Hillingdon.

MISS JACOBS. By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

THIS interesting and graceful portrait, by the hand of Sir Joshua, is also attractive as a "costume picture" of an elegant epoch; the compact *tête* is a becoming style of *coiffure*, in contrast to the redundantly overflowing arrangements of curls and tresses which happened to be the succeeding fashion for ladies' "heads." The picture was engraved in mezzotint by John Spilsbury in a finished manner. The plate bears the name "Miss Jacobs," but history is silent on the lady's career, and Leslie does not mention either the painting or the fair sitter in his *Life of Reynolds*. The picture is the property of the Marquis of Hertford.

MRS. M. A. TAYLOR AS MIRANDA. By JOHN HOPPNER, R.A.

PERHAPS the finest picture Hoppner ever painted, certainly in the very foremost rank of pictures exhibited at the Grafton Galleries, must be reckoned the captivating painting described as "Miranda," the contribution of the Marquis of Londonderry. It is noteworthy that those art lovers to whom this masterpiece comes as a surprise

have, in type and elsewhere, gone into raptures over the manifold excellences of the original, declaring "Miranda" as a work of art challenges, if not excels, the productions of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney. For breeziness, air, lightness of handling, freedom, facility, dexterity of brush-work, breadth, colour, harmony, light and shade, movement, and the appearance of unaffected ease and unconscious charm, the picture in question has few superiors. It must be conceded that Hoppner has proved to the satisfaction of even the most exacting and hypercritical that he was a master of the craft. The attractions of the present exhibition owe much to his brush. On the other side, it must be recognised that, by way of equipoise, the "Grafton show" has convincingly demonstrated that Hoppner deserves one of the highest positions in the temple of fame, and merits no less artistic recognition than is ungrudgingly accorded to his more popularly accepted colleagues.

The work under consideration has been uniformly appreciated, and, by the general verdict, may take foremost rank; it must be averred that, at the hands of contemporaries, the picture was properly estimated; it was engraved in the very finest method of mezzotint on a commensurate scale, and, as it appears, though only published in a proof state, must have been remarkably popular in its day.

Impressions are now very rare; the version after the painting of "Miranda" we are able to offer is reproduced from one of these scarce mezzotint proofs, placed at our disposal for the purpose by the kindness of Mr. John Mackelvie, "Danrobin," Torquay. It is almost unnecessary to mention that the head and shoulders of this "Fair Woman" have been lately reproduced in mezzotint on a large scale.

Curiously enough, the lovely plate by W. Ward is invariably found without lettering, and the forgotten secret of the picture has but just leaked out; possibly, at the time, there was the question of publishing this splendid version as a "portrait" or as "a fancy subject," and between the two the plate may never have been lettered. Moreover, if the portrait is correctly designated, we know that the lady's husband had the reputation of being a fussy and pretentious personage; he may have objected to the name and likeness of his better half being publicly offered about for mere commercial considerations.

Beyond her native dowry of beauty, grace, and certain bewitching qualities which shine forth from the picture, the lady was of gentle birth, the sister of Sir Harry Vane Tempest, Bart., and it was the lucky lot of Mr. (afterwards the Right Hon.) Michael Angelo Taylor to make this paragon his bride. The husband, an aspiring man, was the son of Sir Robert Taylor, Knight, who obtained celebrity as an architect, and who was architect to the Bank, the Admiralty, Greenwich Hospital, &c. He is reputed to have left a fortune of £180,000, accumulated during an active practice of forty years. Having elevated views for his son, he bestowed on him the greatest name in art and architecture, Michael Angelo, and sent him to Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Dowered with so potential a god-parent, the wonder is the youth turned from the arts to the law, but so it eventuated. M. A. Taylor studied the intricacies of the law, was admitted a Barrister, and fought his way into a seat in Parliament in 1784, when "Fox's Martyrs" were falling before the Tory tactics. Of course he went in to support "the powers that were," being spurred by ambitions for office. He was Recorder of Poole, and a prominent person on committees, where he coveted the chairmanship.

Having drifted amongst the opposition, he seems to have gradually alienated himself from his Tory connections, and was, later on, prominent in the councils of the Whigs. The King's health was a matter of uncertainty, and his attacks of insanity became more frequent. The Prince of Wales was at that time on terms of the closest intimacy with Fox, Sheridan, Moira, Erskine, Burdett, &c.; they had the support of the great Whig nobles, Norfolk, Bedford, Derby, Northumberland, and "all the talents." The Prince Regent, as he must inevitably be, was for his friends, political and social, as the rising sun, and as the "Law Chick" was introduced to his future sovereign, to whom his legal knowledge would be of value, he believed himself in favour, and likely to feather his nest. He became a personage and a courtier, the intimate of royalty, a guest at the palace, a partaker of that feast of reason and flow of convivial soul which ended all the Prince's orgies gloriously. It was whispered "Miranda was the loveliest of bewitching sirens by the seashore, and would grace any society. There were gay doings by the sea in those days, when the Prince's Marine Pavilion opened its hospitable portals to the fairest ornaments of society. Doubtless "Miranda" was in every sense "a crown of glory to her spouse, and, as hinted, was *persona gratissima* at Carlton House Palace, which was the glory of the metropolis, as was the Pavilion the glory of Brighton. And there were high doings, which gracious ladies graced by their presence. And where should beauty be seen if not at court? And, of all courts, eminence



HARRIOT MELLON, DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS. By John S. Stuart.

attractions were most admired and welcomed at that of the susceptible Prince Florizel!

LOUISA CATHCART, VISCOUNTESS STORMONT, AFTERWARDS COUNTESS OF MANSFIELD. BY GEORGE ROMNEY.

LOUISA CATHCART was the youngest daughter of the ninth Lord Cathcart. Lord Cathcart, who had fought at Fontenoy, and was proud of the scar which remained the visible mark of the wound he there received, was painted by Reynolds in 1761, and again in 1773. Lady Cathcart and a daughter are set down amongst Sir Joshua's sitters in 1795. The fair Lady Louisa married, in 1776, David, seventh Viscount Stormont, nephew of the great Lord Mansfield. His distinguished parliamentary career is familiar to all students of the history of George the Third's reign. He was English Ambassador in Paris, and was recalled from France at the outbreak of hostilities between the two countries in 1778. Lady Stormont was created Countess of Mansfield in her own right in 1793, and later, by a second marriage in 1797, became the wife of the Hon. Fulke Greville. She survived until 1843.

A story is related by Walpole of another Lady Cathcart, Sarah Malyn, who died in 1783, at the age of 98. She had four husbands, of whom Lord Cathcart was "number three." The fourth was an Irish adventurer, according to Walpole "a Philander," an officer, who not relishing the posy on her wedding ring

If I survive,
I will have five

took her to Ireland, and kept her there in solitary durance for twenty years, when he died, and her ladyship came back to dance at the Welwyn Assembly. On the authority of Croker, some details of her treatment are told in *Castle Rackrent*. Romney's fine portrait of the Countess of Mansfield, lent to the Grafton Galleries by the Earl of Cathcart, takes high rank amongst the painter's masterpieces; it was admirably engraved by J. R. Smith.

DOROTHY BLAND, MRS. JORDAN. BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.

THE fame of Dorothy Jordan, the recognised "Queen of Comedy," must survive in the records of the theatrical world side by side with the reputation of Mrs. Siddons as "The Tragic Muse."

She was born in 1762. At the age of twenty-three, after a career of unusual brilliancy in the provinces, Mrs. Jordan appeared on the boards of Drury Lane in the part of Peggy, in *The Country Girl*, and was at once accepted as the embodiment of Comedy. To her glibness and personality and acting were applied the well-known lines from Milton:

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and Youthful Jollity;
Sport, that wricked Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.

L'ALLEGRO.

Mrs. Inchbald, who knew the actress in the company at York, where she had won all hearts, has recorded of this London ordeal: "She came to town with no



MRS. HARTLEY AS "A NYMPH." By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

report in her favour to elevate her above a very moderate salary (four pounds), or to attract more than a very moderate house when she appeared. But here *moderation* stopped. She at once displayed such consummate art, with such bewitching nature such excellent sense and such innocent simplicity—that her auditors were boundless in their plaudits, and so warm in their praises when they left the theatre that then friends at home would not give credit to the extent of their eulogiums.

Boaden, in his *Life of Mrs. Siddons*, has done justice to the favourite impersonations of Mrs. Jordan, whose success as Rosalind was so remarkable that the great tragic actress relinquished the character in favour of her rival, "the Queen of Comedy." As regards Mrs. Jordan's inimitable assumption of Peggy, we are assured: "Her sphere of observation had for the most part been in the country; and *The Country Girl* therefore became her own in its innocence, or its wantonness, its moodiness in restraint, or its elastic movement when free. Her imagination teemed with the notions of such a being, and the gestures with which what she said were accompanied spoke a language infinitely more expressive than words: the latter could give no more than the meaning of her mind; the former interpreted for the whole being. She did not rise to the point where comedy attains the dignity of moral satire; but *humour* was her own, in all its boundless diversity. She had no reserve whatever of modest shyness to prevent her giving the fullest effects to the flights of her fancy. She drove everything home to the mark, and the visible enjoyment of her own power added sensibly to its effect upon others. Of her beautiful compact figure she had the most captivating use—its spring, its wild activity, its quickness of turn. She made a grand deposit of her tucker, and her bosom concealed everything but its own charms. The redundant curls of her hair, half showing and half concealing the archness of her physiognomy, added to a playfulness which, even as she advanced in life, could not seem otherwise than natural and delightful."

Other characters followed, notably Viola in *Twelfth Night*, Rosalind in *As You Like It*, Matilda in *Richard Cœur de Lion*, Imogen in *Cymbeline*, varied by such contrasts to the higher poetic qualities of the Shakespearean dramas as the Romp, Nell in *The Devil to Pay*, Miss Hoyden in *The Trip to Scarborough*, Hypolita in Cibber's comedy *She Would and She Would Not*, Mrs. Brady in *The Irish Widow*, and similar characters, like Wildair, in which the buoyancy of her spirits had full scope.

Leslie thus writes in his *Life of Reynolds*: "Mrs. Jordan, more than any English actress, seems to have bewitched her public. There was an irresistible joyousness about her look, her laugh, her voice; a mixture of enjoyment and sympathy, as if she was full of pleasure in what she was doing, and of delight in feeling that pleasure shared by others, which was quite independent of beauty, grace, or intellect. It must have been gall and wormwood to the jealous and domineering temper of Mrs. Abington to see the throne she had held so long and so despotically usurped by this raw young actress-of-all-work from the York circuit, who dressed carelessly, moved as the whim prompted her, thought nothing of cadences or point, and, in short, was as completely the ideal of natural charm as Mrs. Abington of artificial."



MRS. MILLS. By George Engleheart.



ELIZABETH STEPHENSON, COUNTESS OF MEXBOROUGH. By John Heppner, R.A.

Sir Joshua "was quite enchanted with a being who, like Jordan, ran upon the stage as a playground, and laughed from sheer wildness of delight." He averred, "She vastly exceeded everything that he had seen, and really was what others only affected to be."

The following lines by H. F. R. Soame were addressed to Mrs. Jordan, after a temporary absence from the stage, in 1790:—

Nymph of the sportive smile and changeful mien,
Welcome, thrice welcome, to thy accustomed scene!
Again, by tender strokes of Art,
Or polish'd Nature's graceful skill,
To charm the sense, or touch the heart,
And mould the passions to thy will.
Oh, thou, endowed with equal pow'rs
To wing with mirth the laughing hours,
Or, as thy melting accents softly float,
And swell upon the bosom of the air:
To breathe, at Sorrow's call, the plaintive note,
And draw for pining love the pining tear,
Daughter of Nature! Genius unconfin'd!
Whose sparkling glance proclaims the feeling mind!
Where more than beauty points the eye,
And lights the expression of the face;
Whose every tone is harmony,
And every varied action grace!

The best half of Mrs. Jordan's life was spent under the protection of the Duke of Clarence. She was received in society on much the same terms which would have been accorded to his legitimate duchess; and the fruits of this connection—a large family—were by their royal parent provided for with no less solicitude than if they had been born of a legalised union. The sons were ennobled, like the "natural" descendants of Charles II.

After the phenomenally successful and brilliant career of Dorothea Jordan, the erst "Comic Muse," the contrast of her ending in misery and despair, dying in exile, literally of a broken heart, is the more pitiable. By a coldly premeditated combination, which reflects lasting ignominy on the memories of its contrivers, Mrs. Jordan was, in 1816, smuggled abroad, avowedly to protect her liberty from the insistent claims of creditors, whose demands her own earnings would have satisfied over and over again, had not her professional income (and her theatrical earnings were very considerable) been appropriated by her royal protector for his personal requirements, and to keep up that establishment of which Mrs. Jordan was the chief attraction. Sir Jonah Barrington has left the saddest picture of the fatal neglect and calculated indifference which brought her spirit to the tomb: "It was not by a cursory acquaintance that Mrs. Jordan could be known; unreserved confidence alone could develop her qualities, and none of them escaped my observation. I have known her when in the busy bustling exercise of her profession. I have known her when in the tranquil lap of ease, of luxury, of magnificence. I have seen her at the theatre surrounded by a crowd of adulating dramatists. I have seen her in a palace, surrounded by numerous, interesting, and beloved offspring. I have seen her happy. I have seen her, alas! miserable: and I could not help participating in all her feelings; her countenance was all expression, without being all beauty. Her features and eloquent action at all periods harmonised blandly with each other, not by artifice, however skillful, but by intellectual sympathy. She was throughout the untutored child of Nature. Her voice, clear and distinct, modulated itself with winning ease, she sang without effort, and generally without the accompaniment of instruments

and those who heard the gentle, flute-like melody of her tones, if they had any souls, must have surrendered at discretion."

By a cruel and infamous contrivance, Mrs. Jordan was induced to leave England, by this act relinquishing all that bound her to existence. Abandoned by those on whom her claims were strongest, she awaited alone, in shabby lodgings in a gloomy mansion at St. Cloud, and in a state of indescribable mental distress, "the answer to some letters by which was to be determined her future conduct as to the distressing business which had led her to the Continent. Her solicitude arose, not so much from the real importance of this affair, as from her indignation and disgust at the ingratitude which had been displayed towards her, and which, by drawing aside the curtain from before her unwilling eyes, had exposed a novel and painful view of human nature. There was no occasion for such entire seclusion; but the anguish of her mind had by this time so enfeebled her that a bilious complaint was generated, and gradually increased. Its growth, indeed, did not appear to give her much uneasiness, so dejected and lost had she become. Day after day her misery augmented; and at length she seemed, we are told, actually to regard the approach of dissolution with a kind of placid welcome. No English comforts solaced her last moments."

There, in solitary despair, on a small old sofa, reclined the queen of laughter, who had long been the life of an elevated circle, and had, as hostess, entertained the members of the royal family on terms of familiar and privileged intercourse.

Despite her restless anxiety, no letters came from England. On the arrival of these hung her peace of mind. She lay sighing on the sofa, awaiting the intelligence which would recall her to life, in vain! Her sufferings "seemed too great for mortal strength to bear up against. On the morning of her death this impatient feeling reached its crisis. The agitation was almost fearful. Her eyes were now restless, now fixed; her motion rapid and unmeaning; and her whole manner seemed to bespeak the attack of some convulsive paroxysm."

Her landlord went to the post to inquire for her letters—those tidings of hope which were never to reach her perturbed spirit. On the messenger's return "she started up and held up her hand, as if impatient to receive her longed-for letters. He told her there were none. She stood for a moment motionless, and

looked towards him with a vacant stare; held out her hand again as if by an involuntary action; instantly withdrew it, and sank back upon the sofa from which she had arisen. She wept not—no tear flowed; her face was one moment flushed and another livid; she sighed deeply, and her heart seemed bursting; and in a minute her breath was drawn more hardly, and, as it were, sobbingly." These sobs had preceded the moment of her dissolution. Her spirit was released; no earthly power might vex it more!

"Thus terminated the worldly career of a lady who had reached the very height of her profession—one of the best-hearted of her sex! Thus did she expire, after a life of celebrity and magnificence, in exile and solitude, and literally of a broken heart!"

On his accession, many years later, William IV. instructed Chantrey to place a statue over the remains of Mrs. Jordan in the Cemetery of St. Cloud.

MRS. BALDWIN IN THE DRESS OF A GRECIAN LADY. By RICHARD COSWAY, R.A.

The fair example of feminine attractiveness known as "Mrs. Baldwin" was evidently a favourable model for Richard Cosway, R.A., who has produced a wondrously airy and spirited study of the picturesque stranger, the drawing exhibited (No. 216) by Messrs. Deprez and Gutekunst, who also contribute to the Grafton one of the most captivating examples of the delicate art of John Downman, A.R.A. (No. 215).

The charm of Cosway's drawing is enhanced in the engraved version executed by F. Bartolozzi in his lightest-handed and most spirited manner, published in 1782. The earliest impressions are inscribed "A Portrait of a Lady in a Grecian Dress": the name of Mrs. Baldwin was subsequently added.

There was no masquerading as to costume, or assumption of foreign character: the interesting subject was a veritable Greek lady, born at Smyrna 1763, the wife of Mr. Baldwin, the British Consul in Egypt. She has been described as "an intimate friend of Dr. Johnson" (who, it must be remembered, died in 1784); Governor Johnstone is also named in a similar connection. It is mentioned that she died at Clapham 1839.

The "Grecian Lady" in question, described as



THE EMPRESS MARIE LOUISE. By J. Laby

"the wife of Mr. Baldwin," was evidently the helpmate of the mystical writer George Baldwin, who was, by the ministers of George III., appointed Consul-General to Egypt, and who entered on the functions of his office in Alexandria at the close of 1786. He had previously travelled in the East, and had obtained leave to proceed as a free mariner to the East Indies, with the view of exploring the connection between India and Egypt by the Red Sea. Mehemed Bey told him at Grand Cairo in 1773, "If you bring the Indian ships to Suez, I will lay an aqueduct from the Nile to Suez, and you shall drink the Nile water." Baldwin's project was favourably received by Mr. Murray, his Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople, and later his services were accepted by the East India Company. He arrived in Alexandria in 1775, and was successful in establishing direct commerce between England and Egypt. In 1796, when Tinville, brother of the notorious Fouquier-Tinville, Accuser-general before the revolutionary tribunals, was sent on a mission to further French designs on Egypt, with the view of inveigling the Egyptian Beys into French toils, Baldwin at Cairo successfully counteracted his influence, and defeated the object of Tinville's public mission to Egypt. Although Baldwin was evidently in advance of his time, and understood the situation (then, as now, critically to the front), the Home Government suddenly removed him from his official position, he receiving an official letter to inform him that the office of Consul in Egypt had been abolished some time as unnecessary.

LADY ELIZABETH FOSTER, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.
BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

By a coincidence it has been written of both the Duchesses of Devonshire, successive wives of the fifth Duke, that, great as were their personal charms, these physical attractions did not constitute the chief source of their influence over the majority of their admirers: "it lay in amenities and graces of deportment in irresistible manners," and "society," of which the seductions were irresistible.

Elizabeth Cavendish, Duchess of Devonshire, well known under her first married name as Lady Betty Foster, was born in 1759, the daughter of Frederick Hervey, fourth Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry, "that mitred Proteus, the Count-Bishop," as Walpole describes him. Lord Orford did not admire this representative of the Herveys, "whose immorality, martial propensities, and profaneness covered him with odium and derision." This remarkably unclerical, irreverent prince of the Church was one of Lady Hamilton's admirers. His letters to that winsome siren are the reverse of what might be expected from a bishop.

Lady Elizabeth in early life was married to John Thomas Foster, and was left a youthful widow. The lady was related to the Duke of Devonshire, and we hear of her in that connection assisting as a governess in his Grace's family in 1783, as Walpole was assuring Sir Horace Mann, to whom rumours had reached in Florence: "The mission of his daughter, and the circumstances, are just as you have heard them. You may add that though the daughter of an Earl, in lawn sleeves, who has an income of four or five-and-twenty thousand a year, he suffers her from indigence to accept £300 a year as governess to a natural child (the daughter of the Duke of Devonshire by Miss Spencer)." Lady Betty does not seem to have objected to the position thus enforced upon her. Her friendship with her predecessor, the Duchess Georgiana, was equally as cordial as with



LADY GEORGINA LENNIX, COUNTESS BATHURST. By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.



GEORGINA LENNIX, COUNTESS BATHURST. By Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

the Duke. The respective fair ladies were united by sympathetic tastes, affectionate friends and companions, and the twain are found travelling in company over the Continent, visiting the Neapolitan Court, and there becoming familiar with Lady Hamilton.

At Lausanne, in 1787, where they visited Gibbon on cordial terms, the historian had just reached the conclusion of his monumental work, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, and he embraced the opportunity of reading to the fair Lady Elizabeth Foster, who was an enthusiast in literary matters, portions of the finishing chapters. Her admiration for his authorship was so warmly expressed that the historian is related to have then and there made the lady an offer of his hand, falling on his knees in the approved manner. The object of this proposal had some difficulty in raising his stout person from the floor, and, it is added, in declining the honour. Gibbon may have been relieved at not being taken seriously. As a practical philosopher he supported his disappointment with equanimity, and, while his friendly dispositions suffered no diminution, his estimate of her powers of fascination reached higher than ever. Comparing the rival attractions of the respective Graces of Devon, he wrote: "Bess is much nearer the level of a mortal, but a mortal for whom the wisest man, historic or medical, would throw away two or three worlds, if he had them in possession." It was, further, Gibbon's deliberate opinion that, "if she chose to beckon the Lord Chancellor from his woollack, in full sight of the world, he could not resist obedience."

The results of these wanderings were to see the glories of print. *A Journey through Switzerland* first appeared anonymously in 1796; the fair Georgiana's poem on the "Passage of the St. Gothard" was included in a later edition, which was published in her name in 1816.

It is not recorded whether Lady Betty's experiment was tried on the Lord Chancellor. She certainly fascinated the Duke of Devonshire, to whom she was married in 1809, three years after the decease of her friendly and famous predecessor. On the Duke's decease in 1814 she resumed her Continental experiences, taking up her residence in Rome, where she established a *salon*, to which was attracted the brilliant society there gathered from every country. There, too, she enjoyed the friendship of the most illustrious Italians and the most eminent of foreign residents. Tom Moore refers to her and Lady Davy as "the rival *cleveroni* at Rome." Her tastes for the arts and literature made her house the great resort of every visitor of distinction. Ticknor, who has given his opinion of the Duchess as "a good respectable woman in her way," averred she attempted "to play the Mæcenas a little too much"; he also relates that he went to her "conversations as to a great exchange, to see who is in Rome, and to meet what is called the world."

Art, archaeology, sculpture, literature, printing, engraving, and kindred pursuits became her favourite hobbies. Canova, Thorwaldsen, and the great sculptors in Rome were her personal friends. She spent large sums of money in excavating the Forum; and she printed

'in Rome a splendid edition of Horace's Fifth Satire of the First Book, with an Italian translation and engravings by the Brothers Rippenhausen. On the advice of Cardinal Gonsalvi for whom she had a passion, according to Moore—another and more correct version was printed at her expense at Parma by the press of Madame Bodoni, with engravings by Caraccioli, in 1818; this is considered one of the finest works issued by that famous press. The year following a similar edition of the Eneid of Virgil was printed for her, embellished with engravings by Marchetti after Lawrence's designs. Copies of these works were by the Duchess presented to various European sovereigns and to important public libraries. *Éditions de Luxe* of the works of Cora and Dante also occupied her attention, but her death—March 30, 1824—prevented the execution of these costly designs. At the Duchess's decease several medals illustrative of her works were struck as memorials. There are portraits of her by J. Downman, A.R.A., Gainsborough, including the famous "Stolen Duchess," from the Wynn Ellis sale, mysteriously removed from Messrs. Agnew's Bond-street Galleries, 1876, and of which the sequel may one day be revealed. The painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, contributed to the Grafton Galleries by the Duke of Devonshire, K.G., is pronounced, on technical grounds, one of

be mentioned than Harriot Mellon, who is said to have been born in London, November 11, 1777. Her mother, a native of Cork, peasant born, had forsaken agricultural pursuits to assist in a shop, and drifted thence into the outskirts of the theatrical profession, as dresser, wardrobe-keeper, and money-taker in Kena's company. Boxing day was a memorable festival in her career, for on that anniversary she claimed to have married one "Matthew Mellon," Lieutenant in the Madras Native Infantry. Hints were dropped by her that the pseudonym which savours of the names met in farces masked a personage of high rank. The mystery rather gained by the desertion of the stranger, whose identity has not been traced. Harriot's mother conveniently relinquished further expectations of meeting her vanished bridegroom, for she shortly married Thomas Entwistle, who led the orchestra in Kena's company. Transferred to Bibby's company in Lancashire, Miss Mellon, the future peeress, received some education at Ulverstone, and early found her way on to the boards in juvenile parts. At ten years of age she was playing Little Pickle in *The Spoiled Child*, and subsequently Priscilla Slowboy in *The Rump*. Her professional rise was assured and certain. While yet a child in years and experience, she was playing in the Midlands, for a guinea per week, the important rôles of comedy, Beatrice, Celia, Lydia Languish, and Letitia Hardy. Her proficiency in singing and dancing was of value, and esteemed accordingly. At eighteen she appeared at Drury Lane, where her arch beauty pleased, and the music of her voice was commended; this was in January 1795. The same year she enacted Lady Godiva in O'Keefe's *Peeping Tom of Coventry*. Her engagement was continued at Drury Lane, with summer visits to Liverpool, where she successfully performed a more extensive round of characters, including Ophelia and Miranda.

Miss Mellon was allotted those parts which Mrs. Jordan had made her own, and in which, on the authority of critical playgoers of her day, the "Comic Muse," by popular acceptance, eclipsed her imitator. Though second to Dolly Jordan, whose figure was by Reynolds commended as perfect, Harriot Mellon had the consolation of finding that in this material point of view she surpassed her predecessor, for in Albina Mandeville, a "breeches part," her figure was pronounced to surpass that of Mrs. Jordan, a former representative. Her stage career covered some thirty years, going back to childhood, when she took leave of the theatre in 1815, in the part of Audrey, only quitting the Thespian profession to appear on another platform of life, where her movements were watched with almost similar interest. Thomas Coutts, the banker, had long been on intimate terms with Miss Mellon, and their publicly recognised connection had provoked comment for many years. By the death of his wife in 1815, Coutts, the Crepus of his age—who was regarded as the richest man in town—was free to make Harriot his bride. This privilege he promptly embraced. He was at that time eighty years of age, and he survived until February 24, 1822. By his decease Mrs. Coutts inherited her spouse's large fortune. She behaved handsomely to his children, and to all accounts, seemed to endeavour to utilise her vast means in forwarding the interests of others, though beset by impostors. Many were the attempts to extract money. With writers of scurrilous memoirs, who endeavoured to blackmail the banker's widow, the lady dealt summarily, for she was of a fiery impetuosity. Wealth was all very well of its kind, and honours were to follow. These came courting her favour in the person of William Aubrey de Vere, ninth Duke of St. Albans, to whom she was married June 16, 1837. She died August 6, 1837. There are several portraits of the handsome Harriot, a vivacious brunette, with a tendency to *embonpoint*. She sat to Romney, and, among others, to Sir William Beechey and to Masquerier (as Mrs. Page). Her portraits by the two latter are the property of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, to whom belongs the miniature, by John S. Stump, lent to the Grafton Galleries. All these works are popularly known through engravings, and, as theatrical portraits, are in request among collectors.

MRS. HARTLEY. BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

MRS. ELIZABETH HARTLEY was about twenty years of age when Sir Joshua painted her in 1771 as a "Nymph" with an infant Bacchus. Two years later she sat to him for a "Bacchante," one of his "best coloured" pictures, which Walpole notes as "charming." It is contributed to the Grafton by the Earl of Northbrook, K.G. The picture has always been popular. There are two important engraved versions of the time, and several smaller ones. The original was sent to the Royal Academy in 1773, with the inscription: "A Nymph with a young Bacchus." The fair lady was at least accepted as a beauty by her contemporaries. Northcote, who was not of a nature easily impressed, praised her exceptional beauty of figure and colouring. Garrick declared he never saw a finer creature. Boaden asserted that Reynolds, and the painters to whom she frequently sat, did not do her justice, and writes, "the author could not have wished a more perfect face and form than this lady possessed upon the stage." "She had that golden auburn hair which the early Italian painters loved, and those blonde colours which, it is thought, have always exercised most power of witchery on men." The daughter of James and Eleanor White, of Barrow, Somerset, the well-favoured Elizabeth saw the light in 1751; she is early found provided with a married name, the husband a cypher. Finally the lady reverted to her maiden name, and was buried in 1824 as "White." Her social and theatrical celebrity kept pace, and for something over ten years she was the fashion, if not the "rage." She was reticent as to the details of her fashionable career, though it is stated in the *Macaroni Magazine* that the lovely Mrs. Hartley was the model upon which Conway founded his "Venus Victrix." Certain it is that Conway admired her; and we find Walpole, as usual, bringing in her name when writing to his friends Conway and Mason as dramatic authors. "Your 'Elfrida,' Mrs. Hartley, I am told, is the most perfect beauty that was ever seen." In 1773 Horace went to see his friend's tragedy, and wrote to assure the proud dramatist as to his heroine: "Mrs. Hartley is made for the part, if beauty and figure could suffice for what you write, but she has not one symptom of genius." In 1778 the reverend playwright was addressing Walpole on his tragedy, still in favour, to the effect that his Elfrida (Mrs. Hartley) was obliged to go to Bath, and hinting that her case was "an interesting one." We find Walpole's enthusiasm for Mrs. Hartley's renowned beauty increasing with acquaintance. At the age of eighteen Elizabeth was already moving playgoers with her assumptions of tragic heroines; and by her appearance at the Haymarket, under Foote, as Imoinda, in *Oroonoko*. Her first success in Edinburgh was made in 1771 as Monimia in *The Orphan*. Garrick had heard of her reputation, and consulted Moody, the actor, as to engaging this lovely queen of tragedy, if not tragic in herself. Moody counselled her prompt engagement, although his report on the whole is tinged with ironical spice (see the *Garrick Correspondence*): "Mrs. Hartley is a good figure, with a handsome, small face, and very much freckled, her hair red, and her neck and shoulders well turned. There is not the least harmony in her voice, but when forced (which she never fails to do on every occasion) is loud and strong, but such an inarticulate gabble that you must be well acquainted with her part to under-



MISS ELLEN TERRY AS LADY MACBETH. By J. S. Sargent, A.P.S. (By permission of H. Lowndes, Esq.)

the best examples of the artist in the exhibition. The picture has been praised on its own merits as the likeness of a fascinating "Fair Woman," whose winsome attractions account for the reputation she enjoyed in her prime.

HARRIOT MELLON, DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS. BY JOHN S. STUMP.

AMONG the various attractive attributes pertaining to theatrical life, as regards the fortunes of the fair sex, are the astonishing transformations effected by this means in the lots of popular actresses, who in some instances have arrived on this stage of life under obscure and mysterious conditions, and, through the avenue of the theatre, have ended their careers on social pedestals, the possessors of coronets, vast wealth, and abounding honour.

No more conspicuous instance of the favours of fortune in this direction could



ILL. II. CHARLOTTE PRINCESS OF WALES.
By A. E. Chalon, R.A.

she was also frequently painted; Cleonice, Evelina, in Mason's *Caractacus*, Isabella, Miss Neville, Rena, Julia (*Fatal Falshood*), and Lady Frances Touchwood (*Belle's Stratagem*). As Calista she was painted by Reynolds, and as Andromache (*Discreet Mother*) by both Kauffman and Sherwin. She was Cleopatra in *All for Love*; Leonora (*The Revenge*), Marcia in *Cato*, and performed a round of Shakespeare's heroines Lady Macbeth, Queen Katharine, Hermione, Olivia, Cordelia, Desdemona, Queen Margaret (*Richard III.*), and similar parts. Genest avers: "She was a very beautiful woman, and a good actress in parts that were not beyond her powers; her forte was tenderness, not rage; her personal appearance made her peculiarly qualified for such parts as Elfrida and Rosamond.

Her sister Mary was the wife of the famous editorial parson and boxer, Sir Henry Bate Dudley. In Angelo's *Memoirs* the story is related of a fracas which arose out of Mrs. Hartley's appearance at Vauxhall Gardens in Parson Bate's company, when the lady suffered some annoyance and impertinence from the scourge known as "Fighting Fitzgerald," a bully who did not enjoy his experience of the fighting parson's prowess with his fists. Mrs. Hartley retired from the stage in 1780; she left a fair estate at her death in 1825, and bequeathed £100 to the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund.

MRS. MILLS. BY GEORGE ENGELHEART.

The portrait of Mrs. Mills is generally well known, through J. R. Smith's popular mezzotint, which has always held a favourable position in the eyes of collectors. The lady was a favourite vocalist, and the wife of Captain Mills, who was also an interesting personage, as one of the rare survivors of the agonies of the infamous Black Hole of Calcutta. The painting is the property of Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart.

ELIZABETH STEPHENSON, COUNTESS OF MEXBOROUGH. BY JOHN HOPPNER, R.A.

The delightful example by John Hoppner, R.A., contributed to the Grafton by the Countess of Mexborough, is much prized in its engraved form, admirably executed in mezzotint by W. Ward. Elizabeth Stephenson, the fair sitter, was the wife of John Savile, second Earl of Mexborough. The Countess died in 1821.

THE EMPRESS MARIE LOUISE. BY J. ISABEY.

The well-known version of Isabey's miniature of the Empress Marie Louise, second wife of the great Napoleon, is lent to the exhibition by H.R.H. Princess Beatrice. The likeness was of popular interest at the period, and was copied in England. An engraving by H. Meyer was published in London, November 1, 1813.

LADY GERTRUDE FITZPATRICK ("COLLINA"). BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

The Hon. Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick was the daughter of John Earl of Upper Ossory, by Anne, Countess of Upper Ossory. In her childhood she sat to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who produced "Collina," one of his most successful child pictures. Her portrait was later on painted by Charles Wilkin in 1802, and engraved by the same artist, was published by him in his *Select Series of Portraits of Ladies of Rank and Fashion* "executed," says the prospectus, "in a manner to unite the high finish of painting with the freedom and spirit of drawing," a desirable consummation achieved by the combination of John Hoppner, R.A., with Charles Wilkin the engraver. The characteristics of Sir Joshua's bewitching "Collina" are preserved with all their kitten-like charm in the picture which Wilkin produced in 1802, dedicated, as to the engraving, "by permission" to the Earl of Upper Ossory. It will be remembered that this lady's mother was a no less charming personage. For her eyes were written many of Horace Walpole's most witty, amusing, and brilliantly polished letters upon art, literature, and the fashionable scandals of the hour; administered to his fair country correspondent with much modish badinage by the ex-courtiour, erst man about town, and lifelong dilettante.

On the death of the Earl of Upper Ossory, in 1818, his English and Irish titles became extinct. Amptill Park he bequeathed to Lord Holland, and after him to the Duke of Bedford. The title of "Amptill" thus came into the Russell family, Lord Odo Russell being created Baron Amptill. Both the winsome Lady Gertrude and her elder sister, Lady Anne, born in 1770, died unmarried.

Curiously enough, while "Collina" was but a blue-eyed infant, we find Walpole writing to her mother, his pet correspondent, the Countess of Ossory, and thus prematurely suggesting that the little lady should, as quickly as possible, change her name. This, by a coincidence, happened to turn out the very change that never occurred: "I like the blue eyes, Madam, better than the denomination of Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick, which, all respectable as it is, is very harsh and rough-sounding; pray let her change it

with the first goldfinch that offers. Nay, I do not trust to the blue of the eyes. I do not believe they last once in fifty years." The same writer highly appreciated Reynolds's truly inimitable version of "Collina," but, with his usual discrimination, detected that the engraving fell disappointingly short of the original painting. As a principle, the reverse is the rule, but the plate after "Collina," mezzotinted by Dean, is one of the unfortunate exceptions.

GEORGINA COUNTESS BATHURST. BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

MISS GEORGINA LENNOX was the daughter of Lord George Lennox. She married, in 1789, the statesman Henry, third Earl Bathurst, who flourished between 1762 and 1834. The Countess Bathurst died in 1841. Lord Bathurst succeeded to the family honours in 1794. As a personal friend of the all-powerful minister William Pitt, he was fortunate in securing political influence and patronage. On the formation of Pitt's second administration, in 1804, he entered office as Master of the Mint; this was continued under Addington. Holding the Seals of the Foreign Office in 1809, he subsequently became President of the Board of Trade under the Duke of Portland, Secretary of War and the Colonies under Lord Liverpool, and ending under the Duke of Wellington, 1828 to 1830, a long career of office as President of the Council. If not one of the brilliant series of public men whose names have become illustrious, Lord Bathurst deserves credit as an administrator, for the improvement in the conduct of the Peninsular War was contemporaneous with his accepting the Secretaryship. The correspondence given in the *Wellington Despatches* is interesting reading, and shows his ready ability in grasping military points with promptitude, and his spirit in providing for the requirements of the service. It devolved on Lord Bathurst to defend the policy of the Government in their forced dealings with the first Napoleon, and to answer the attacks of those antagonists who, like the Napoleonic enthusiast Lord Holland, bitterly reproached the administration for constituting England the gaoler of the defeated ex-Emperor. The name of Lord Bathurst is remembered in association with the burning questions of his day, such as the "Slave Trade"; his moderation was such as a party politician that he was one of the Tory Lords who supported in principle the repeal of the Roman Catholic disabilities; and as an individual he seems to have enjoyed the goodwill of his contemporaries, irrespective of party jealousies or political distinctions. The Countess Bathurst was a social light in her generation, and her portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence justifies contemporary opinions upon the subject of her attractive qualities. She is to be read of as a moving spirit amidst the distinguished circles of her day. Glancing at the diary of Thomas Moore, who at the time was the favoured guest of the uppermost of aristocratic society, we find him, March 1824, taken to the House of Lords by one Peer, and there invited to dinner by three others, he already being engaged to a fourth, to dine with Lord Cawdor. Here the poet notes his entertainment: "Sat next Lady Georgina Bathurst, and found her very agreeable; talked of a prologue written by Canning last summer, for a charade acted while he was at Saltram; during which time, they said, he seemed to have resumed all his former vivacity. Greville repeated the prologue."

MISS ELLEN TERRY AS LADY MACBETH. BY JOHN S. SARGENT.

ONE of the most strikingly effective pictures in the Grafton Exhibition is the remarkable work, one of the artist's masterpieces, by John S. Sargent. In this version our leading actress is depicted as a "Tragedy Queen." It is universally recognised that Miss Terry in her own popular personality happily unites the attributes of the Muses of Tragedy and Comedy; and it would have been further acceptable to her admirers in general—a comprehensive term in this lady's instance, including the peoples of England and America—if the directors of the Grafton Galleries had been favoured



MRS. LANGLAY. By G. F. Watts, R.A. By permission of the artist.

with her portrait as the Queen of Comedy—legitimate successor of the Farrens, Jordans, and famous Comic Muses of the past, whose likenesses lend considerable charm to the gathering representative of "Fair Women." The portrait of Miss Terry as Lady Macbeth has been lent to the exhibition by the favour of Mr. Henry Irving, to whom the *chef-d'œuvre* belongs; the engraving we are enabled to produce is also given by Mr. Irving's kind permission. The popular actress's brilliant theatrical career and the characters she has either "made her own" or "created" are fresh in the recollection of all playgoers.

MRS. LANGTRY. BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

IF the hundreds of portraits collected at the Grafton Galleries, by some fortuitous chance, uniformly came up to the completely satisfying standard of the above, visitors thereto would be lifted out of everyday life, and realise the poets' visions of "Fair Women" straightway; all that has been uttered in fervid rhapsodies might be substantiated.

Given the enduring charm of beauty, united to the fine art of fascination, and allied with the conscious power of loveliness—all of which are convincing—what mortal could resist the all-conquering combination? Verily, not even the proverbial stoic. Opinions are unanimous as to the winsomeness of Mr. Watts's sweet portrait of Mrs. Langtry, replete with those delicate suggestions attaching to implied association with the "Jersey Lily," surely one of the most beautiful subjects in the world; painted by the artist—the conviction arises—with full appreciation of subtle capabilities. Mr. William Sharp—with the intuition of a poet—has happily summarised its charms as "Mr. Watts's flower-sweet and flower-delicate portrait of Mrs. Langtry."

The painter has reserved this portrait for himself, as it appears; all beholders must appreciate his excellent taste, and art collectors will envy him the possession of one of the sweetest pictures of all time. The present version is reproduced by the courteous permission of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES. BY ALFRED E. CHALON, R.A.

THE portrait of the Princess Charlotte of Wales was painted by the fashionable "court" artist Alfred Edward Chalon, R.A., at the time of the marriage of this popular princess—described as "the hope of England"—with Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. It will be remembered that the nation was called upon to mourn the untimely death of this unfortunate princess, at the moment when the hopes of the country were fixed upon the welfare of their anticipated future sovereign. The interesting miniature is lent to the exhibition by H.R.H. Princess Beatrice.

QUEEN VICTORIA. BY SIR WILLIAM ROSS, R.A.

THERE are numerous miniatures of her Majesty, both as Princess and Queen. Sir William Ross was "miniature-painter by appointment" to the Duchess of Kent, and frequently enjoyed the privilege of having for his sister the fair princess whose future was of the greatest interest to her subjects. The hopeful anticipations which were centred upon the youthful Queen, when Sir William Ross painted the delightful miniature in question, have been amply realised in her prosperous and benignant reign, to the national welfare. The miniature of our gracious Sovereign is exhibited by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who has also contributed a vastly interesting collection of fine examples of this delicate art, including the portraits of the Coutts family, and several valuable historical memorials.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. By Sir William Ross, R.A.

HOW TO IMPROVE THE COMPLEXION.

A CHAT ABOUT THE SKIN WITH LADIES.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

SUPPOSE the Goddess of Beauty should suddenly appear to you, and tell you that you might choose as a gift from her one of two boons: either features cast in the most perfect mould of form to be combined with a complexion that was worse than doubtful, or a skin of perfect purity and delicacy with features susceptible of improvement? Well, I know which I would choose, if that were proposed to me. It has been the complexion that was the source of the charm of all the famous beauties that have been immortalised in story. Why are their portraits invariably so disappointing? Simply because the painter's art could give only the shape of the features, and because this was not the real living charm. The true beauty—the clear skin, full of vitality, the eloquent blood mantling beneath the spotless, smooth, and delicately-tinted cheek—evaded the brush; and therewith the beauty, which lay mainly in that, escaped the



nothing else but this cause, which is not always thought of even by doctors. I write from painful experience, having once incautiously allowed my little girl of three years old to be washed with a medicated soap. Her hands and face were covered with tiny pimples, and my medical man seemed quite at a loss to know what to do with them. Happily it occurred to me that the soap might be in fault; and I substituted Pears' Soap, with the result that the spots went away in a few days. Many children, and ladies also, suffer from roughness of the skin, very irritating and annoying, and destructive to beauty, which is ascribed to the cold wind in winter and the sun in summer, while all the time it is the soap that is in fault. The most famous beauties of to-day are largely admired for their freedom from such blemishes, and several of them have borne testimony to the fact that they owe their charm in this respect to the use of Pears' Soap.

For instance, Madame Adelina Patti writes: "I have found Pears' Soap matchless for the hands and complexion." Mrs. Langtry declares that she "uses Pears' Soap, and prefers it to any other." Miss Mary Anderson states: "I have used Pears' Soap for two years with the greatest satisfaction, for I found it the very best." Not to multiply examples of such testimony, I will conclude by citing the late Dr. Anna Kingsford, who was as beautiful as she was learned, and who said: "I prefer Pears' Soap myself for the complexion to any preparation. It is delectable."

Medical testimony is equally emphatic. The late Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, wrote: "It is a balm to the skin." No fewer than Twenty Highest Awards have been awarded to this soap at as many great International Exhibitions, by juries of experts.

The keeping of the skin in a proper state is not, however, a matter of the complexion alone. The general health depends more upon the skin of the entire body being kept in a healthy state than most persons may be aware. This will be better understood by the aid of a few words of fact about the skin.

artist's copy. Rely upon it, very ordinary features will serve, if the skin be all that it should be; while spots, blebs, pimples, and such like dreadful blemishes, must utterly destroy the charm of the most perfectly modelled face.

Why do we see so many yellow complexions, so many spotted and spoiled faces? It is only too often the direct result of the impurity, artfully concealed by scents and injurious colouring matters, of most of the toilet soaps in use. Professor Atfield, the well-known practical chemist, analysed a dozen soaps, all bearing attractive titles, looking and smelling quite nice, and being sold as first-class goods by chemists. Of all the number, Dr. Atfield found only one that came up to the standard of "a good soap." This was the famous

"PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP."

That soap alone could be classified by the eminent chemist as "very good." I should mention that this chemical analysis was not made by order of the proprietors of the soap for advertising purposes, but made entirely independent of them in order to find out the true qualities of the various soaps.

Many of the soaps sold in pretty boxes, or smart wrappers, made pleasant to the eye by colouring, and to the nose by scent, really contain the vilest rubbish in their composition, such as we should shudder to place on our persons if we saw it undisguised. A common source of mischief is the use of medicated soaps, containing some powerful ingredient—tar, carbolic acid, turpentine, &c.—which are far too strong for the delicate skin of women and children. Babies in particular often suffer from these causes, and many teasing complaints of the skin arise from



He won't be happy till he gets it!

We all know how thin the covering of our bodies is; but we must not thence jump to the conclusion that there is not much to be learned about it. It can, indeed, under the microscope be divided into two quite separate layers. If we pinch up a fold of the skin, we get both these; but when we have a blister raised, whether by over exertion of the hands or feet, or by a medicated plaster, the top is raised from the under layer. We then discover that the outer skin is hard, and does not feel pain when it is cut, any more than the hair and nails do; while the lower layer is moist, and extremely sensitive. The hard outer skin, that which we see when we look at ourselves, is called the scarf-skin or *epidermis*; the sensitive layer beneath is named the true skin, or *dermis*.

The outer layer, or scarf-skin, consists of flattened scales, of course each very tiny, but distinctly to be seen under the microscope. Lower down these are seen to be soft, plump little cells, which are always growing up to the surface as newer ones form beneath. The outer flattened and dried scales of epidermis are continually wearing away; it is necessary for health that they should do so, for growth is the law of the living body. The new ones grow beneath and push the older ones up to the surface, where they lose their feeling and get flaccid and hard, and then fall off incessantly in dust too small to be seen, and are washed off abundantly when soap and water are applied to the skin. This is how the skin is kept fresh and nice.

But the skin is more than a covering for the muscles and organs of the body. It is the principal means provided by nature for the removal from the system of the waste matters left by the performance of the functions of life. Just as a fire leaves ashes, which must be removed or the grate will be blocked up by the waste and the fire will not kindle, so every breath we draw, every movement we make, every thought or feeling, leaves behind in the blood the waste which must be thrown out.

The perspiration is the great way in which we get rid of the ashes of our fire of life. When we do not notice that we are perspiring at all, we are still throwing off from the skin, in the form of invisible vapour, more than an ounce of fluid every hour, more than a pint in the course of a day.



This amount passes off if the body is kept properly clean. The sweat glands which have the work to do of separating the waste matters from the blood are situated in the skin, and send up little pipes that open on the surface of the epidermis or scarf-skin. In the whole body there are more than three million sweat glands, each having its own opening or "pore" on the skin. This means, in other words, that there are no less than

TWENTY EIGHT MILES

of tubing in the body, engaged in the work of separating from the blood, and throwing out on the surface, waste matters for which the system has no further use.

Nay, it must be put more strongly to be correct. These waste matters are worse than poisons; they are nothing less than poisonous if left in the blood, and will inevitably cause disease, and may cause death.

There have been some striking illustrations of the truth of this statement. One of the saddest was the following:—When Pope Leo the Tenth ascended the Papal throne, a child was prepared to represent in his procession the Golden Age, which was supposed to be dawning, by being varnished all over and covered with gold leaf. And this poor child died of the stoppage of the pores of the skin, in less than six hours. Now, whenever the complete stoppage of any function causes death, its partial obstruction must do mischief in proportion. Those twenty eight miles are not in the body for nothing, you may rely upon that.

Soap must be used to cleanse the whole body, therefore, to remove the dried epidermis and the dirt, in order that the open mouths of the sweat glands may act freely. Bad soap, so far from accomplishing this end, itself forms a deposit of an unhealthy character on the skin, preventing, instead of aiding its work. Dr. Revil, addressing the Paris Academy of Medicine, observed



truly. "Some cheap soaps contain 20 per cent. of insoluble matter, such as lime or plaster, and others animal matter, which emits a bad smell when its solution is left exposed to the air, and, becoming rancid, causes chronic inflammation of the skin."

It is certainly not *cheap* to expose one's self or one's children to such evils, both of skin disease and of general illness, in consequence of the obstruction to the skin's action. The pure sensation and velvety feel of the skin produced by using Pears' Soap is a cheap luxury. The proprietors claim for it—and the claim is allowed to be just by the highest authorities, professional and personal—that Pears' Transparent Soap is one of the *very few* pure soaps offered to the public. It has no irritating excess of soda which is common in white and other badly-made soaps; it contains no deleterious colouring matter, its deep brown hue being natural, and the result of age alone; it is very durable, as it can be used to the last atom, not breaking as soon as it gets thin, nor evaporating or dissolving into water; and finally, it has borne the test of long experience, having been invented by the late Mr. Andrew Pears, in 1807, and having been enormously used by the public ever since.

The latter is no small test of genuine excellence. Advertising may induce people to try a new invention, and bring it into temporary notoriety; but only real superiority can make them continue to use it. That Pears' Soap is, as Dr. Erasmus Wilson said, "a name engraven on the memory of the oldest inhabitant," and is to-day better known and more popular than ever, so all the world over, too, is sufficient testimony to the fact that

PEARS' SOAP IS THE BEST.





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Fair Children at the Grafton Galleries.

THE exhibition of pictures of "Fair Children" at the Grafton Galleries is an appropriately consistent sequel to the previous gathering of "Fair Women," on the success of which the Directors, the Ladies' Committee, and the Executive Committee deserve every congratulation.

The idea was so happy, that its popularity was assured from the start. From other standpoints, the present interesting gathering, inaugurated under precisely similar auspices, bids fair to outrival in attractiveness its favoured predecessor. There are the charms inseparable from infancy, the beauty of the subjects, where nature has lavished her wealth of delicate tints, like the soft evanescent perfection of the rose-bud, and those wondrous graces which are lost to sight in later stages of development. For the lover of childhood—in its varied and ever-changing phases—the exhibition is a veritable garden of flowers, where "Fair Children" are more abounding than roses, and even "more divinely sweet." As many of the juvenile subjects happened to be future celebrities of one kind or another, the student of human nature is interested to observe the early promise of those personal attractions which, in their subsequent careers, made their possessors famous. It is noteworthy to mark how—in the cases of persons eventually eminent in the various stages of life's round—"the child was father to the man,"

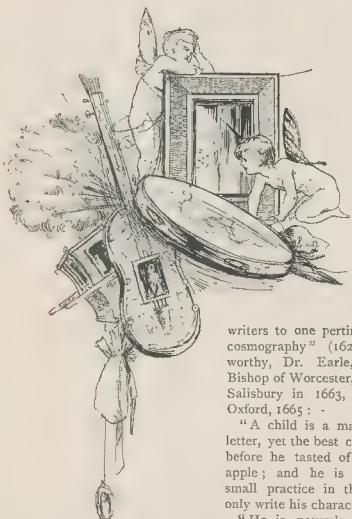
and "the promise of spring" was fulfilled in summer's high meridian, in the instances of the fairer portion of creation. Above all—beyond the chances of fancies or predilections, which beget controversy as to particular types of loveliness, or unloveliness, depending on individual taste or appreciation—there is the fine-art aspect, where picture-lovers may, with complacent minds, enjoy their fill of the finest works of the greatest masters of all time. It is a happy coincidence that the most illustrious of the "immortals" amongst artists seem invariably to have been inspired by the subtle charms of childhood, and to have enjoyed abounding sympathy with juvenile sitters.

Apart from "generalities," that should make the exhibition welcome to art-lovers and students of history or of human nature, there is the "speciality" playfully insisted upon by the management in the directors' customary *avant-propos*, prefatory to the catalogue of the Grafton Galleries.

"If the Directors were right in thinking that every woman has had at least one admirer, they feel they are doubly justified, in the present case, as it is obvious that no child has been without two. They had almost written three, but they cannot help feeling a doubt as to whether the inevitable laudation on the part of the nurse is in every case the expression of honest conviction."

BAK CHICKEL

AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES



THERE are various reasons to be advanced in favour of the interesting nature of the Grafton Galleries Exhibition, and manifold arguments which make for the well-deserved success of this attractive gathering. First comes, as the initial plea, the sentimental aspect of the subject, that philosophy of childhood, concerning which reflective minds have said much both in prose and verse. As regards the literary aspect, we must be contented to restrict our quotations from the many wise and beautiful thoughts about children set down by great

writers to one pertinent extract from the "Microcosmography" (1628) of that excellent pious worthy, Dr. Earle, some time Bishop of Worcester, translated to Salisbury in 1663, who died at Oxford, 1665:

"A child is a man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve or the apple; and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write his character."

He is nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time, and much handling, dims and defaces. His soul is yet white paper unscruddled with observations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blurred notebook. He is purely happy because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and, when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature, and his parents alike, dandle him, and 'tice him on with a bit of sugar to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet like a young 'prentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy.

"All the language he speaks yet is tears, and they serve him well enough to express his necessity. His hardest labour is his tongue, as if he were loth to use so deceitful an organ, and he is best company with it when he can but prattle. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest, and his drums, rattles, and hobby-horses but the emblems and mocking of man's business. His father hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember, and sighs to see what innocence he hath outlived. The older he grows, he is a star lower from God; and, like his first father, much worse in his breeches. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse; the one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged one heaven for another."

HISTORICAL EVIDENCES.

REGARDED from another point of view, the visitor will find that the exhibition is very fruitful in historical evidences; while the student has unequalled opportunities for realising, in the childish aspects of sitters—who, in their mature years, became "the makers of history"—how far the youthful faces afford indications of the particular characters with which these celebrities were subsequently endowed in the annals of their time or by historical writers.

It is gratifying to note in certain instances how faithfully the respective limners have preserved, in the faces of their juvenile sitters, the hint of those attributes the observer conversant with the after-stories of the originals of the portraits would naturally expect to discover. For instance, we realise in the respective likenesses of a sinister family group the children of Catherine de Medicis, Francis II., Charles IX., Henry III., and Marguerite (of Navarre), the revelation of those traits one would be led to suspect, but which nature, or the hand of the painter, have occasionally disguised. This curious piece by Clouet, "called Janet," is lent by Sir Tölemache Sinclair. There are fine indications of character in the little "Don Carlos," son of Philip IV. of Spain, by Velas-

quez, lent by the Marquis of Bristol; endowed with a native air of dignity properly befitting the subject on one hand, and inseparable from the painter's works on the other. There is "bluff King Hal" as a boy with his sisters, by Mabuse, looking precisely the personages we should expect to find them, even in their infant years. The "Edward VI.," attributed to Holbein, in every respect what Pepys has pronounced "a most blessed picture" and precious portrait is lent by the Queen. In this admirable example of the grand art of Tudor times the intelligent spectator may find embodied those qualities traditionally inseparable from this paragon among juvenile princes; a saint-like youth whose higher aspirations soared above earthly courts. Another paragon among princes—the pride of chivalry (also too good for a work-a-day world), portraits of whom are shown—is that Henry Prince of Wales, son of James I., whose "pictured presentment," exactly realises the personality one might venture to anticipate. There is a hunting piece from the Royal Collection, specially rich in precious historical treasures of art, in which the youthful and promising "hope of England" is shown with Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. This picture has a further interest, though the painter's name has not reached our day; the example, lent by the Queen, reproduced amongst our illustrations, has the portrait and 'scutcheon of Essex, as a companion to the prince. Another version, otherwise nearly identical, shows the figure and 'scutcheon of Lord Harrington in the same position. This second picture of the gallant Prince Henry was reproduced by S. Harding in 1796, after "the original in the collection of the Earl of Guilford." It is interesting to compare the respective pieces. There is the Van Dyck, belonging to the Queen, of the two youthful Villiers, sons of the first



EDWARD VI.
Attributed to Hans Holbein.
Lent by H.M. the Queen.



HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, SON OF JAMES I., AND ROBERT DEVEREUX, THIRD EARL OF ESSEX, HUNTING.

Name of artist unascertained.
Lent by H.M. the Queen.

James's handsome favourite, George Villiers, assassinated by Felton, 1628—the group reproduced in our selection. It is interesting to compare this work with the great picture of the Duke of Buckingham and his family, painted by Honthurst, likewise from the Royal Collection, and also reproduced among our illustrations. There are the three children of Charles I., a veritable *chef-d'œuvre* amongst children's portraits, lent by the Earl of Suffolk. This fine work is supplemented by another version, by the same illustrious master, of the youthful Charles II., James II., and their sister the Princess Royal, afterwards Duchess of Orleans, represented at slightly more advanced ages. The painting in question is contributed by the Earl of Clarendon; reproductions of both pictures are given in our illustrated souvenir.

CELEBRITIES IN EARLY STAGES.

It is interesting to be confronted with the presentments of historical and social celebrities as they appeared at very early stages of their careers; we realise how the childish traits suggest those features with which elder portraits of the same personages, in the days of their notoriety, have made the world passably familiar. These are likenesses of Stuart monarchs as youths, and their successors under similar conditions; Charles II. in armour; Mary, Princess of Orange, daughter of Charles I.; William III., as a juvenile Prince of Orange; George II., as an infant; the Earl of Harrington, as "Leicester Fitzroy Stanhope"; Lord Crewe masquerading as a boyish "bluff King Hal"; the first Earl of Durham, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, as the well-known "Master Lambton"; the Marquis of Lansdowne as a boy, by George Romney; Lord Wantage as an infant, by Sir Francis Grant; George IV. as a child, by Zoffany; respective Dukes of Gloucester, of Dorset; and successive Dukes of Beaufort—third, fourth, and fifth, and the present duke too—as boys; the noble ladies their sisters, and other noble little demoiselles, their future duchesses, under infantine aspects. Earls of Darnley, Carlisle, Warwick, Londonderry, De Grey, Ripon, Leicester, Derby, &c., in their boyish eras; the Marquis of Lansdowne; the present Marquess of Granby, at the age of eleven, by Sir John E. Millais; and so on, through the list of youthful future peers and peeresses. The pictured semblance of the famous "electioneering" duchess, her winsome Grace of Devonshire, would naturally be looked for in such a collection, and the expectation is realised. There is the fair Lady Georgina Spencer as a child, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; at the age of six, by Gainsborough; and another version by Katherine Read—the last two the property of Earl Spencer. If we wish to ascertain how the hero of "the great Westminster Election of 1784," in which the "fair Devon" figured conspicuously as the irresistible champion of the "Whig Chief" in question, looked in his callow days, there is the portrait by Sir Joshua of the illustrious Charles James Fox, at the age of three, lent by the Earl of Ilchester. There are "Infants" and "Infantas" of Spain, a Cosmo de Medici, Electors of Hanover, the Shahzadah Victor Albert, and similar princes of the earth, in their younger days. As regards the fairer portion of sitters, there are noble and illustrious ladies galore—represented

as winning little demoiselles, who eventually stepped gaily into peerages upon entering on the holy state of matrimony—too numerous to be recapitulated in this place.

PORTRAITS OF THE ROYAL CHILDREN.

Highly popular with frequenters of the exhibition is the wall set apart for children of the present Royal Family, whereon the portraits of the young princes and princesses of the reigning house elicit much interest. There is found the graceful Cosway drawing of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, as an infant "hope of England," in the arms of Caroline, Princess of Wales, from her Majesty's collection. Vastly interesting is the drawing, lent by Miss Antonia Williams, of her Majesty the Queen in early days, as the Princess Victoria, represented as a sweet maiden at her lessons, appropriately engaged in studying the "great globe" of scholastic renown, the princess's right hand tracing that little group of islands called Great Britain, the sovereignty of which her Majesty has benignantly administered from those girlish days, with so much advantage to her myriad subjects, including the millions inhabiting that greater empire, indicated on the same globe—extended "dominions whereon the sun never sets"—as the fair princess, we may fairly assume, had been already instructed when this quaint, graceful little souvenir came into existence.

FINE-ART ASPECTS.

The art-aspect of the collection, as regards picture-lovers, is the strongest and most acceptable feature of the "Fair Children" show. Few opportunities can equal the present as to the facilities, afforded to connoisseurs and students alike, for arriving at satisfactory conclusions concerning the relative positions occupied by painters of world-wide renown—the great masters of the past, and the foremost exponents of present art—as delineators of childhood, expert in fixing those artless charms of juvenile sitters, so difficult to seize and perpetuate on canvas. How infinitely great were the illustrious painters, whose names are household words, in this difficult branch of youthful portraiture must commend itself to the most casual observer.

GREAT MASTERS OF CHILDREN-PORTRAITURE.

Of Sir Peter Paul Rubens, to whose great name is ascribed the reputation of being the foremost painter of children, little is shown justifying this distinguished pre-eminence. Of the works of his gifted pupil, Sir Anthony Van Dyck, a more generous idea is given—some eight examples are included. We have given reproductions of the most attractive of these, which prove how consummate was Van Dyck's art in this most difficult field. Velasquez stands practically unrivalled as to the dignity he conferred



LADY HENRIETTA MARIA STANLEY (aged nine months), afterwards Wife of William, Second Earl of Stafford.

SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK.
Lent by the Earl Fitzwilliam, K.G.

upon his sitters, even to his quaint miniature "Infants" and "Infantas" of Spain, already mentioned. Another masterpiece in small, ascribed to the great Spaniard, and lent by the Duke of Devonshire, "Little Girl with Flowers in her Apron," engraved in our selection, has been suggested as likely to prove an admirable example by Jan de Bray. Murillo, another of the "immortals," whose pictures of children are truly child-like, and whose masterpieces are transcendent, is represented by the beautiful and famous "Good Shepherd," the property of Lord Rothschild. No example is given of Sir Peter Lely, who succeeded Van Dyck. A favourable example of the art of Sir Godfrey Kneller, another of Van Dyck's imitators, "twice removed," is reproduced in our souvenir—"Ladies Henrietta and Ann Churchill," the little daughters of the great Duke of Marlborough, lent by Earl Spencer. Both these distant imitators of a greater predecessor contrived to lend a quaint and appropriately child-like interest to their numerous portraits of juvenile sitters, amongst whom they equally enjoyed an extensive and lucrative practice. After the decline of Kneller, Vanloo, Vanderbank, Vanaken, Knapton, and their followers, the true sterling English school of portraiture comes nobly to the front; portraits were the strong point of native professors, and these consistently constitute the backbone of the present show. No one can complain, although the intermediate men—who carried on the traditions of the portrait-painter's craft between the demise of Van Dyck and the disappearance of the smaller imitators of the



THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I.
Charles Prince of Wales (Charles II.), Princess Royal (Duchess of Orleans), Duke of York (James II.).
SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK.
Lent by the Earl of Suffolk.

great style "begotten" by the gifted Fleming's success—are sparingly represented. Jonathan Richardson is not seen, nor Sir James Thornhill, nor, for the matter of that, his son-in-law, the inimitable Hogarth, first and foremost to demonstrate that the native gifts and genius for painting could flourish vigorously in our isle. The interval is not filled in. There is no example of gentle Allan Ramsay, nor of Frank Hayman, R.A., who was a sturdy craftsman, an artistic crony of Hogarth, and the master of that bewitching native genius Thomas Gainsborough. Masters do not count for much when

the pupils have turned out bright and shining luminaries, whose lustre has outshone the few flickering rays which emanated from earlier craftsmen's lesser lights. By the accident of ownership, four examples by Thomas Hudson, who, like Jervas, once filled the field of portraiture (never similarly monopolised since), have found a place in the galleries, portraits of youthful Somersets, pertaining to the ducal house of Beaufort. Hudson however, apologetically figures as "the master of Reynolds," though it is difficult to trace any advantage the greatest name in the annals of portraiture acquired by this briefest of associations with an inferior. The great reputation of the exhibition is that of Sir Joshua, truly a name with which to conjure, represented by twenty six examples, but a modest selection from his great record of finished works. One is inevitably disappointed to miss the presence of well-known favourite examples amounting to thrice the number exhibited. This is no less true of the examples displayed of Gainsborough's winsome art, restricted to six fair and noteworthy pictures. Nor can the dozen canvases exhibited do adequate justice to Romney's genius, though some are of superlative quality. Witness the "Countess of Warwick and her Children"—undoubtedly one of the choicer attractions of the show—and, among other gems, the portrait of Master Yorke (as a midshipmite at the age of thirteen, afterwards Admiral Sir Joseph Yorke), one of the most brilliant examples of Romney's magic colouring, consummate in the certainty of its method and technique. The congenial gifts displayed by John Hoppner, R.A., are seen to advantage in four admirable examples, exhibiting his speciality for juvenile subjects. Two of these are reproduced amongst our illustrations.

The elegantly pictorial, if superficial and meretricious, art of Sir Thomas Lawrence is represented by some half-dozen works, including well-recognised popular favourites such as "Master Lambton," "The Child with Flowers,"



CHILDREN OF CHARLES I.
Charles Prince of Wales (Charles II.), James Duke of York (James II.), Princess Royal (afterwards Duchess of Orleans).
SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK.
Lent by the Earl of Clarendon



GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND FAMILY.

1. Countess Denbigh. 2. Catherine Duchess of Buckingham. 4. The Duke. 6. John Villiers, Viscount Purbeck. 8. Christopher, Earl of Anglesea.
 3. Their Daughter. 5. Their Son, George Villiers, 2nd Duke of Buckingham. 7. Mary Beaumont, Wife of Sir George Villiers, Mother of the Duke.

G. HONTHORST.

Lent by H.M. the Queen.

Miss Louisa Murray (afterwards Mrs. Boyce), and "The Calmady Children," also known as "Nature." The original of the famous example last mentioned, by which Lawrence hoped to be favourably remembered, has found its way to America; its place is supplied at the "Fair Children" exhibition by a brilliant version in enamel, executed by that matchless painter in enamel, William Essex, after the original at the time of its production. We are enabled to offer reproductions of the three works, selected as affording a satisfactory impression of Lawrence's *chefs-d'œuvre* in the branch of children's portraits, wherein in his day he enjoyed a brilliant reputation.

We have given a somewhat more extended consideration to the relations which the great masters of the English school of portraiture held with their juvenile sitters; exemplified in their productions—"fancy pictures," and family groups confined to children-subjects—such as are offered amongst our choice of illustrations reproduced from examples contributed to the "Fair Children" exhibition.

It is interesting to note the methods by which Sir Joshua Reynolds secured the confidence of his youthful sitters, and to trace the practice enjoyed by Gainsborough, Romney, and other proficient in this much-exacting branch, briefly noticing their kindred experiences with juvenile models.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AS A PAINTER OF CHILDREN-SUBJECTS.

The lengthy series of "fancy subjects" treated from juvenile sitters by Sir Joshua Reynolds far outnumber the productions of any other artist in the same congenial field, and must be accepted as evidence of his abounding sympathy with childhood and its attractions, even if confined to a point of view purely pictorial. Romney, Gainsborough, Hoppner, and Beechey, his great rivals, had children of their own to enlarge and promote the development of their artistic sympathies with this delightful though trying branch of art.

It was reserved for an elderly bachelor to discover the full resources derivable from this order of infant sitters. It is worthy of remembrance that it was one of Reynolds's favourite maxims that all the gestures of children are graceful, and that the reign of distortion and unnatural attitude begins with the dancing school.

LADIES AMABEL AND MAY JEMIMA YORKE, CHILDREN
 OF THE SECOND LORD HARDWICKE.

CHILDREN OF THOMAS, SECOND LORD GRANTHAM.

By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

(THE COMPANION WORKS LENT BY THE EARL COWPER, K.G.)

QUITE early in his eminently successful career Reynolds commenced his professional relations with the Yorke family. In 1755 the name of the Hon. Philip Yorke, afterwards second Earl of Hardwicke, appears among his list of sitters. One of Sir Joshua's finest pieces of this date represents the two daughters of this friendly patron, treated in the most naturalistic and delightful manner; a marvellous advance upon the works of Reynolds's



GEORGE VILLIERS, SECOND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, AND HIS BROTHER LORD FRANCIS.
 SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK.

Lent by H.M. the Queen.

predecessors or contemporaries as regards air, grace, and "distinction," particularly as to movement and animation. The painting in question is regarded as one of the most interesting and important examples lent to the Directors of the Grafton Galleries; it represents the daughters of the second Earl of Harwicke, and is lent to the "Fair Children" exhibition by the Earl Cowper, K.G.

The elder sister carries a pet dove perched on her right hand; the figure of the quaintly picturesque little maid, her sister, is also bearing a dove as she is tripping along, followed by a pet dog, barking at the rival favourite. This second group, which admirably conveys the sense of airy motion, has been engraved by itself by Ogborne under the title of "Protection." The painting, one of grand size, has been worthily engraved by Edward Fisher, also on an important scale. In its early state the print simply bears the name and address of the mezzotint engraver, Great Newport Street, Leicester Square; the second state has the name of Deering as publisher at the same address; a fourth state, published by John Ryall, Fleet Street, bears the year 1762, the first date given to the plate.

The interesting young ladies thus happily represented by Reynolds, after his best manner at this early stage of his practice, were the daughters of Philip, second Earl of Hardwicke, by his wife Lady Jimima Campbell, only daughter of John, third Earl of Breadalbane. Lady Amabel Yorke, born 1751, married, 1772, Alexander Lord Polworth, created Baron Hume; she became Countess de Grey in her own right on the death of her mother, Baroness Lucas, Marchioness de Grey. She died in 1833. The younger sister, Lady May Jimima Yorke, shown protecting her dove from the jealousy of her canine playmate, married, in 1780 Thomas, second Lord Grantham. From this union sprang the young gentleman represented in the companion picture; she died in 1830. Lord Grantham's name occurs among Sir Joshua's sitters; and in 1788 Reynolds painted, for his fair sitter of early days, the large work representing Lady Grantham's boys as a pendant to the picture of her mother Lady Hardwicke's girls. This was exhibited at the Academy as "Lord Grantham and his Brothers." Walpole, in his annotated catalogue, has expressed his approval of the work. Lord Grantham was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; his wife was co-heiress, with her sister, of the above Annabel Countess de Grey. The young gentlemen who sat to Reynolds in 1788 were: (1) Thomas Philip, third Lord Grantham, afterwards Earl de Grey; (2) Frederick John, who became Lord Goderich, afterwards Earl of Ripon; and (3) Philip, who died young. This work is also familiarly known, through the engraving by T. Cheeseman published in 1791, under the title of "The Brothers."

MISS CHOLMONDELEY, "CROSSING THE BROOK." BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

(THE ENGRAVING LENT BY ALGERNON GRAVES, ESQ.)

FOR an example of Sir Joshua's easy mastery over the difficult task of making his portraits of children artless and unaffected, we may refer to the lively, unconventional interest which the great painter has contrived to impart to his picture of Miss Cholmondeley. The original canvas is absent from the present exhibition, the place of the painting being supplied by an excellent engraving. Nothing could be less studied or more according to nature than the movement given to the little subject, who is shown, barefooted, carrying her pet dog across a brooklet. The action and person of the small maiden are perfectly child-like; "the colour of the landscape is subdued to set off her head



"THE GOOD SHEPHERD."
BARTOLOMÉ ESTÉBAN MURILLO.
Lent by Lord Rothschild.

and figure to the greatest advantage, and they well deserve the sacrifice," says one of Reynolds's biographers. The young lady—as happened with most of Sir Joshua's child-sitters—was the artist's very good friend. She was the daughter of Peg Woffington's sister (who had married the Hon. and Rev. George Cholmondeley), and afterwards became Lady Mulgrave. Both Miss Cholmondeley's mother and the famous actress, her good-natured aunt—equally witty, vivacious, and kind-hearted—were great favourites with Sir Joshua. He seemed to relish their social parties far beyond more stately assemblies.

This interesting example of Reynolds's skill as the "limner" of childhood was his last contribution to the Spring Gardens rooms in 1768. The early renown of "The Society of Artists" was at that date doomed to recede before the coming inauguration of a more ambitious foundation, the Royal Academy, at that time in progress of formation. "Crossing the Brook" was engraved at the epoch by Reynolds's assistant, Guiseppe Marchi, the youth he had brought home with him from Italy. The later version, contributed to the Grafton Galleries by Mr. Algernon Graves, is engraved by R. Josey.

"HOPE NURSING LOVE" (MISS MORRIS). BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.
(LENT BY THE EARL OF ST. GERMAN'S.)

THE new Royal Academy was established and in working order by the year following. Its beginnings were unpretentious, albeit under Royal patronage, with the richly-deserved distinction of knighthood conferred upon its worthy president, thenceforth dear to fame as "Sir Joshua." No magnificent installation marked its opening career. The new Academy was for the time being lodged in Dalton's print warehouse some time Lamb's auction rooms—in Pall Mall, adjacent to old Carlton House, afterwards occupied by Christie, the earliest potentate of the famous and historical firm of fine-art auctioneers. To this inaugural exhibition Reynolds sent four pictures; two with children, treated from the "heathen mythology" standpoint; the Duchess of Manchester



"BABY."
Spanish School. Attributed to BARTOLOMÉ ESTÉBAN MURILLO.
Lent by the Earl of Northbrook.



DON BALTHASAR CARLOS, SON OF PHILIP IV. OF SPAIN.
DIEGO RODRIGUEZ DA SILVA Y VELAZQUEZ.
Lent by the Marquis of Bristol.

and her son as "Diana disarming Cupid," and Miss Morris as "Hope nursing Love. Of the latter picture a beautiful version is lent by the Earl of St. Germans, one of the universally acknowledged gems of the Grafton Galleries, as it was of the first Royal Academy Exhibition in 1769.

Nothing is recorded as to the identity of the infantine model Reynolds has represented as the ever-youthful deity in this allegorical painting; but a good deal has been written concerning the untoward fate of the bewitching young lady who, for the nonce is shown personating the beneficent goddess of "Hope." Her father, Valentine Morris, governor of one of our West Indian islands, had been on friendly terms with Reynolds, and his "set" in earlier times, when the family had attended his painting-room as sitters. Her uncle, Corbyn Morris, a Commissioner of Customs, was a friend of Doctor Johnson, Goldsmith, and Garrick. His "Essay on Wit" is commended by Horace Walpole and referred to by Boswell. These intimacies account for the subsequent introduction of Miss Morris on to the stage. The governor's health gave way—probably he fell a victim to the climate. His widow and children returned to England in impoverished circumstances, and consulted Reynolds, Garrick, and Johnson as to future prospects. The eldest daughter—the hope of her family—possessed beauty of the delicate order enshrined on Reynolds's canvases. She was evidently one of the artist's prime favourites; and it is on the authority of his assistant and pupil, James Northcote, R.A.—who writes with authority on the subject of his renowned master's sitters and models—that the heroine of "Hope" has been identified with the promising theatrical aspirant: "This Miss Morris, I must observe, was a beautiful young lady, who, from the unexpected misfortunes of her family, was reduced to the necessity of seeking some employment for a livelihood, and being supposed to have requisite talents for the stage, she was advised by her friends to attempt it as a profession. Sir Joseph Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, and many other illustrious persons, who were her particular friends and patrons attended on the first night of her appearance on any stage, when she was to perform the character of "Juliet" at Covent Garden Theatre; but, from the exceeding delicacy of her mind and body, she was overpowered by her timidity to such a degree that she fainted away on her first entrance on the stage, and with much difficulty was prevailed on to go through the part. This very pitiable young lady shortly fell into a deep decline, which ended in her death."

Miss Morris's unfortunate appearance took place November, 1768. Her story had created interest, and was rendered more pathetic by the coincidence that, while her pictured presentment was exciting popular admiration, the fair subject was rapidly sinking. The exhibition opened April 26th, 1769, and on May-day the fair original of "Hope" breathed her last. When, in 1784, the great Dr. Johnson's end approached, Miss Morris's sister came to his chamber, earnestly begging his blessing. "The doctor turned himself in the bed, and said, 'God bless you, my dear!'" These were the last words he spoke." According to Bromley's note on the subject, Reynolds's niece, Theophila Palmer, sat for one version of "Hope" in this fancy picture—possibly one of the replicas executed for a patron after the premature end of the unfortunate Miss Morris, his original model.

SOME JUVENILE MODELS OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S.

IN 1770 Reynolds, among other pictures for exhibition, sent two or three children-subjects, including the portrait of Miss Price, daughter of Ursula Price, as "A Little

Shepherdess," now in the possession of the Marquis of Salisbury, and another popular work, "The Children in the Wood."

In the admirable "Life of Reynolds," prepared by Leslie and Taylor, we are introduced, on direct authority, to Sir Joshua's practice in the matter of child-models: "He painted two pictures of 'The Children in the Wood.' In one the babes are still living, and one is feeding the other with blackberries. Nothing can be more natural and innocent than their expressions. In the other they are dead; or, rather, he appears to have supposed that before death they had fallen asleep, for sleep it is that he has painted—not death.

"The origin of this last picture was, like that of many of his conceptions, accidental. I have heard from Northcote that it was his custom on meeting a picturesque beggar in the street—man, woman, or child—to send him or her to his house, to wait his leisure in a lower apartment; and, in the intervals between his appointments, he would order one of them into his painting-room to sit for a fancy picture. Reynolds sometimes had no other sitters than his beggars. Northcote, who sat at work in the next room, would often hear the voice of a child, 'Sir, Sir, I'm tired!' There would be a little movement, another half-hour would pass, and then the plaintive repetition, 'Sir, I'm tired!' It happened once, as it probably often did, that one of these little sitters fell asleep, and in so beautiful an attitude that Sir Joshua instantly put away the picture he was at work on, and took up a fresh canvas. After sketching the little model as it lay, a change took place in its position; he moved his canvas to make the change greater, and, to suit the purpose he had conceived, sketched the child again. The result was the picture of 'The Babes in the Wood.' A favourite example, at the time this account was published in the possession of Viscount Palmerston.

A great deal of interesting history might be written concerning the children whose pictures Reynolds painted thus delectably, and with such evident delight in this phase of his practice. Beyond three or four generations of "Fair Children," it was his good fortune to find successively brought to his painting-room the flower of the aristocracy, first as children themselves, then, in turn, bringing their children to the courtly Sir Joshua—and so on to the next generation. Then there were the little models, professional or otherwise, the painter induced to sit; and the children of relations, friends, and dependents, whose beauty of face, form, or colouring led Reynolds to beg the favour of their presence in his studio.

MODELS IN SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S FAMILY.

His own family provided the painter with his most frequent sitters, for, though a bachelor, his love of youth and his ready sympathy with childhood were the most amiable qualities of his perfect disposition. His little nieces were, in their youthful days, the originals from whence so many of his famous subjects of this order were most frequently studied—such as "The Strawberry Girl," "Robinetta," and the very numerous versions in the category of those artless subjects in which Reynolds stands unrivalled. In turn, when Reynolds's niece "Offy," became a wife and mother, Miss Gwarkin, her little daughter, sat for such subject-pictures as "Simplicity," "Age of Innocence," etc.

In 1770, Reynolds betook himself to Devonshire, on a variety of errands—to see friends, for rest and change, and to visit at Torrington his sister Mrs. Palmer, just



"LITTLE GIRL WITH RED DRESS, AND FLOWERS IN HER APRON."
Attributed to DIEGO RODRIGUEZ DA SILVA Y VELAZQUEZ.
Lent by the Duke of Devonshire, K.G.

bereft of her husband. The result of this excursion was that Sir Joshua arranged to bring back with him his sister's daughter, his niece Theophila Palmer, then a little maiden aged thirteen. To surround himself with the freshness of youth was his delight, and it is related how keen an enjoyment the philosophic-minded painter derived from this congenial association. His little niece was evidently the frequent occupant of his sister's chair and the companion of his morning walks. The pair are described, full of simple happiness, taking the air in the parks, Reynolds, no less artless than his ward, entering into amusements suited to her age. This young lady was christened Theophila, a name beloved in the family; it was that of Reynolds's mother, and his father had adopted a choice of diminutives of the same, such as "The" and "Offy," and had suggested a simple code for indicating his preferences at breakfast or tea:—

When I say The,
You must make tea;
But when I say Offy,
You must make coffee.

In 1726 Reynolds's mother introduced another Theophila into the world; a year later a tragedy occurred to this infantine bearer of the loved name—this Offy fell out of window with fatal results. His eldest sister Mary, Sir Joshua's senior by eight years, married to John Palmer, Esq., of Torrington, had christened her second daughter Theophila, thus keeping fresh a name fraught with tender sentiment for Reynolds, and by him regarded with associations which led him to recall his father's little play upon the same, for, in a similar spirit he used to impress upon his niece in her tender years:—

When I take tea,
I think of my The;
When I take coffee,
I think of my Offy;
So whether I take or my tea or my coffee,
My thoughts turn to thee, O, my The or my Offy.

So Miss Theophila was established at her uncle's studio in Leicester Fields; the companion of his sportive moments, and no less the inspiration for very numerous "fancy subjects," more particularly those in which girlish archness is the dominant expression. Her roguish merry face lends interest to many of Sir Joshua's canvases, of which a long list could be compiled, and of several there are two or three various versions at least, whose ownership can be traced with tolerable accuracy.

Theophila's residence under the painter's roof continued until she left his pleasant abode for her own establishment. She remained with him, without an interval, until she fell ill in 1773, and it was felt that the air of her native Devon would be beneficial; eight months of country-life restored her health, and she returned in company with her sister Mary. "From that time," it is recorded, "with the exception of a year and a half she remained in his house till her marriage with Mr. Gwatkin." Her eldest sister Mary also became a resident in Leicester Square from October, 1773, to the end of Sir Joshua's life, with the exception of three years, during which interval another niece—the daughter of his sister Elizabeth, who had married William Johnson, Esq.—lived with Reynolds.

Mary Palmer profited by her introduction to Sir Joshua's circle; and subsequently, after her uncle's death, became Countess Inchiquin, and later Marchioness of Thomond.

"The Miss Palmers," on critical Fanny Burney's authority, who was a welcome visitor at Sir Joshua's house, "added to the grace of his table and of his evening circles by their pleasing manners and the beauty of their persons."

FRANCES, DAUGHTER OF THE FIRST LORD CREWE. BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.
(LENT BY H.E. LORD HOUGHTON.)

"CHILDREN" and "beggar children" figure frequently in Reynolds's list of sitters for 1770, with infant "St. Johns," several little misses of high birth; Master Conway, Master Watson, Master Melbourne, among other young gentlemen of good families; and the *chef d'œuvre* of Miss Crewe, reproduced in the present review; "Frances, Daughter of the First Lord Crewe," contributed to the exhibition by H.E. Lord Houghton, one of Sir Joshua's gems of the first magnitude, hitherto but little known, and, as far as can be ascertained, unpublished in any form, now allowed to be reproduced as an engraving for the first time by the courtesy of the noble owner.

MASTER CREWE AS HENRY VIII. BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.
(EXHIBITED BY H.E. LORD HOUGHTON.)

A FITTING companion to the delectable portrait of Miss Crewe (1770) is the better known and generally familiar painting of Master John Crewe, afterwards second Lord Crewe, travestied as "Henry VIII.," also lent to the Grafton Galleries by H.E. Lord Houghton. Of this favourite "character-portrait" the reputation is more extended; the work was admirably rendered in mezzotint by John Raphael Smith at the time, an engraving deservedly esteemed by connoisseurs and collectors. This painting, of which we have reproduced a spirited version after the picture in question, belongs to 1776, one of Reynolds's best years, when the great painter was fifty-three. For over a century this fine painting has continued to hold a foremost place amongst the art treasures found at Crewe Hall.

Sir Joshua Reynolds's "character-portrait" of Master Crewe, as Leslie describes the picture, is a fine example of "sturdy boyhood standing; among his spaniels, with thumbs stuck in his girdle and legs apart, as he had appeared in some childish masquing frolic, as bluff King Hal." It seems evident that when Sir Joshua successfully selected this method of treatment, the artist had Holbein in his eye. "None of his many admirable boy-pictures is so consummate, I think," writes Leslie, "taking colour, character, and condition together, as his Master Crewe. Not a tone of it has faded." Reynolds's inducements to paint his best on the occasion of obtaining sittings from his youthful friend were manifold. Mr. Crewe, a prominent figure in the world of fashion, was an early patron of Sir Joshua's; he was sitting to the painter in 1760, and again, later on, with his charming wife, whose celebrity as a queen of *ton* and reigning beauty has reached our generation.

"True Blue and Mrs. Crewe" was the Prince of Wales's toast at the entertainment inaugurated by the Crewes to honour the successful return of

Charles James Fox as member for Westminster in 1784. The lady had also sat to Reynolds as early as 1760, when she was Miss Greville, and the painter continued to delineate the lovely features of this delightful model at intervals throughout his career. First, at the age of sixteen, the lady was painted as *Psyche*, later as *St. Gédéviève*, with her head pensively resting on her hand, her mind apparently engaged in the perusal of some saintly legend. She was painted with her friend Mrs. Bouverie, to whom, we are told, "she was united by a romantic attachment," and, with that beautiful companion, appeared at masquerades, at the Ladies' Club, at Almack's, and the "Blue Stocking Club." In the foundation of these dashing "female societies"—in emulation of their lords' doings at White's—Mrs. Crewe played a prominent part. "Amiable, pure, and good as she was beautiful, Mrs. Crewe was the fast friend of Reynolds, as of Burke, Fox, and Sheridan." She cheered the orator's declining years, and to this fair paragon and reigning toast the poets of the Whig party consecrated their muse in all modesty:

That wishes which never were bounded before
Are here bounded by Friendship, and ask for no more.

One of Fox's most successful tributes in verse was inspired by Mrs. Crewe:

Where the loveliest expression to feature is join'd
By Nature's most delicate pencil design'd,
Where blushes unbidden, and smiles without art,
Speak the sweetness and feeling that dwells in the heart;
Where in manners enchanting no blemish we trace,
But the soul keeps the promise we had from the face.

Master John Crewe, the subject of Sir Joshua's masterly art, ultimately entered the army, became a major-general in 1808, and in 1829, on the death of his father, succeeded to the title as second Lord Crewe.

"FANCY SUBJECTS."

When sitters in those times of art depression—which were even familiar in Reynolds's days—were rarities, and during the intervals of London life, when "the quality" pursued fashion elsewhere, Sir Joshua enjoyed the opportunity of painting "fancy subjects." Among the memoranda in Reynolds's "pocket-books" from whence are drawn the chief details of his practice, and the progress of his pictures—there are numerous entries of "boy," "beggar," "child," generally referring to pictures since familiar. "He was certainly at work on some of his many boy-subjects engraved between 1771 and 1777, as the boy with a portfolio, at Warwick Castle; Cupid as a 'Link Boy,' and the boy 'Mercury' with a purse in his hand, at Knole. His favourite boy-model, from whom he painted his 'Infant Samuel,' the 'Reading Boy' in crimson,



I AMES HENKILIA AND ANN CHURCHILL, DAUGHTERS OF JOHN, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.
SIR GODFREY KNELLER.
Lent by Earl Spencer, K.G.



LADIES AMABEL AND MAY JEMMA YORKE, CHILDREN OF THE SECOND EARL OF HARDWICKE.
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.
Lent by the Earl Cowper, K.G.

the boy with a portfolio, and others, was a lad, Mason tells us ('Anecdotes of Sir Joshua,' published by Cotton), of about fourteen, 'not handsome, but with an expression in his eye so very forcible, and indicating so much good sense, that he was certainly a most excellent subject for the pencil.' The lad had been left an orphan, with three or four brothers and sisters, whom he taught in succession, as they were able, to make cabbage-nets, by the sale of which the little family gained a livelihood." Reynolds painted this lad as "The Boy with Cabbage Nets," engraved by Charles Hardy, 1803. Sir Joshua's love of nature led him to seek for models constantly—where Flaxman sought them—among the ragged vagrants in the streets. The painter found in these as fine suggestions of colour as the sculptor of grace; and for the same reason, they looked at what they saw with the appreciative eye.

"VENUS CHIDING CUPID FOR LEARNING TO CAST ACCOUNTS." BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.
LENT BY SIR JAMES D. LINTON, P.R.I.)

ANOTHER version of "Venus chiding Cupid for learning to cast Accounts" was exhibited with the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, as collected at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1883-4. The example in question was lent by the Earl of Northbrook, and in a note to the catalogue it is stated the picture was painted in 1771, the canvas being 50 by 40 inches.

According to Edward Malone, in his "Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds," there were two versions of "Venus chiding Cupid for learning Arithmetic;" one, in 1806, the property of the Earl of Charlemont: for this the artist received two guineas, and another of the same subject, for which Sir B. Boothby paid Reynolds two guineas also. It seems the information on this point is chiefly drawn from the life of the artist, prepared by his pupil and fellow-Devonian, James Northcote, R.A., who was placed with Reynolds in 1771. Under the date of 1775 the great painter's *protégé* and early biographer has noted:—"In the course of this year Sir Joshua had finished his well-known picture of 'Venus chiding Cupid.' It was done for Sir Brooke Boothby, who, in 1794, sold it to Sir Thomas Bernard."

Northcote, in his list of fancy subjects executed by his illustrious master, mentions three versions of "Venus chiding Cupid for casting Accounts," two in ownership as described, the third bequeathed to the Earl of Upper Ossory. W. Cotton, M.A., in 1856, among the quotations of prices brought by Sir Joshua's productions "since the publication of Malone's list," has pointed out that at Mr. Wright's sale in 1845, "Venus chiding Cupid" was purchased by Mr. Thomas Baring, M.P., for 505 guineas.

The first version of "Venus chiding Cupid for learning to cast Accounts" was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1771; Walpole, as was his practice, has marked his own particular copy of the Exhibition Catalogue with terse and trenchant criticisms; of the Venus and Cupid he has set down: "Charming, but the drawing faulty; better coloured than usual. Cupid snivels, with the back of one hand to his eye, while in the other he has a scroll inscribed with 'Z s. d.,' 'Settlements,' and 'Pin-money.'" The picture, according to Leslie and Taylor's "Life and Times of Reynolds," was in Dublin, at Lord Charlemont's, in 1865, when their admirable biography appeared. In a footnote the editor makes the comment:—"A brother Cupid laughingly contrasts the point of one of his own arrows with the blunt gold-tipped shaft of his little brother, whom Venus is scolding. Cupid never *did* learn to cast accounts. Venus must have been deceived by one of the many impostors who so frequently appear in the shape of her son." There are three versions of this subject, alone, engraved by F. Bartolozzi, R.A.; and the picture has always found favour as an engraving.

It is suggested that Nelly O'Brien and Kitty Fischer probably shared the privilege of sitting for several of Reynolds's Venuses. On one version of "Venus chiding Cupid," engraved as a circle, the following verse is inscribed:

What avails ingenious worth,
Sprightly wit, or noble birth?
All these virtues useless prove.
Gold alone engirds a love.

Another child, more continued to the Royal Academy in 1771, by the President, was the "Girl reading 'Clarissa,'" deservedly set down by Horace Walpole, in a note written in the Exhibition Catalogue, as "charming." This painting is well known through the engraving "Reflections on Clarissa Harlowe," by G. Scroodumoff or Scroodumoff, by birth a Russian, a pensioner of the Empress Catherine: it was published in 1775. The "girl reading" is referred to the residence with Reynolds of his niece, Miss Theophila Palmer. "Offy"—at that time about fourteen—it is recorded, was highly offended at the title given to the picture in the R.A. Catalogue. "I think," she observed, "they might have put 'A Young Lady.'" The picture continued in the possession of the Gwatkin family. Another picture of similar interest in the same exhibition, described as "A Nymph and Bacchus," belongs to Reynolds's extensive series of "Nymphs and Cupids," etc. In this instance the nymph is shown seated by the mouth of a cave, which is overgrown with vines bearing rich clusters of grapes. A bunch of grapes is held by the nymph, the juice is falling as "new wine" upon the tickled palate of the laughing crowing, kicking infantile Bacchus, a figure full of life and spirit. The goat Amalthea is standing by, the Bacchic emblems of a cup and thyrsus lie in the foreground.

SITTERS, 1772-1773.

AMONG the sitters who came to Reynolds's painting-room in 1772 were those who brought their fair children to be painted in family groups, as they had themselves sat to his studio as children by their mothers. Lady Betty by her new title of Duchess of Buccleuch, with her baby boy; the portrait of Lady Mary

him when first introduced Montague—who had sat to him as a beautiful girl—was now sitting as a young mother, Scott, her grace's infant daughter, followed. The dancel he had painted as a little n.d of seven standing at the knee of her mother, Lady Ucheater, was then his sitter as Lady Harriet Acland, the wife of a Devonshire gentleman, an old acquaintance of Sir Joshua's, and an officer of promise. "Child," "boys," and "girls," are more frequently noted down as sitters, especially in the summer months, when London was forsaken by the *haut ton*. "Shepherd boy," "shepherd girl," and "children" now became continually recurring entries. "It is," says Leslie, writing of Sir Joshua's occupations in 1773, "to this stage that we must refer some of his most ambitious historical pieces, as the 'Ugolino,' as well as most of those charming little pictures, so many of which contest places in our memories with his finest portraits, as much by virtue of their character and grace as by their power and ease of execution. Many belong to this year."



THE INFANT JOHNSON.
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.
Supposed to be the Artist's idea of what Dr. Johnson must have been when a baby.
Lent by the Marquis of Lansdowne, K.G.



HOPE NURSING LOVE.
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.
Lent by the Earl of St. Germans.



MISS ANNA CHOLMONDELEY, AFTERWARDS LADY MULGRAVE, ALSO KNOWN
AS "CROSSING THE BROOK."
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.
The engraving exhibited by Aigernon Graves, Esq.



FRANCES, DAUGHTER OF THE FIRST LORD CREWE.
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.
Lent by H.E. Lord Houghton.

"THE STRAWBERRY GIRL." BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.
(LENT BY THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, K.G.)

Of this popular picture—made generally familiar through the engraving by Thomas Watson, published in 1774—Leslie has written, "One of the most captivating of Reynolds's works, executed in 1773, is 'The Strawberry Girl,' with her pottle on her arm, creeping timidly along, and glancing round her with large black eyes. She might be 'Little Red Riding Hood,' hearing the first rustle of the wolf in the wayside bushes, could we substitute a red hood for the odd turban-like head-dress with which the painter has crowned his little maiden, which even Sir Joshua's taste can hardly make becoming, and hang on her arm the basket with butter and eggs for her sick grandmother, instead of the strawberry pottle which gives her a name."

Sir Joshua was pleased with his success in this life-like version of his pet niece Offy, who again felt "her uncle had made her far too much of a child for fourteen." The painter, it is stated, always maintained the painting in question was one of "the half-dozen original things, which he declared no man ever exceeded in his life's work." He repeated the picture several times. Lord Lansdowne possesses one of the best versions; Lord Normanton had another. Lord Carysfort purchased the original picture, and the "Mrs. Hartley the Actress, with a young Bacchus," a charming work (lent to the "Fair Women" at the Grafton Galleries in 1894), from the Academy Exhibition, for £50 each. The original "Strawberry Girl" found its way to the collection of Rogers the banker; at his sale it was secured by the Marquis of Hertford for 2,100 guineas.

REYNOLDS'S OTHER CHILDREN-PICTURES OF 1773.

"MRS. ELIZABETH HARTLEY AND CHILD," entitled "A Bacchante," was first engraved by Giuseppe Marchi in 1773; there are several engraved versions, both in mezzotint and stipple. The picture itself was secured by Mr. Bentley at Lord Carysfort's sale; its new owner subsequently refused an offer of £2,000 to transfer his bargain. We are informed by the editor of the "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds," that the purchaser, when the picture was knocked down to his final bidding, was accosted by a stranger interested in this masterpiece, who congratulated him on his purchase, and, after making excuses for the liberty he was taking, cautioned him never to allow a cleaner to touch the picture. He afterwards came up again and repeated this caution. Then, as if to justify himself for tendering this advice thus authoritatively, he said, "You may believe I speak with some knowledge, when I tell you my name is Thomas Lawrence." The advice of the other gifted and popular portrait-painter of his day was followed, the picture is in good preservation. "It is painted," says Leslie, "in a glowing golden tone, that breathes of the warm south and vintage sunshine, and being throughout finished by glazing in varnish, would of course be destroyed by any application of the cleaner's solvents."

To the same style belongs the fine portrait-group of Lady Melbourne and her child (at Brockett Hall), under the title of "Maternal Affection," engraved in mezzotint by Thomas Watson in 1775. "Lady Elizabeth Melbourne, with her son Peniston Lamb," was contributed to the same exhibition in 1773.



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VENUS CHIDING CUPID FOR LEARNING TO CAST ACCOUNTS

BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

LENT BY SIR JAMES LINTON, P.R.I.

What avails ingenious worth,
Sprightly wit, or noble birth?
All these virtues useless prove;
Gold alone engages love.

"ROBINETTA." BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

LENT BY LORD SACKVILLE.

It is said that "Robinetta" was Miss Lewis. The quaint face of "Orin," Reynolds's pet niece, whose likenesses suggest a family resemblance with the features and expression characterising the many portraits of Sir Joshua himself, peeps out of numerous fancy pictures due to a similar source and inspiration. The arch "Robinetta," feeding her bird perched on her shoulder, is from Knole: other versions were at Peckforton and at Lord Lonsdale's (engraved by John Jones, 1787). "Muscipula" holding up the mouse trap, while the cat eagerly sniffs at the poor little prisoner; or, a more pathetic note, "Dorinda" and "Lesbia" sadly mourning over the body of a pet bird beside an empty cage; the little hapless creature, with her lamb's neck with flowers, or leaning on the stile with her crook, while her lambs crop the May bloom in the background. The "Age of Innocence," now in the National Gallery, and "Simplicity" painted from Orin's portrait at day later when Sir Joshua's niece became in turn Miss Lewis, together with a long succession of similar studies, are all painted by Reynolds. It is gravely at the time, and of late years sympathetically rendered in mezzotint by Samuel Colman, R.A., while the superb original was in the possession of the late Lord Dudley, was the representation of another interesting child-sitter, whose story is a pathetic one.

"Nor," as our biographers, "are the boys of this class less characteristic,

if less charming, than the girls, whether we take the honest sturdy little street soldier, with his cabbage net on a pole, and the little sturdy boy, over his shoulder timidly, but with faith in her brother's protection; or the little gipsy vagrant, whom Sir Joshua had picked up, perhaps, dabbling in the kennels of Hedge Lane, or offering his link at the president's coach window, as he drove home from a late sitting at the club, or an evening party at Mrs. Montagu's. Struck by the boy's golden brown skin, bright black eyes, and knowing smile, Sir Joshua tells him to come the next disengaged morning to the great house in the centre of the west side of Leicester Fields, where he will travesty him into a blackguard Cupid or Mercury, and put him on the canvas, besides, in his own gipsy rags. Then the streets furnish more refined faces, which he can turn to account as piping shepherds, contented plative youths, stripling St. Johns, and angels of the Nativity.

This year Reynolds was complimented by Oxford University with the honorary degree of D.C.L.; the Professor of Civil Law, Dr. Vansittart, who presented Sir Joshua to the Chancellor, with encomiums suited to the occasion, has mentioned the great painter's "peculiar observation of children."

THE PRINCESS SOPHIA
MATILDA OF GLOUCESTER
BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS,
P.R.A.

LENT BY H.M. THE QUEEN.

ONE of Reynolds's many constant patrons and lifelong friends was Horace Walpole's niece, the lovely Maria, who, as Lady Waldegrave, had sat so frequently to the courtly Sir Joshua. He had painted her as a child, shortly after her birth, the young wife of "one of the best matches in England," in her robes as a Countess, and as a youthful mother. Swiftly following her marriage, she sat to the painter as a Countess, again she appeared in his studio in 1774, this time allied to the blood royal as the Duchess of Gloucester, and once more a mother. Her infant daughter, the Princess Sophia Matilda of Gloucester, born May 20, 1773, was also painted at the same time; the lovely plump infant, with fat rosy arms encircling a pet playmate, her sweet round cheeks laid lovingly beside the dog's curly head and moist black muzzle. This portrait of the Princess Sophia, "conspicuous for its beautiful representation of infancy even among Sir John's many lovely pictures of infants," is in the Royal Collection, was at Hampton Court when Leslie's "Life of Reynolds" was published, and is now at Windsor Castle. The Princess Sophia Matilda of Gloucester for many years held the official appointment under the Crown of Ranger of Greenwich Park, and resided in the mansion built there for Lord Chesterfield. She died unmarried November 1844.

"CORNELIA AND HER CHILDREN."

THE juvenile person of Master Dick Edgcombe, "exquisite for expression and tender grace," in the collection of Lord Fitzwilliam, belongs to the same year, which also saw the birth of the little girl, the glowing splendours of one of Reynolds's favourite masterpieces, described as his finest work in the category of "family portraiture," the group of Lady Edgcombe and her three children, wherein "the magnificence of color, the charm of youthful countenance, and the grace of childhood and infancy" are so richly combined, that, "when the picture was brought into the exhibition room to be hung, all the painters present clapped their hands in salutation of its power." The foremost success of Reynolds's matured experience evidently satisfied the artist himself, and the famous portrait of Siddons it shares the distinction of bearing his name in full. It has

been said that Reynolds, on these two exceptional occasions, placed his name on the hem of the fair sitter's garment, as "a seal of his own approval" of the respective works. More modestly and in character—the painter expressed himself flattered to be permitted in this degree to take his chance in the regards of posterity of participating in some slight share of the posthumous reputations of the beautiful originals of his subject. This work, now in the National Gallery, at the time Leslie wrote belonged to Sir James Hamilton, the husband of one of Lady Cockburn's grand daughters, who had acquired this admirable family picture by his marriage with the daughter of Sir James Cockburn, one of the lovely children in the group. The picture was engraved by Charles Willen, and published as "Cornelia and Her Children." To the same exhibition was contributed the vigorous version, described as the "Infant Jupiter," with the eagle (a property accessory of Sir Joshua's, like his oft-painted gorgeously-plumed macaw) spreading his wings above the head of the god, the picture in Lord Fitzwilliam's collection.

The same year it was Reynolds's fortune to paint his early friend—who had sat to him as a girl of six, the winsome daughter of his constant patron, Countess Spencer, the famed Georgiana Spencer—"a lovely girl, natural, and full of grace"—on her marriage with the Duke of Devonshire, "the first match in England." He painted her as a youthful bride, and later on as a young mother, delighting in a gambol with her beautiful daughter, the masterpiece lent to the Grafton Galleries in 1894—another striking instance of the genius and inventive resources which Reynolds brought to his enviable office as the foremost limner of children.

MISS ELIZA ANN LINLEY—MRS. SHERIDAN.

ANOTHER beautiful sitter of 1775—perhaps the most beautiful of all who sat to him—was no less a favourite of Reynolds's great rival, Thomas Gainsborough, who had been intimate with the family at Bath. A lovely picture, one of Gainsborough's finest works, "Miss Linley and her Brother," is lent to the Grafton Galleries No. 127, by Lord Sackville. Under the description of this subject further references are given as to the more romantic side of the Linley family history. At the time this fair creature sat to Reynolds, her husband, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was only known to celebrity as a witty, vivacious young gentleman of three and twenty, who, beyond his talents and vivacity and the possession of a wife "beautiful as a saint, and with a seraphic voice"—had little to recommend him. The production of *The Rivals* at Covent Garden lent a further interest to his name at the time Reynolds was painting Mrs. Sheridan. "Sir Joshua met the young couple at the musical parties given by his friend Mr. Coste, whose little daughters he has introduced into his picture of Mrs. Sheridan, as the angels attendant on St. Cecilia. Mrs. Sheridan was commonly known by the name of 'the saint' before Sir Joshua painted her in the character. She had a way of gathering little children about her, and singing them childish songs, with 'such a playfulness of manner and such a sweetness of look and voice,' says one in describing her so engaged, 'as was quite enchanting.' Such a group might of itself have suggested the president's picture. Mrs. Sheridan was gentleness personified, and sang without pressing; but her husband, proud of her as he was, would never allow her to sing in public after their marriage, and was even chary of permitting her to delight their friends with her sweet voice in private."

Sir Joshua's picture of "Mrs. Sheridan as St. Cecilia" was, as it were, its beautiful subject's farewell to the delights of public success and the loud-voiced admiration of the theatre and concert-room. At the galleries the painting excited singular admiration. "Most simple and beautiful" is Walpole's comment, set down in his catalogue. Sir Joshua retained this work until within two years of his death. He described it as "the best picture I ever painted"; it was engraved by William Dickinson. The painting, at



"THE STRAWBERRY GIRL."
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.
Lent by the Marquis of Lansdowne.

Sheridan's death, was acquired by Mr. Burgess, a solicitor, who ceded the possession of this incomparable treasure to the Marquis of Lansdowne for £600. In 1862 Leslie suggested that, judging by prices then current, Reynolds's "St. Cecilia" would at least fetch four times that sum. One might venture to anticipate a further multiplication by four as nearer the mark in the present day. Reynolds, who, in 1790, had obliged Sheridan with this prime favourite for 150 guineas, had himself at that time estimated its selling value at five hundred pounds. "The Children of the Duke of Rutland" was another fine example by Sir Joshua, which accompanied Mrs. Sheridan to the exhibition galleries in 1775; and among children-subjects "A Beggar Boy and his Sister," the boy with cabbage nets (now at Knole), concerning which Walpole has made this note, "One of his best works, strongly coloured."

"AN INFANT JOHNSON." BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. (LENT BY THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, K.G.)

WHEN did Reynolds perpetrate that memorable piece of humorous delineation "The Infant Johnson?" welcomed at the Grafton Galleries as an instance of Sir Joshua's practical waggy, and possibly engraved in a similar spirit. The picture has, by the noble owner, been lent to the exhibition of "Fair Children," as implying a variation of the theme, and by way of contrast, with the legend, "Supposed to be the artist's idea of what Dr. Johnson *must* have been when a baby." It is related that blunt Johnson was not over-favourably impressed by his staunch friend the president's portraits of himself. In respect to the painting executed by Reynolds for the Streatham collection, in which the doctor's near-sightedness is indicated by the manner in which he holds a book to his eyes, he observed to Mrs. Thrale referring to a similar portrait of Sir Joshua, in which the artist had painted himself as holding his ear trumpet,

"Reynolds may paint himself as deaf as he chooses, but I will not be *Blinking Sam*!" This easily-conceived prejudice must have been ranking in Johnson's mind when he was reported to have made an assertion—difficult to credit, considering the close intimacy existing between the courteous and equable patient and the down-right and dictatorial doctor—excepting on the grounds of constitutional contrariness Johnson's latest partisan pamphlet written to order for his Tory patrons—"Taxation no Tyranny," was under discussion at Streatham, the author casting his nets to discover the sense of the town on his pamphlet, which, he said, "did not sell." Thrale inquired what his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds said of it. "Sir Joshua," replied Johnson, "has not read it." "I suppose," quoth Thrale, "he has been very busy of late?" "No," says the doctor, "but I never look at his pictures, & I won't read my writings."



PRINCESS SOPHIA MATILDA, DAUGHTER OF THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.
Lent by H.M. the Queen



"THE CALLING OF SAMUEL" (SO-CALLED, PROPERLY THE "CALLING OF DANIEL").
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.
Lent by Lord Sackville.

REYNOLDS'S TACT IN WINNING THE CONFIDENCE OF CHILDREN.
LITTLE MISS BOWLES.

"THE story of Sir Joshua's felicitous talent for winning the good graces of his little sitters, as related by Leslie, gives the key-note of his simple playful disposition, and his happy mastery of the art of pleasing. The account comes appropriately in our review of the great painter in this interesting connection.

"It was in this year (1775) Reynolds painted the picture, now (1863) in the collection of the Marquis of Hertford, of a beautiful child (Miss Bowles) sitting on the ground and making a dog very uncomfortable by hugging its neck; a matchless work, that would have immortalised him had he never painted anything else. The father and mother of the little girl intended she should sit to Romney. Sir George Beaumont, however, from whom I received the story, advised them to employ Sir Joshua. 'But his pictures fade. No matter, take the chance; even a faded picture from Reynolds will be the finest thing you can have. Ask him to dine with you, and let him become acquainted with her.'"

The advice was taken; the little girl was placed beside Sir Joshua at the dessert, where he amused her so much with stories and tricks, that she thought him the most charming man in the world. He made her look at something distant from the table and stole her plate; then he pretended to look for it, then contrived it should come back to her without her knowing how. The next day she was delighted to be taken to his house, where she sat down with a face full of glee, the expression of which he caught at once and never lost; and the affair turned out every way happily, for the picture did not fade, and has till now escaped alike the inflictions of time, or of the ignorant among cleaners."

Sir Joshua received fifty guineas for this marvellously happy masterpiece; the Marquis of Hertford secured it at a more elevated figure, paying upwards of a thousand guineas for its acquisition; this sum represents but a trifling proportion of its present value, however handsome an equivalent when Leslie gave his sympathetic account of the circumstances under which "Miss Bowles" was painted (written over thirty years ago).

The picture was engraved in mezzotint by William Ward with marked success, in 1798, under the title of "Juvenile Amusements"; the original version secured popular favour, and "Miss Bowles" has been engraved several times since, notably by Samuel Cousins, R.A. A version of this plate is lent to the present exhibition, amongst the interesting collection of engravings of "Fair Children" exhibited by Mr. Algernon Graves.

"COLLINA" AND "SYLVIA."

THE winsome portrait of Lady Ann Fitzpatrick belongs to the same year as Miss Bowles. This admirable example, a quaint little peasant maid in a mountain landscape, known as "Collina," was exhibited at the "Fair Women" exhibition of last year, with several similarly noteworthy masterpieces, thus anticipating the present show of "Fair Children," where, it must be acknowledged, the fine example in question would have most fittingly figured. The arch "Collina" was the daughter of the Earl of Upper Ossory, one of the kindest and most accomplished gentlemen of his time. His countess, it will be remembered, was Walpole's pet correspondent. Another daughter of the

countess, Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick, was painted as a child of three or four, crouching, with a bunch of grapes in her hand; and again, in 1775, Reynolds produced a second picture of Lady Gertrude as "Sylvia, the Mountain Maid." The former was engraved by John Raphael Smith, 1780; the latter, "Sylvia," was engraved by John Jones in 1791; a later version, by Samuel Cousins, R.A., appears at the Grafton Galleries amongst Mr. Algernon Graves's group of engravings of "Fair Children." The same applies to "Collina," originally engraved by John Dean, and published in 1780.

"THE CALLING OF SAMUEL." BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.
(LENT BY LORD SACKVILLE.)

AT the Royal Academy exhibition of 1776 several of Sir Joshua's children-subjects from sacred history were first introduced to the public. Leslie, in his "Life of Reynolds," has mentioned that the sisters Hannah and Sarah More were this year being "lionised" in London. They visited Sir Joshua's studio, where he had just finished the picture of the young Samuel; "not the best-known Samuel, kneeling with folded hands, now in the National Gallery, but the child (called 'Daniel' in the Academy Catalogue) eagerly lifting his face to the supernatural light which streams in from above, as the voice of the Lord strikes on his ear. 'The gaze of young astonishment,' writes Hannah More, 'was never so beautifully expressed.' Sir Joshua told the enthusiastic poetess that he was often mortified when, on showing this picture to some of his great sitters, they asked him 'who Samuel was.' He was glad to find Hannah intimately acquainted with the devoted prophet. 'He has also,' she tells her sisters, 'done a St. John that bids fair for immortality!'" The Duke of Dorset was the purchaser of "Samuel," otherwise "Daniel." "I am not sure," writes Leslie, "if the 'St. John' was the 'Infant St. John' painted from one of Sir Watkin Wynne's children, and still in the possession of the family, or an older version of the saint, seated, with uplifted hand, a plagiarism from Guido, which has been engraved by S. Reynolds." "The Youthful Daniel, listening to the Voice of Jehovah," under a different title, is in the collection at Knoke. It has been engraved by John Raphael Smith, and was published, in 1783, with the title altered to "The Calling of Samuel," as it is now described in the present exhibition. "Samuel Praying" was engraved by Thomas Hodggets; another version by S. Reynolds is found in Mr. Algernon Graves's group of engravings of "Fair Children." To the same exhibition Sir Joshua contributed a young "St. John," preaching with uplifted arm; Master Herbert as "Bacchus," "at High Clerc," says Leslie, "who praises the heathen joyousness of the infant Bacchus, leaning on the mystic *vannus*, brimming over with russet leaves and purple clusters; and Master Crewe as Henry VIII." (at Crewe Hall). Concerning this masterpiece (already mentioned with the companion work, Frances, daughter of the first Lord Crewe) Leslie has set down, "None of his many admirable boy-pictures is so consummate, I think, taking colour, character, and condition together, as his Master Crewe. Not a tone of it has faded. His Master Bunbury and Master Edgcombe are superior as specimens of boyish beauty, but they are far less remarkable as pictures."

SIR JOSHUA'S PICTURES OF CHILDREN. 1777.
THE BEDFORD PICTURE.

AMONGST the pictures sent by the President of the Royal Academy to the exhibition of 1777, there were several children-subjects, including the "Bedford picture,"



"ROBINETTA."
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.
Lent by Lord Sackville.

representing Francis Duke of Bedford, his brothers Lord John and Lord William Russell, with their cousin Miss Vernon, represented as a rescued princess in white, while the young duke appears as "St. George," who has come as the damsel's knightly champion, and is represented as the slayer of a property-dragon, lying dead at their feet. The difficulty of dealing truthfully with a legend of this fabulous nature has hampered the painter. One circumstance connected with the history of the picture illustrates Reynolds's resources in taking advantage of passing accidents, while employed in working out these children-subjects. In the left hand of the picture little Lord William is shown crouching in the corner, in deadly terror of the fabled monster. The family story is that the child had a horror of being painted, and crouched down, half in defiance, half in distrust of Sir Joshua, in a corner of his painting-room. "Stay as you are, my little fellow," said Sir Joshua, and at once transferred the boy's action and expression to the canvas. It is, as might be expected, the best thing in the picture.

THE MARLBOROUGH FAMILY PICTURE.

WHEN painting the same year his most ambitious work of the "family piece" order, the great picture of "The Marlborough Family," at Blenheim (pronounced by Leslie "the finest picture of the kind ever painted by an Englishman"), Reynolds turned to account a similar incident also due to the timidity of one of his small sitters. The felicitous group of little Lady Charlotte holding a mask, and Lady Anne shrinking from it, is so strikingly according to nature that a separate engraving, reproducing this incident, apart, executed by Louis Schiavonetti, was published, and became extensively popular under the title of

"THE MASK." AN ENGRAVING AFTER SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

A reproduction of this portion of the great Marlborough picture, printed in colours, is contributed to the Grafton Galleries by the present writer, amongst his collection of works representative of "Childish Amusements in the Eighteenth Century." "The Mask" illustrates," says Leslie, "Sir Joshua's happy art of catching a momentary expression, which served him so well in his pictures of children, of which we have seen another example in his use of Lord William Russell's recalcitrance, in the 'St. George.' When Lady Anne, a child of five, was brought into the room to sit she drew back, and, without turning round, clung to the dress of her nurse or mother, crying out, 'I won't be painted.' Sir Joshua sketched the attitude and kept it, and, to account for the alarm of the child, introduced the elder sister in front of her holding the mask before her face." The incident is not novel, and has suggested itself to many minds. Whether Reynolds borrowed the idea from his recollections of an antique gem, or the respective attitudes were purely accidental, to Sir Joshua belongs the merit of the ready and happy application of the incident.

The children represented in the great "Marlborough picture" are the Marquis of Blandford (born 1766), Lord Henry (born 1770), Lady Caroline (born 1763), Lady Elizabeth (born 1762). The two little girls shown figuring in the incident of "the mask" were Lady Charlotte (born 1769) and Lady Anne, at the time but five years old, afterwards the Countess of Shaftesbury. She became the mother of the late earl, and died on August 7th, 1865 (born 1772), being ninety-three years of age, and, it is conjectured, in all probability the last survivor of Reynolds's numerous list of sitters.



"PUCK" (OTHERWISE "ROBIN GOODFELLOW").

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

Lent by George C. W. Fitzwilliam, Esq.



"THE MASK." LADIES ANN AND CHARLOTTE SPENCER.

(From the Marlborough Picture.)

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

From the Engraving in Colours lent by Joseph Grego, Esq.

"PUCK," OTHERWISE "ROBIN GOODFELLOW."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

(LENT BY GEORGE C. W. FITZWILLIAM, ESQ.)

LIKE many of Sir Joshua's successes, this happy idea was due to accident. "Robin Goodfellow" was sent to the Royal Academy in 1789, when Reynolds was nearing his end; it had probably been painted earlier. Walpole, on visiting the exhibition, has noted down: "An ugly little imp, but some character, sitting on a mushroom as big as a millstone." Reynolds's "Puck" has been a popular favourite. According to the painter, the first study was commenced from a little child he found sitting on his steps in Leicester Fields. One day Alderman Boydell was with Nichol at Sir Joshua's studio, to view the progress of the pictures he had undertaken for the Shakespeare Gallery, when the eye of the observant print-seller discovered this study of a naked child. Nichol suggested to Boydell that the subject might with advantage come into the Shakespeare Gallery scheme, if Sir Joshua "would place his little figure on a mushroom, give him fawn's ears, and make a 'Puck' of him." The arch expression of the imp was, it is related, borrowed from another of Reynolds's young friends. As in the instance of the "Infant Hercules," painted for the Empress Catherine of Russia, doubtless several children sat in turns, as the chance might happen, for these pictures. One of the models for the "Puck," it is averred, was present at the auction when the painting changed hands; he was, at that time, a drayman in the employment of Barclay and Perkins. In the "Puck" Sir Joshua was completely in his element. Leslie states that, at the time he was preparing his "Life of Reynolds," there was living one who, as a boy of four or five, had sat for "Robin Goodfellow." This was the son of Cribb, the painter's frame-maker, who was also Sir Joshua's picture-liner, "factotum," and confidential "crony" in the branches of "restoring" and picture-dealing too. One of Sir Joshua's palettes, and his portrait in crayons, both presents to his worthy frame-maker, were (in 1863) the most valued decorations of Mr. Cribb's drawing-room; and their possessor still repeats what he had heard from his father, "how Sir Joshua, calling at his shop one day on business, was struck by the



ANGELS' HEADS.

Portraits seen from different points of view of Miss Frances Isabella Gordon's daughter.
(Lord William Gordon.)

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.
From the Engraving in Colours by J. G. G. G.



LADY KATHERINE MARY MANNERS, DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF RUTLAND

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.
Lent by Lord Forester

boy's arch, roguish physiognomy, and begged the child might be brought to Leicester Fields, to help him in finishing the expression of his 'Puck.' Boydell gave 100 guineas for the picture. Rogers bought it for 205 guineas, at the sale of the banker's collection "Puck" was secured by Paul Fitzwilliam for 980 guineas.

"GUARDIAN ANGELS."

LENT BY THE DUKE OF LEEDS

BEYOND the examples already mentioned, we have given a reproduction of the beautiful work entitled "Guardian Angels," also described as "The Kiss of Death"; this is lent by the Duke of Leeds. On the margin of an impression of the mezzotint, by Hodges, after this work, in the British Museum, is a contemporary note stating that the child was painted from Mister Dunning. Miss Dunning sat to Reynolds in 1772 and 1773; and John Dunning, Lord Ashburton, was on friendly terms with the artist. The lovely original painting known as "Angels' Heads" is in the National Gallery. Its place is supplied at the "Fair Children" exhibition by two engraved versions. This sympathetic and delightful work has enjoyed a lasting popularity. At the time it was delicately engraved in stipple by Simon, and has been mezzotinted by S. Reynolds, and rendered by various methods since. There is one version, after the Simon plate, exhibited amongst the "collection of prints in colours" shown in the Small Gallery. Mr. Algernon Graves, in his selection of "engravings of Fair Children" has lent a later version, engraved by James Scott. The painting known as "Angels' Heads" is understood to have been painted from one fair sister, Miss Gordon, who, with her mother, Lady William Gordon, sat to Reynolds in 1785 and the year following. The fiancées of the ducal house of Gordon were friendly patrons of Sir Joshua. He painted the duke in 1761, the duchess in 1775, and successive members of the family. Reynolds's happy art was seldom exercised more advantageously than in the several renderings of Miss Frances Isabella Gordon's cherubic head from various points of view. The heaven-like expression of her features rightly suggested the angelic title.

She was the daughter of Lord William Gordon, second son of the third Duke of Gordon. Her mother was



"GUARDIAN ANGELS," ALSO CALLED "THE KISS OF DEATH"

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.
Lent by the Duke of Leeds.



MARY THERESA, COUNTESS OF ILCHESTER, AND HER CHILDREN.
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

Lent by the Marquis of Lansdowne, K.G.

The copyright in the engraving is the property of Messrs. Graves and Co.

the Hon. Frances Ingram Shepherd, daughter of Charles, ninth Lord Irvine. Miss Gordon died unmarried in 1831.

LADY KATHERINE MARY MANNERS.
(LENT BY LORD FORESTER.)

THE charming head of little Lady Katherine Mary Manners, painted February, 1784, was a commission from the ducal house of Rutland. The Marquises of Granby and the third and fourth Dukes of Rutland were in succession good friends of Sir Joshua. His relations with the family were intimate and cordial. He assisted the fourth duke in forming his collection of pictures by old masters, statues, &c., and painted for him quite a gallery of portraits, including several versions of the beautiful duchess, her children, several replicas of the duke himself, his relations, and friends. Sir Joshua was a guest at Belvoir; but for the disastrous fire at the castle, October 1816, which destroyed these masterpieces, Belvoir, of all English mansions, would be richest in Reynolds's works. The portrait of little Lady Katherine Manners is mentioned in Reynolds's "price-book"—wherein there are pages of entries concerning his commissions and picture-buying transactions undertaken for the princely Duke of Rutland—"given to the Duchess of Beaufort" (Lady Katherine's maternal grandmother), a *tela di testa* size, 50 guineas.

Lady Katherine Mary Manners married in 1800 Cecil Weld, first Lord Forester; she died in 1820. Her portrait, engraved by T. Gauguin in 1785, was also admirably rendered in mezzotint by S. Reynolds. The delightful original painting is lent to the Grafton Galleries by Lord Forester.

MARY THERESA, COUNTESS OF ILCHESTER, AND HER CHILDREN.
(LENT BY THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, K.G.)

ANOTHER strongly characteristic example of the masterly method Reynolds exercised in his treatment of children subjects is the important family picture, contributed by the Marquis of Lansdowne, K.G., representing the little daughters of Mary Theresa, Countess of Ilchester, shown at their mother's knee—a composition effectively easy, natural, and unaffected. Lady Ilchester's name occurs among Sir Joshua's lists of sitters in 1779. This agreeable specimen of Reynolds's talent for composing family groups on life-like lines—at once simple and dignified—is engraved in the series of small reproductions after the painter's works, commenced by S. Reynolds, and continued by Messrs. Henry Graves and Co., who have published the present version. We have also given an engraving of the picture in question amongst the illustrations of our present souvenir.

OTHER CHILD-PICTURES BY SIR JOSHUA.

We have already referred to Sir Joshua Reynolds's interesting portrait of the great statesman Charles James Fox, at the early age of three, as exhibited at the Grafton Galleries. The painting is the property of the Earl of Ilchester.

Similar descriptions have been given of the portrait of Fox's "fair companion" at the Westminster Election, 1784—Georgiana, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, that winsome queen of the fashionable world; also painted by Reynolds as a charming

little maid of tender years, lent to the "Fair Children" exhibition by Lord Ronald Gower.

Another portrait of a lovely personage, in an infantine stage of her charms, is the picture by Reynolds of the little Lady Mary Isabella Somerset, youngest daughter of the fourth Duke of Somerset—a leader of the *ton*, subsequently better known to fame as the beautiful Duchess of Rutland; in her day, when goddesses were plentiful at Court, pronounced to be the most enchanting woman in the kingdom of high rank, the loveliest and most admired of the three ducal "graces" who contested at one time the empire for elegance and fascination. To her pre-eminent perfections of face and figure was accorded the palm in this eighteenth-century "Judgment of Paris":—

Come, Paris, leave your hills and dells;
You'll scorn your dowdy goddesses,
If once you see our English belles,
For all their gowns and bodices.
Here's Juno Devon, all sublime;
Minerva Gordon's wit and eyes;
Sweet Rutland, Venus in her prime;
You'll die before you give the prize.

Her winsome Grace of Rutland, the little lady who sat to Sir Joshua in 1761, survived till 1831, retaining to an advanced age the same remarkable dower of beauty which distinguished the famous Diana de Poitiers, under circumstances similarly abnormal.

Her infantine portraits by Thomas Hudson, and by Reynolds, his pupil for little Lady Somerset sat impartially to master and pupil—are lent to the "Fair Children" exhibition by the Duke of Beaufort, K.G.

Beyond the long list of examples given, there are several other interesting pictures by Sir Joshua, of which, for want of space, we can only mention the names and the sitters; such as Miss Parker, sister of the first Earl of Morley, subsequently mother of the late Lord Clarendon, lent by the Earl of Morley.

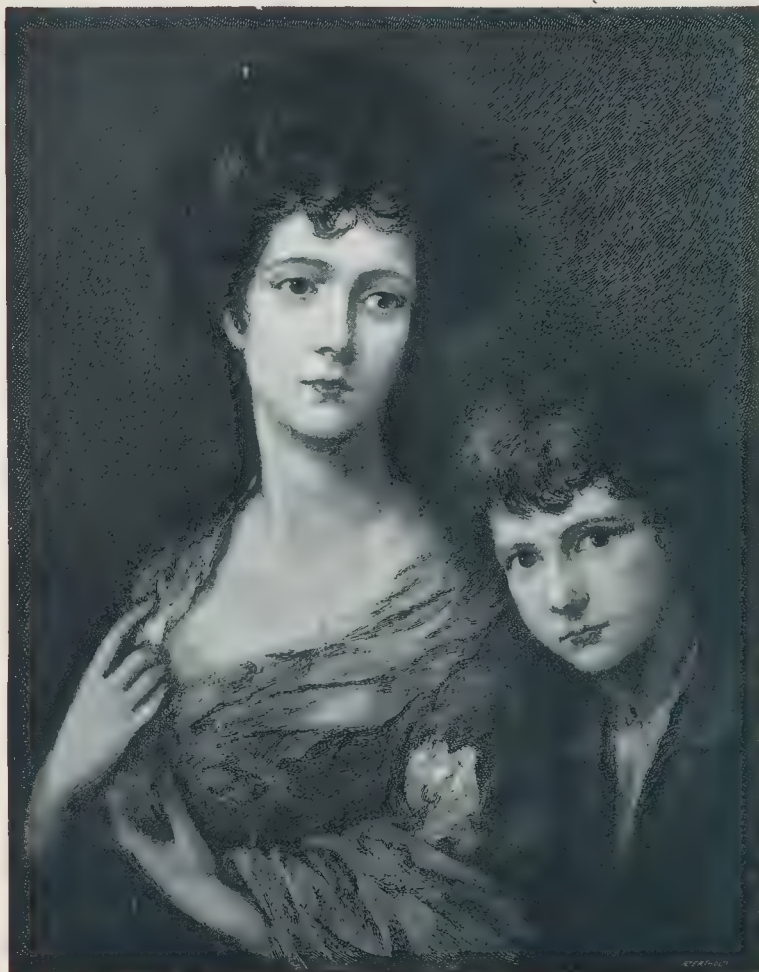
Another juvenile group, endowed with a special and somewhat tragic interest, telling of faithful devotion on the part of an alien attendant, is Reynolds's picture of the "Children of E. Houten Cruthenden, with their Ayah, who saved their lives at the time of the Black Hole of Calcutta," lent by Mrs. George F. Hampson; the "Hon. John Coventry," lent by the Earl of Coventry; a "Chinese Boy," lent by Lord Sackville; the "Hon. Heneage Legge," and a separate work, the "Hon. William Legge," sons of the second Earl of Dartmouth, both pictures lent by the Earl of Dartmouth; "Lady Charlotte Fitzwilliam," lent by Mr. George C. W. Fitzwilliam; "Edwin," a "subject-picture," painted to illustrate the old ballad of "Edwin and Emma," lent by the Duke of Leeds; concluding the list of contributions by Sir Joshua with the "Sketch of Children," lent by Mr. James Knowles.

THE GRAMMAR OF FUTURE PORTRAIT-PAINTERS.

Rich as is the Grafton Galleries show in Reynolds's pictures of children, so numerous are Sir Joshua's masterpieces of child-life, that a representative collection—exclusively restricted to juvenile sitters—could be gathered capable of filling the entire galleries to the best advantage. One noteworthy prophecy in regard to Reynolds's infinite variety, which is set down by Walpole in his "Anecdotes of Painting," remarkable for its foresight, may commend its text to the observant visitor at the present exhibition:—



THE COTTAGE GIRL.
THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.
Lent by Lord Carrington.



MISS LINLEY AND HER BROTHER
THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.
Lent by Lord Sackville.

"Sir Joshua is not a plagiarist, but will beget a thousand. The exuberance of his invention will be the grammar of future painters of portraits." It would seem that Reynolds's productions have proved in truth, as Walpole has ventured to forecast, a mine of inexhaustible wealth to his followers and successors, from the days of those imitators, his contemporaries—lectured by "Peter Pindar," when their great prototype was in the flesh—down to our own generation, when the most popular masterpieces of some of our greatest painters, as seen at the "Fair Children" exhibition, suggest "pleasing reminiscences" of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A., AS A PAINTER OF CHILDREN-SUBJECTS.

No artist has ever painted children-subjects with more unconscious charm than Gainsborough, the most bewitching of artistic geniuses. In some respects he stands unrivalled. A brief review of his career in this relation may be acceptable in the present instance, a favourable opportunity for attempting a passing glance at the best-known and more important of his works associated with juvenile sitters, commencing with that foremost gem of the "Fair Children" exhibition, the invaluable *chef-d'œuvre* lent from Knole.

MISS LINLEY AND HER BROTHER BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (LENT BY LORD SACKVILLE.)

THE exquisite and delicate loveliness of Eliza Ann Linley is described as having been all the more fascinating for the tender sadness, which seemed, as a contemporary has indicated, to project over her the shadow of an early death; her sweet voice and the pathetic expression of her singing, the timid and touching grace of her air and deportment, secured the admiration of all beholders. These qualities are perfectly expressed by Gainsborough in the admirable example lent to the Grafton Galleries by Lord Sackville—one of the most beautiful pictures of the entire gathering, unequalled for charm and refinement. "From the days when, a girl of nine, she stood with her little basket at the pump-room door, timidly offering the tickets for her father's benefit

concerts, to those when, in her teens, she was the belle of the Bath assemblies, none could resist her witching grace"—a conclusion one must accept in the presence of Gainsborough's wondrously delicate work. He must have painted this picture *con amore*, and with intense sympathy with the subject. Was not the painter himself a passionate lover of music? Miss Linley came of a musical family; she had been trained as an accomplished performer, dowered with that most fascinating of "all good gifts"—a voice borrowed from the seraphic choir; was sweetly and delicately beautiful, of that refined type which, above all attractive qualities, chiefly appeals to artistic susceptibilities.

"When she appeared at the Oxford oratorios, grave dons and youthful gentlemen-commoners were alike subdued. When she sang in London, at Covent Garden, in the Lent oratorios (1733), the king himself, it is said, showed himself as deeply moved by her heavenly eyes and voice as by the music of his favourite Handel, his beloved composer, whose works he, as an earnest youth, had promised the great musician then approaching his end—should be his care through life. "His Majesty ogles her," writes Walpole, "as much as he dare do at so holy a place as an oratorio, and at so devout a service as Alexander's Feast."

Of Lord Sackville's transcendent gem, Mr. Walter Armstrong, in his critical and biographical sketch of Thomas Gainsborough (*Portfolio*, "Monographs on Artistic Subjects"), has written:—

"In the softer loveliness of Mrs. Sheridan, 'that beautiful mother of a beautiful race,' the 'St. Cecilia' of Reynolds, he found a type no less sympathetic than objectively perfect. He is scarcely to be seen to greater advantage than in his various portraits of her. If I had to select a single picture to represent Gainsborough, I think I should choose the small canvas at Knole, on which the painter has united the portraits of Maria Linley and her no less handsome brother."

Another portrait of Miss Elizabeth Linley, afterwards Mrs. Sheridan, appeared at the National Portrait exhibition in 1867, and was by the owner, the Viscount Clifden, lent to the Gainsborough exhibition held at the Grosvenor Gallery, 1885. The pictures of the Linley family rank foremost among Gainsborough's many masterpieces; besides the unrivalled examples of Miss Linley with her brother Thomas Linley, in the possession of the Duchess of Dorset, when Fulcher's life of the painter appeared, "Mrs. Sheridan," at the same date, belonged to Mr. E. Bouverie probably the version in which the fair and saintly musician is seated in a rural landscape, filled with poetic inspiration, as becomes the subject. A mezzotint was engraved by Gainsborough Dupont; of this Mr. H. P. Horne writes, that with the exception of an early trial proof, the impression in his own collection is believed to be unique. The plate itself was catalogued for auction at Christie and Manson's, April 10th, 1797, but was withdrawn from the actual sale.

How beautiful is that artless group "Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Tickell," presented to the Dulwich Gallery by William Linley, which, as Fulcher has suggested, was in all probability a commission from Reynolds, the payment indefinitely deferred. In any event, there is the visible evidence of this enviable picture as to the charms and graces of the fair Linley syrens. Mrs. Jameson, writing of this work, remarks: "Maria Linley, the first wife of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, standing in blue drapery, and her sister, Mrs. Tickell, seated. Figures full length, very elegant, and delicately painted in his slight sketchy style. The head of Mrs. Sheridan is exquisite, and, without having all the beauty which Sir Joshua Reynolds gave her in the famous 'St. Cecilia,' there is even more mind."

There is Thomas Linley alone, the youth of the Knole picture, also as a separate head at the Dulwich Gallery, and, on the same size canvas (2ft. 6in. x 2ft. 6in.), another brother, Samuel Linley. Concerning this picture—an instance of Gainsborough's magical dexterity of handling—we have the following note:—"Gainsborough had but one sitting for the portrait of Linley," says Mr. Denning, "and did not paint on the picture an hour. I have authority for this."

An instance of the artist's facile expedition and of his deft handiwork is related by Governor Thicknesse in connection with the same all-fascinating "St. Cecilia." "After returning from a concert at Bath, where we had been charmed by Miss Linley's voice, I went home to supper with my friend Gainsborough, who sent his servant for a bit of clay from the small-beer barrel, with which he modelled and then coloured her head, and that too in a quarter of an hour, in such a manner that, I protest, it appeared to me even superior to his paintings. The next day I took a friend or two to his house to see it, but it was not to be seen; the servant had thrown it down from the mantelpiece and broken it." In a footnote upon this passage, Fulcher relates that C. R. Leslie, R.A., had at one time in his possession an exquisite plaster cast of a head of Miss Linley (from a cast by Gainsborough, which unfortunately met with a similar fate). "Gainsborough would now and then mould the faces of his friends in miniature, finding the material in the wax candle, burning before him; the models are as perfect in their resemblance as his portraits."



MASTER JOSEPH YORKE AS A MIDSHIPMAN, AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.
(Afterwards Admiral Sir Joseph Yorke.)
GEORGE ROMNEY.

Lent by Captain the Hon. John Manners Yorke, R.N.

In the portrait of Mrs. Sheridan (as engraved by Gainsborough Dupont), Gainsborough has given us some idea of that beauty which Fanny Burney (Madame D'Arblay) said surpassed almost any she had ever seen, and Reynolds thought nearly divine. "Here there is the same refinement, the same elegance, the same exalted purity as in her picture in the Dulwich Gallery. Gainsborough had seen Maria Sheridan in all the freedom of friendly intercourse; he had often watched the wondrous grace of her slight form; he had been charmed with her gentleness, her modesty, her feminine sweetness; and for one who was half-way between a woman and an angel, he could find no canopy so appropriate as the heaven above, no footstool so fitting as the green sward beneath."

GAINSBOROUGH'S LITTLE PEASANT SITTERS.

It would be of further interest, in connection with our artist as a distinguished and foremost painter of children-subjects, had fuller details been handed down to our time concerning Gainsborough's familiar intercourse with his little sitters, in the same way that we have learnt much that is worthy of preservation relative to Reynolds's familiar intercourse with his juvenile friends and models.

JACK HILL.

SOMETHING has reached us concerning "Jack Hill in his Cottage" and "Jack Hill in a Wood" (both works engraved by Gainsborough Dupont), two pictures contributed by Mr. R. K. Hodgson to the Grosvenor Gallery exhibition of the painter's works in 1885. Fulcher relates, in his "Life of Gainsborough," that the artist, in his London career, during the summer months had lodgings at Richmond, where also Sir Joshua kept his villa. Here he spent his mornings and evenings in making studies of its picturesque scenery and surroundings. "When in his walks he saw any peasant children that struck his fancy, he would send them to his painting-room, leaving with their parents very substantial proofs of his liberality. On one occasion he met a boy named John Hill, on whom nature had bestowed a more than ordinary share of good looks, with an intelligence rarely found in a woodman's cottage. Gainsborough looked at the boy with a painter's eye, and, acting as usual from the impulse of the moment, offered to take him home and provide for his future welfare. Jack Hill, as Gainsborough always called him, was at once arrayed in his Sunday best, and sent with the gentleman, laden with as many virtuous precepts as would have filled a copy-book.

"Mrs. Gainsborough was delighted with the boy, and the young ladies equally rejoiced in such a good-looking addition to their establishment. Mrs. Fischer (Gainsborough's married daughter), indeed, talked of adopting him. But, whether like the wild Indian of the prairie, Jack pined for the unrestrained freedom of his native woods, the blackberries and the roasted sloes, or, what is more likely, feared chastisement for his many ungrateful doings, after a brief trial he ran away, and though brought back and forgiven by his kind-hearted master, he wilfully threw away a much better chance than Dick Whittington started with on his romantic journey to the thrice-repeated city sovereignty. At Gainsborough's death his widow kindly procured for Jack an admission into Christ's Hospital. Here we lose sight of the boy; he is, however, immortalised by the painter's pencil, and amongst all Gainsborough's studies of peasant children, Jack is distinguished by his personal beauty."

A MODEL SEEKING ARTISTIC INSPIRATION.

A SOUVENIR of another boy-model is preserved in "The Sketch of a Boy's Head," lent to the Gainsborough exhibition (where the two versions of Jack Hill figured) by Mr. F. W. Newton, thus commented upon by Mr. F. G. Stephens in his valuable illustrative historical notes to the catalogue of the Grosvenor Gallery, 1885: "This study was painted at Barton Grange, near Taunton, where the present owner lives, and where it has been preserved under the following circumstances, since it was executed by Gainsborough. A village boy was employed to grind colours for the painter, then on a visit at the Grange. Gainsborough, returning suddenly to the room, found the boy assiduously trying to copy something on a piece of board, while looking upwards intensely, as if for artistic inspiration. The artist was so struck by the boy's earnest gaze, that, shouting 'Stay as you are!' and catching up a canvas, he immediately dashed off this sketch." The picture was shown at the "Old Masters" winter exhibition at the Academy in 1882. Glancing at Gainsborough's productions, upon which his claims to be honourably included in the roll of the greatest masters who have excelled as painters of children and child-life must repose, we may notice a few examples, seen of late years at the Grosvenor Gallery exhibition of the painter's works in 1885.

"Edward Clive, Earl of Powis, as a Boy," lent by the Earl of Powis (mezzotinted by R. B. Parkes in 1879); "The Milk Girl," lent by Colonel Sir Francis Bolton; "The Two Misses Cruttenden" (children of E. H. Cruttenden, their portraits were also painted by Reynolds), lent by Mr. Alexander K. Kennedy Purvis.

GAINSBOROUGH'S "BLUE BOY."

At the "Grosvenor" was also exhibited "The Blue Boy," Master Jonathan Buttall, of whom, with Gainsborough's "Pink Boy," Master Nicholls, grandson of Dr. Mead (the picture of late years sold to a member of the Rothschild family), "Blue" ladies, and Reynolds's rival "Yellow Boy," much has been written and discussed regarding debatable theoretical and technical points, which does not directly belong to our present survey, beyond the personal interest associated with the subject of the painting as a youthful sitter, whose portrait was lent to the Gainsborough exhibition by the Duke of Westminster, K.G.

Master Jonathan Buttall, junior, was the son of Mr. Jonathan Buttall, an ironmonger in an extensive way of business, living at 31, Greek Street (at the corner of King Street), Soho, between 1728 (probably earlier) and 1768, when he died. According to chatty I. T. Smith's "Book for a Rainy Day," he was "an immensely rich man." The younger Buttall—first model, it is assumed, for the original version of the much-debated "Blue Boy"—continued the business until 1796, when he retired. His effects—premises in Soho and the City, a share in Drury Lane Theatre, etc.—were sold by auction, together with the contents of his residence, wine, musical instruments, and many drawings and paintings by Gainsborough, including, it is believed, the especial version of the picture in question, for which, in youth, he had served Gainsborough as model.

"THE WOOD GATHERERS."

ANOTHER interesting example of Gainsborough's cottage children is entitled "The Wood Gatherers," though, as in the example of "The Girl with a Dog and Picher," the artist has gone to nature, his little sitters in both these cases are well born children, inimitably travestied as peasants; rustics none the less attractive for the refining touch of native good-breeding. The cottage children in "The Wood



"THE DASH OF CHILD."

GEORGE ROMNEY.

Lent by J. Frederick Schwann, Esq.

Gainsborough," it is recorded, were portraits of Charles Mordaunt, afterwards Earl of Romney, and two of his sisters. The painting has been repeatedly exhibited British Institution, 1814 and 1844, Academy 1881: it was lent to the Grosvenor "Gainsborough" gathering in 1885 by the Earl of Carnarvon.

"THE HARVEST WAGGON."

"The Harvest Waggon," the property of Lord Tweedmouth, is in many respects one of Gainsborough's most interesting works. The landscape is stated to have been painted by the artist when on a visit to his good friend Wiltshire, at Shockerwick in the neighbourhood of Bath, when Gainsborough, in the centre of Bladudopolis, was at the time pursuing a highly successful career as the fashionable portrait-painter of his day, and his studio in the Circus was the favourite resort of people of taste. According to Richard Cumberland:—

See Coates, see Dance, see Gainsborough seize the spoil.
And ready Mortimer, who scoffs at toil.

"The spoil" at Bath naturally consisted of the income derivable from portraiture. Landscape art, on the other hand, was Gainsborough's delight, the reward for his servitude to face-making, for occasionally uncongenial drudgery, and, as regards the profits of his practice, the matter usually ended in pleasure: there were few chances of selling for British art patronage, as regarded native art, at that era extended no farther than the ministrations of personal vanity. The painter's gems of rustic life were given away to friends. "The Return from Harvest," one of Gainsborough's *chef-d'œuvre*, is a well-known instance of this generous spirit. It will be remembered that inter communication, transport, and road-traffic were in those days conducted through the medium of the carrier. We find Gainsborough frequently availing

himself of this intermediary, sending presents to friends, such as cheeses and similar country products, or delivering to his patrons in town, or at their country residences, the portraits for which they had sat while "staying at the Bath," the paintings which had to be sent for exhibition to London picture sales. "The Incorporated Society of Artists," and the new Royal Academy, of which Gainsborough was elected a foundation member—had in all cases to be confided to the trusty waggoner. Now the great carrier of the west was Wiltshire, and with this large hearted personage our painter had established the friendliest relations. Wiltshire's rolling stock, his teams and wains were invaluable models, and, as the artist desired to introduce real rustic life into his landscapes, there were waggoners' men and their picturesque teams—all perfect examples of accessories in place amidst the sylvan charms of overhanging woods, noble forest trees, silvery streamlets, billowy hills, and mellow distances. Good Wiltshire grudged nothing to the painter whose art he loved; he would take no payment from "Master Gainsborough," who was free to everything, including the agency of his services of waggons in transporting pictures to the exhibitions. Gainsborough, no less generous, presented Wiltshire with several fine paintings. One of these was "The Return from Harvest," a picturesque looking wain, passing along a sequestered spot at close of day. The driver is represented in the act of stopping his team to enable a peasant maiden to mount his wain; the girl was painted from one of Gainsborough's daughters; a figure seated in the waggon was the portrait of the other. "The painter," says Fulcher, "has also introduced into the picture a favourite horse, given him by Mr. Walter Wiltshire, which served, indeed, as a model on many



CHILDREN OF THE EARL OF DERBY.
GEORGE ROMNEY.
Lent by the Earl of Derby



GEORGE DRUMMOND, HIS SISTER MARGARET, AND HIS FOSTER-BROTHER
SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R.A.
Lent by George Drummond, Esq.



HENRIETTA, COUNTESS OF WARWICK, AND HER TWO CHILDREN.
GEORGE ROMNEY.
Lent by the Earl of Warwick



LEICESTER FITZROY STANHOPE, AFTERWARDS EARL OF HARRINGTON.
JOHN HOPNER, R.A.
Lent by H. L. Bischoffsheim, Esq.

occasions. There was long extant a remarkably fine study from this animal, when, too old to work, it had retired to ease and clover. On presenting the painting to Mr. Wiltshire, Gainsborough said that it pleased him more than any he had ever executed."

These nine pictures remained in possession of the Wiltshire family equally liberal in showing them to lovers of art until the grandson's collection came to the hammer in 1867, when "The Harvest Wagon" brought £3,057 10s., and a landscape, £1,800. The youngest daughter, shown ascending the wagon, was Mary, of whom as child, maiden, and wife Gainsborough has left several precious examples. She became Mrs. Fischer.

Another interesting child picture painted by Gainsborough, contributed to the Grosvenor exhibition, 1885, by Mr. Edmund Backhouse, has a farther claim on the attention, as it commemorates a critical incident in his career. This is the portrait of "Miss Juliet Mott, aged Twelve Years," painted by the liberal-minded artist as a thank-offering, and by him presented to the child's father in token of gratitude, after he had been nursed through a dangerous illness when on a visit at Mr. Mott's house. Miss Juliet, the youthful maiden thus introduced to fame, subsequently married Mr. C. Smith, of Coniston, who bequeathed the portrait to Mrs. Charles Fox, of Trebah, Falmouth. At the same "Grosvenor" exhibition was "The Girl with a Lamb," the picture of Miss Franks, a family portrait lent by Lieut. Colonel W. Honeywood, and another version of the famous Duchess Georgiana, when little Lady Spencer, also contributed to the "Grafton Galleries' Fair Children" by the same noble owner.

LADY GEORGIANA SPENCER, AFTERWARDS DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, AGED SIX.
BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.
(LENT BY EARL SPENCER, K.G.)

Represented as a little lady of six, the Hon. Georgiana Spencer, a portrait to the waist, with hands folded before her, wearing a cap and a white lock trimmed with pink ribbons, cut low on the neck, as was the fashion of the time. Though the little lady sat to Reynolds from childhood, it is conjectured that Gainsborough's may be the earliest portrait of a very celebrated social personage, foremost in her day in many ways, reputed the reigning beauty of her generation, undeniably fascinating, the queen of *ton*, of the Whigs, and of "the prince's party;" arbitress of fashion, the fountain of taste, herself a budding muse, and the source of inspiration to the muses of other poetasters, alike of high and low ranks, as well as the admired of men of genius. It was this duchess who penned the poem on the "Passage over Mount St. Gothard," on which occasion the poet Coleridge was tempted to thus burst into apostrophe and laudation:—

Splendour's fondly fostered child,
And did you hail the platform wild
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell?
O lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!
Whence learn'd you that heroic measure?

According to the bard, it was by maternity—whose magic had opened the wells of sympathy in her awakened nature—that the erst spoil pet of frivolous and fashionable life was impelled to more soul-stirring themes:—

Thenceforth your soul re-joiced to see
The shrine of social Liberty!
O beautiful! O Nature's child!
'Twas thence you hailed the platform wild
Whence once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell!
O lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!
Thence learn'd you that heroic measure.

The fair Georgiana's lengthened, though scarcely unrivalled, reign over the majority of hearts and beholders was largely attributed to the charms of her native unaffected amiability of manners.

Walpole has described that "lively modesty and modest familiarity" which made her a phenomenon: "without being a beauty, she, by her youth, figure, flowing good-nature, and sense, effaced all." Wraxall, who has given several interesting particulars, as an eye-witness, concerning this popular idol of the society of her day, has left on record this pertinent conclusion: "The personal charms of the Duchess of Devonshire constituted her smallest pretensions to universal admiration; nor did her beauty consist, like that of the Gunning, in regularity of features and faultless formation of limbs and shape; it lay in the amenity and graces of her deportment, in her irresistible manners, and the seduction of her society." (Like the prince, she was famous for the sweet seductions of her smile, described as irresistibly winning.) "Her hair was not without a tinge of red; and her face, though pleasing, yet, had it not been illuminated by her mind, might have been considered an ordinary countenance. . . . In addition to the external advantages she had received from nature and fortune, she possessed an ardent temper, susceptible of deep as well as strong impressions; a cultivated understanding, illuminated by a taste for poetry and the fine arts; much sensibility, not exempt, perhaps, from vanity and coquetry. To her mother, the Dowager Countess Spencer, she was attached with more than common filial affection. . . . Nor did she display less attachment to her sister, Lady Duncannon."

Dr. Wolcott, who, as "Peter Pindar," had so much to impart to the painters for their artistic advantage, was equally alive to the claims of beauty no less than to those of art. His poetic tribute to the graces of the Duchess of Devonshire is worthy of the subject. His lines, in the ingenious form of "A Petition to Time" in favour of the winsomely fair Georgiana, are addressed to the inexorable *Tempus edax rerum*, thus pathetically implored to spare this paragon of womankind:—

Hurt not one form that all admire
Oh, never with abuse hars her temples sprinkle—
Can, sacred be her cheek, her lip, her bloom,
And do not, in a cruel ample's room,
Place a hard mortifying wrinkle.
Know, shouldst thou bid the beauteous duchess fade,
Thou, therefore, must thy own delights invade;
And know, shall be a long, long while
Knew that sweet's equal to our side.
Thy doom is not less sweet, but less regretful,
But keep a show the tithe of thy art.

INVIDIOUS COMPARISONS BETWEEN RIVAL "IMMORTALS."

It has been averred that Gainsborough's figures of children, his youthful rustics, and his "little masters and mistresses," are so deliciously natural and unaffectedly simple that in these qualities, no less than in the permanent brilliancy of colour, they contrast favourably with the *chefs d'œuvre* of his great rival. Says Allan Cunningham, taking, it is obvious, an unfairly narrowed outlook, "The children of Sir Joshua are indeed beautiful creations, free, artless, and lovely; but they seem all to have been nursed in velvet laps and fed with golden spoons. There is a rustic grace, an untamed wildness about the children of Gainsborough, which speaks of the country and of



GEORGE JOHN FREDERICK SACKVILLE, FOURTH DUKE OF DORSET, WITH HIS SISTERS, LADY MARY SACKVILLE, AFTERWARDS COUNTESS AMHERST, AND LADY ELIZABETH SACKVILLE, AFTERWARDS COUNTESS DE LA WARR.
J. H. H. P. S. A., R.A.

Lent by Lord Sackville.

neglected toilets. They are the offspring of Nature, running free amongst woods as wild as themselves. They are not afraid of disordering their satins and wetting their kid shoes. They roll on the green sward, burrow like rabbits, and dabble in the running streams daily." "Gainsborough is an immortal painter," is the conclusion of critics not unmindful of inevitable restrictions.

"THE COTTAGE GIRL WITH HER DOG AND PITCHER." BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (LENT BY LORD CARRINGTON.)

C. R. LESLIE, whose sympathetic art-teachings are worthy of his gentle and observant nature, has pointed out, in his "Handbook for Young Painters," the rare merits and qualities of this famous subject. "Gainsborough's barefoot child on her way to the well with her little dog under her arm is unequalled by anything of the kind in the world. I recollect it in the British Gallery (British Institution), forming part of a very noble collection of pictures, and I could scarcely look at or think of anything else in the rooms. This inimitable work is a portrait, not of a peasant child, but of a young lady, who appears also in his picture of the 'Girl and Pigs,' which Sir Joshua purchased." The picture was exhibited at the British Institution in 1814 as a "Girl going to the Well," by Lord de Dunstanville, who (when Sir Francis Basset) was the original purchaser.

"GIRL AND PIGS."

CONCERNING this work and 'The Girl with a Pitcher,' we are



"NATURE"—THE CALMADY CHILDREN.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.

After the version painted in enamel by William Essex (enamel painter to the Queen).

Lent by Joseph Girdle, Esq.

told the little model was not the mere rustic maiden Gainsborough has so happily portrayed. It is candidly set down by Leslie, as one of Reynolds's biographers, that the rural art of Gainsborough has a charm which even Sir Joshua attains but rarely—a pastoral feeling which raises him to the level of Burns. The cottagers of Gainsborough have a natural simplicity, an unconscious elegance of manner, quite distinct from the easy grace of fine ladies, and which addresses the heart rather than the eye.

"Gainsborough was a man of the finest feelings, and he always makes us feel with him. 'As we look at his pictures,' said Constable, another great authority, 'we find tears in our eyes, and know not what brings them.' Reynolds could draw tears when his subjects were pathetic, as in his two sweet pictures of 'The Babes in the Wood'; but Gainsborough does not affect us by pity, but by nature—as he himself was affected by her loveliness."

Gainsborough's masterpiece of the Academic year 1782, was his inimitable "Girl and Pigs," thus lyrically apostrophised by "Peter Pindar" in his "Odes to the Royal Academicians":

And now, oh Muse, with song so big,
Turn round to Gainsborough's "Girl
and Pig";

Or "Pig and Girl," I rather should
have said:

The pig in white, I must allow,
Is really a well painted sow:
I wish to say the same thing of the
maud.

Sir Joshua bought the picture for sixty guineas. M. de Calonne—over in London at the time—wished to secure the work, and offered one hundred guineas. It is said Rey-



THE HOUSE OF CARLS. FRANÇOIS HUBERT DROUAI.
Lent by H. L. Bischoffsheim, Esq.



"A CHILD."

JEAN BAPTISTE GREUZE.
Lent by Henry Yates Thompson, Esq.



MACHA CHARLES LAMBERTON, SON OF F. G. LAMBERTON, ESQ., M.P. AFTERWARDS FIRST EARL OF DURHAM
SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.
Lent by the Earl of Durham.

nolds ceded this acquisition in favour of his brother-artist's interest, and paid Gainsborough the hundred guineas for which he had sold his bargain. Curiously enough Reynolds is found writing to his friendly patron, the Earl of Upper Ossory, four years later, and offering to exchange his Gainsborough for a Titian at Amptill. "What if I give Gainsborough's 'Pigs' for it? It is by far the best picture that he ever painted; or perhaps ever will!"

LITTLE PEASANTS

NOR must the painter's numerous groups of cottage children be forgotten. "The Young Lavinia," painted for Macklin's "British Poets"; "Rustic Children," Vernon Gallery (now in the National Gallery); "Cottage Child" and "Cottage Children at a Fire," both of which belonged to Sir W. Knighton. Who shall say how frequently he introduced the graceful persons of his daughters and his wife amongst his numerous and favourite pastoral scenes, under his generalistic title of "Landscape with Figures," such as the beautiful group of peasant children which belonged to Mr. J. Bentley—a boy bearing a wallet and a girl carrying a child journeying from their cottage to an adjacent brooklet. There are numerous portraits of his two little girls, painted singly and together, "one standing, the other sitting"; as "children at play"; as sportive zephyr-like nymphs, running after a butterfly; in the garb of peasant-girls; juvenile gleaners in a cornfield, dividing their gleanings; "Children Playing before a Cottage Door," "Girl with Milk," and "Return from Milking." Here is the account by Fulcher of another group introduced in a woody landscape, presented, with "The Harvest Waggon," by Gainsborough to his honest friend Wiltshire, of Shockerwick, near Bath: "A lovely peasant-girl is sitting on the grass, her milkpail full by her side. Some cows are cooling their feet in a neighbouring stream. A young man, leaning against an overhanging rock, is pouring in her ear those words that women love to hear."

There are the "Two Shepherd Boys with Dogs Fighting," the original destroyed by fire; its companion "Girls with a Donkey," and "The Broken Pitcher," all known through the engravings. Nor must his picture called "Repose—Cattle in a Landscape" be forgotten. This work was by Gainsborough characteristically set apart as a wedding present for his daughter Margaret, who, however, died unmarried, bequeathing the picture to her friend and neighbour, Mr. Briggs, of Acton. It was subsequently purchased by

* According to Fulcher's list of Gainsborough's works, the artist painted at least four repetitions of the famous "Girl and Pigs."

Hogarth, the dealer, for 1,000 guineas. Sir George Beaumont was wont to lament that he had not become the possessor of so fine a painting.*

There is a fine picture presented to the Dulwich Gallery by Captain Moody, a family piece, representing Mrs. Moody with her children; the mother is returning from a woodland ramble, carrying her younger child, and leading by the hand a blue-eyed, fair-haired girl, who has her lap full of wild flowers (one of which she has placed in her sash).

MASTER HEATHCOTE.

NOR must the anecdote be omitted in this place which shows the artist in relationship with another juvenile sitter, Master Heathcote to wit, a little boy of about four years of age, "holding in one hand a black hat and feathers, in the other a bunch of flowers," with a landscape background. The circumstances are related by Fulcher. "The history of this picture is interesting. Gainsborough chanced to be on a visit in Bath when a destructive sickness was raging in different parts of the kingdom. The parents of Master Heathcote having lost their other children by the epidemic, were anxious to secure a portrait of the one yet spared to them. They applied to Gainsborough, who, however refused, saying that he had visited Bath for the purpose of recreation; but, on hearing of the circumstances of the case, he requested Mrs. Heathcote to let him see her son. The next morning, the boy, dressed in a plain white muslin frock with a blue sash, was taken to Gainsborough. "You have brought him simply dressed," he said; "had you paraded him in a fancy costume, I would not have painted him; now I will gladly comply with your request."

It has been observed of Gainsborough's art that his handling is probably unique as to variety—that hand "as light as the sweep of a cloud, as swift as the flash of a sunbeam!" He was the most formidable rival of Reynolds. His men are as thoroughly gentlemen, and his women as entirely ladies, nor had Reynolds a truer feeling for the charms of infancy. His great excellence consists in the natural grace, the unaffected truth with which he invests his subject. Children at their play, chasing a butterfly or gathering wild flowers; women, returning from a woodland ramble, with mantling cheeks and careless costume; men at their field sports, or taking their morning's ride—these are the designs of portraits, and in these he stands alone.

In addition to the examples of Gainsborough's fascinating art already described in the foregoing review of the painter's practice in his relationship to portraits of children, we must refer to the following examples, also contributed to the "Fair Children" exhibition: "Mrs. John Hill (*née* Mary Halcombe) and Infant," lent by Mr. Arthur Sanderson; "The Earl of Carlisle," lent by Sir James D. Linton, P.R.I.; and "Miss Emma Crewe," another gem of the rarest quality, lent by H.E. Lord Houghton.

GEORGE ROMNEY AS A PAINTER OF CHILDREN-SUBJECTS.

We are assured by William Hayley, who, in 1809, attempted the "Life of Romney," that the painter "had received from nature a propensity to take more than common delight in contemplating, both as a man and an artist the endearing smiles and playfulness of infancy."

Quite late in Romney's career, in 1793, we find the painter confirming, under his own hand, this remark concerning the peculiar interest he derived from the contemplation of promising children. He thus wrote to his friend Hayley:—"I continue to go to my little villa to breakfast, and make designs every morning" (this was a lodging he had taken in "a new market ground on the Kilburn Road"). "I have eight children to wait on me, and fine ones. I begin to feel the necessity of having these innocent spirits about one; they give more soft delight to the mind—than I can describe—to soften the steps down declining life."

The sequel of this incident is related by Hayley. "His eight fairy attendants were the offspring of the honest couple, in whose humble, but pleasant habitation, he had hired a room to breakfast in, at seven shillings and sixpence a week. But his cheap lodging proved a source of such expense, and of such delight to him, as he little expected. It happened that he was one morning surprised by finding some of his little cheerful fairies in tears. On searching into the source of their affliction, he discovered that their industrious father was in immediate danger of sinking under the burden of so numerous a family, and of losing the pleasant spot, where his labour had promised him a comfortable livelihood, unless he could speedily raise the sum of two hundred pounds, which the poor afflicted man considered an impossibility. But the kind heart of Romney felt itself commissioned by Heaven to be the protector of meritorious indigence. He instantly relieved his honest humble host from the most bitter embarrassment, and found his future breakfasts on that spot inexpressibly delicious, it being sweetened by the cordial beneficence of a very interesting family, whom he had rescued from distress. The charity of Romney was not only great but genuine; for it was often conducted with absolute privacy, and never with ostentation."

ROMNEY'S PARTIALITY FOR THE CHARMS OF INFANCY.

CHILDREN-SUBJECTS were a delight to the painter. In the intervals of his practice he is described as hailing the opportunity of occasional enfranchisement, from the four or five successive sitters which attend his painting-room almost daily, and flying to these congenial themes with the joyful alacrity of a schoolboy enjoying a holiday. In a sonnet addressed to Romney, which bears the stamp of his friend Hayley's muse,

* "Repose" has just been resold by Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods, with the fine collection of the late James Price.

particular allusion is made to this partiality, on the painter's part, for the delineation of childhood.

Ethereal beings! who benignly bright,
In finest toil the hand of skill inspire.
Here round your favourite Romney fondly sport!
Inspired here the artist and the friend;
While infancy's sweet charms his pencil court,
On his rich canvas all attractions blend!
Let his rare powers of mind and heart combine,
Exquisite art and amity divine!

COWPER'S POETICAL TRIBUTE.

Romney—expert infallibly to trace
On chart or canvas, not the form alone
And semblance, but, however faintly shown,
The mind's impression, too, on every face
With strokes that time ought never to erase.

ROMNEY'S CHILDREN-SUBJECTS.

SOME meagre idea of the number of pictures painted by Romney, in which children are foremost objects of interest, even among portrait groups, is given by the painter's son in his account of works of this order, exclusive of single figures, executed after the artist's return from Italy, about 1776: Mrs. Morris and her son; Mrs. Charles Hawkins and children; the Duchess of Gordon and her son, the Marquis of Huntley; the Countess of Albemarle and her son, Lord Albemarle, with dogs; children of Mr. Charteris (Lord Elcho) in one group; the Beaumont family (of Whitby Beaumont, near Wakefield), a large picture representing four brothers and a sister contemplating the portrait of a deceased brother; Mrs. Prescott and three children; Master and Miss Bone; two Miss Hills; Master and Miss Cornwall (children of Sir George Cornwall, Bart.); Lady Harris and Miss Harris, in one picture; Miss C. and Miss Hester Grenville, daughters of the Hon. Mr. Grenville; Master Tempest, with a horse (whole length); Master and Miss Conway; Mrs. Blair and child; Mrs. Hartley and children; Mrs. Crespiigny and children; Mrs. Corbet and child; Mrs. Bracebridge and child (whole length, recumbent); "Cupid and Psyche"; and "Lord Stanley and Lady Charlotte, children of Lord Derby." The foregoing works have not been engraved.

ENGRAVED PORTRAIT GROUPS OF CHILDREN.

To the same period belongs the picture of Mrs. Stables and two daughters, a most captivating work, sympathetically rendered in mezzotint by John Raphael Smith, published November 1st, 1781. Catharine Mary and Thomas John Clavering, another *chef-d'œuvre*, also splendidly mezzotinted by J. R. Smith, published January 29th, 1779. Romney's biographer was tempted to wish that those fine examples of his art, which he says abounded, could be exhibited together, in order to afford the public of his day a more adequate opportunity for recognising the genius of this diffident and truly modest artist. Nor must the fine picture of "The Children of Earl Gower" be forgotten—a large work representing three young ladies with a little boy engaged in dancing, with the eldest daughter playing upon the tambourine. "This," says the same authority, "is a masterly performance, and inferior to none as a display of graceful portraits." "The Gower Family" was also mezzotinted by that admirable master and versatile artist, John Raphael Smith, and published August 20th, 1781.

CUMBERLAND'S ODE TO ROMNEY.

WORKS of the nature described, figuring, with innumerable "single heads," amongst the productions of but a year or two's application, may, it is felt, justify the praises of those bards whose "poetical tributes," addressed as "Epistles to Romney," might otherwise be open to suspicion of interested favouritism. Of this order is the ode published by

Richard Cumberland in the *Public Advertiser*, with the friendly object of bringing the painter's name into more popular renown:

Apart, and bending o'er the azure tide,
With "Heavenly Contemplation" by his side,
A pensive state stands in studious mood,
With downcast eyes the ebbing flood of
No wild ambition swells his temperate heart,
Himself as pure and patient as his art,
Nor sullen sorrow, nor intemperate joy
The even tenour of his thoughts destroy;
Shunned by the bold, unnoticed by the proud,
He strays at distance from the clamorous crowd;
A blushing, backward candidate for Fame,
At once his country's honour, and his shame,
Roused then at length, with honest pride inspired,
Romney, advance! be known and be admired!

FURTHER SUBJECTS OF CHILDREN.

WE may mention a few more of Romney's productions in which he has displayed his happy powers of depicting youth or childhood with unconscious simplicity and graceful ease, thus adding lasting lustre to his reputation. About 1783 he painted Lady Brownlow and Master Cust; Lady Georgiana Smith and child; the two Miss Kents, daughters of Sir Charles Kent. In 1785 he painted Mrs. Boughton Rouse and child (whole length); Lady Belgonny and Master Belgonny; Mrs. Ford and child; Mrs. and Miss Beresford; Mrs. Thomas Raikes and child. In 1786 he painted the two sons of Mr. Wilbraham Bootle; Mrs. Smith and child (whole length sent to Carolina); Ladies Caroline and Elizabeth Spencer, daughters of the Duke of Marlborough; Mrs. Ainslie and child; Mrs. Arden and child; and the three children of Mr. Gosling in one group. None of the foregoing paintings have been engraved. In 1789 Romney painted the children of Mr. Adye in one composition; the two Miss Beckfords; and a rival production to Reynolds's well known "Puck" a three-quarters picture of Master Hayley in the character of "Robin Goodfellow," flying on a cloud, and crowned with a chaplet of the flowers which Oberon had charged him to find, conceived with much poetic fancy and beautifully painted. In 1791 he painted Mrs. St. George and child; and Mrs. Morton Pitt and child, both whole-lengths; "The Infant Shakespeare attended by the Passions"; and "The Infant Shakespeare nursed by Tragedy and Comedy." "This exquisite picture was sold to Mr. Newbery for one hundred and sixty-five guineas." The two children of Mr. Fitzackley; and Mrs. George Horsley and children, both pictures half-lengths; Mrs. Bosanquet and five children (1795); "A Lady in the Character of Titania, with her Children as Fairies"—the children are shown shooting at bats with bows and arrows. "This was one of his best performances, and was painted for the Earl of Egremont, a nobleman for whom Romney always expressed great esteem."

FANCY SUBJECTS.

THE picture of "Nature unveiling Herself to Shakespeare" was one of the numerous squares to the unenclosed, unglazed wooden arcades of his new residence, there to perish of exposure and decay, in what his son has described as "the wreck of his works at Hampstead." The idea, taken from Gray's "Progress of Poesy," was carried further in "The Infant Shakespeare attended by the Passions."

Lines by Miss Helen M. Williams on Romney's picture of "Nature revealing Herself to Shakespeare."

And Romney's graceful pencil flows,
That Nature's look benign portrays,
The partial nymph "unveiled her awful face,"
And bade his "colours clear" her features trace.

SOME OF ROMNEY'S CHILD-MODELS.

NEVER were so many uncompleted pictures left behind as in the case of Romney.

* The title of Romney's contribution to the picture exhibition in question.



"THE CHILD WITH FLOWERS." MISS LOUISA GEORGINA AUGUSTA ANNE MURRAY (AFTERWARDS MRS. BOYCE), ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE AND LADY LOUISA MURRAY. SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A. Lent by F. R. Elkington, Esq.

His biographer, in a minor degree, accounts for some of the difficulties which interposed, and prevented the artist ever finishing many of his most promising conceptions.

"When he painted 'Tragedy and Comedy nursing Shakespeare,' 'The Infant Shakespeare attended by the Passions,' and 'Alopec'—in all of which a nude infant was introduced—he had for a model a fine child belonging to a soldier of the guards. It happened, unfortunately, that it died while several other similar pictures were in progress, which on that account were never finished," such as the design "A Group of Children in a Boat drifted out to Sea," the nurse on the beach in distress; the infantine playfulness of the children, unconscious of their danger, the sweet colouring, the azure tints of sky and sea, contrasted with the tender carnations of the children, rendered this a most promising work. In its unfinished state, as described, it was secured by John Hoppner, R.A., at the sale of Romney's works.

"He had a servant boy with a fine countenance, whom he had begun to employ as a model for a picture, representing 'A Shepherd Boy Asleep, watched by his Dog at the approach of a Thunder Storm.' This was one of those natural subjects in which Gainsborough so much excelled; unluckily the lad, having been guilty of some misconduct, was hastily dismissed, and the picture was never afterwards touched."

HENRIETTA, COUNTESS WARWICK AND HER TWO CHILDREN. BY GEORGE ROMNEY.
(LENT BY THE EARL OF WARWICK.)

Two of Romney's *chefs-d'œuvre*—if one were asked to name off-hand two of the painter's best examples—were certainly the two pictures painted for the Earl of Warwick, a sympathetic patron, whose friendly regard the painter vastly appreciated. The beautiful painting of "Lady Warwick and Her Children" is held to be—as concerns the English school—one of the foremost attractions of the present exhibition. The lovely countess had sat to Romney for a separate portrait, the favourite example, known to collectors of fine engravings by the delectable mezzotint, executed by John Raphael Smith, published March 30th, 1780. The merits of both these fine productions are so pronounced as to speak for themselves, without needing the praises of bards or flatterers. It is, however, interesting to realise that the higher qualities of Romney's art were duly recognised at the time these superlative productions were originally given to the world of art.

Verses written in reference to Romney's portrait of Lady Warwick, by the Rev. William Hayley.

VENUS'S ADDRESS TO LADY WARWICK.

Sweet model of my chaster power!
Simplicity and grace thy dower!
Behold! thy finished portrait stand
The masterpiece of Romney's hand!
Whom I with pleasure ta'ght to trace,
The sweetness of that lovely face;
Whose smile is so beyond divine,
'Tis flattering me to call it mine.

'Twas I—and Romney owns as such—
Who guided every finer touch,
Directing still with secret hints,
The form, the character, the tints;
'Twas I, among his pencils placed,
One with superior virtue graced,
Made of soft down from Cupid's feather,
Which all the Graces tied together.

'Twas I, upon his canvas spread,
The bloom of my celestial red,
And fearing time the tint might tarnish,
Glad'd it with that immortal varnish,
Which I so sacred still have kept,
That tho' the Graces prayed and wept,
Thy could not tempt me to reveal it,
Nor for their favourite Reynolds steal it!



QUEEN CAROLINE AND THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

RICHARD COSWAY, R.A.
Lent by H.M. the Queen.

EDWARD SMITH, LORD STANLEY, 13TH EARL OF DERBY, AND LADY CHARLOTTE, CHILDREN OF THE 12TH EARL OF DERBY. BY GEORGE ROMNEY.
(LENT BY THE EARL OF DERBY.)

THESE interesting children were the offspring of Edward, twelfth Earl of Derby, born September 12th, 1752, who succeeded to the title February 24th, 1776. He had married, June 23rd, 1774, Lady Elizabeth Hamilton, only daughter of James, sixth Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, one of the most brilliant and beautiful leaders of fashion of her day. Lord Derby, in spite of his figure and "an old-fashioned headpiece," was a man of parts; we may trust Walpole's favourable opinions of his oratory as a senator, and the excellence of his delivery of speeches, prologues, and epilogues, for he had a turn for acting and the stage. Quite early in his career, at the age of twenty-five, when he had just come into his earldom and estates, we hear of Lord Derby at the head of the fashion. Deplored the folly of late hours—it being then the mode to begin the evening's entertainments a midnight—Walpole has set down, in one of his gossiping letters to Sir Horace Mann—"Lord Derby's cook lately gave him warning. The man owned he liked his place, but said he should be killed by dressing suppers at three in the morning. The earl asked him coolly at how much he valued his life? That is, he would have paid him for killing him."

There is evidence that the lovely Lady Elizabeth Hamilton led her husband but an uneasy life; the vanity of fresh conquests may have been a failing on the part of the only daughter of the ducal Hamilton. In 1779—only five years after her marriage—among the choice items of scandal served up to his correspondent by Horace Walpole, is the suggestion that the Derbies were likely to appear in the Divorce Court—a conjecture wide of the facts. "There is a report that the poor simple Lord Maynard" (this was the weak-minded nobleman who had married the notorious Nancy Parsons, the *traviata* who had lived under the protection of the Dukes of Dorset, Grafton, &c.) "has shot himself at Naples. The Duke of Dorset is almost in as bad a state as if he had married Lady Maynard (late 'Mary Parsons')." He is waiting for a duchess till Lady Derby is divorced. He would not marry her before Lord Derby did, and now is forced to take her, when he himself has made her a very bad match. A quarter of our peeresses will have been wives of half our living peers."

Evidently there were flirtations to the disadvantage of Lord Derby, the Duke of Dorset standing in a too tender relationship. Two years later, from Horace's pen, we are favoured with a hint that the fickle Countess Elizabeth was abroad, and exercising her fascinations upon a very high personage indeed. "I have heard of Lady Derby's imperial conquests; nor should I wonder if her mother (the lovely Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon) was immediately to transport her own rags of beauty to Vienna, since there is a monarch that can take up with remnants of charms, that indeed never were very charming."

The Countess of Derby died March 14th, 1797, and within three months her lord left Miss Faren to the altar.

Elizabeth Hamilton, Countess of Derby, as one of the leaders of the *ton*, had, in the zenith of her beauty and powers of captivation, sat to Sir Joshua in 1777; the painting—one of Reynolds's masterpieces—is only known through the fine mezzotint engraving by Dickinson; the original has disappeared. "It is curious," writes Leslie, "that this picture should not be in possession of the Derby family; nor can I up to this time (1863)



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS VICTORIA (HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, AT HER LESSONS.
Artist unknown.

Lent by Miss Antonia Williams.

"Greuze ideal"—is represented by four subjects; "A Child," one of the most captivating of the numerous versions of this ethereal child-sitter, engraved among our illustrations, is lent to the exhibition by Mr. Henry Yates Thompson; "The Fair Child," another version of the painter's ideal infant, is lent by Mr. Alfred de Rothschild; "La Petite Nanette" is lent by Lady Selina Hervey; the fourth subject, entitled "Greuze," is described as "Le Dauphin au Temple," and is the contribution of Colonel Houston Boswell Preston.

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL.

AFTER taking a general review of exotic art, we return to the native school at its strongest, both as regards its inception, in the palmy days of the eighteenth century, and under the present development of English art—vigorously flourishing according to its deserts—in the familiar branch of portraiture, wherein the close of the nineteenth century must be considered likely to be regarded in the future as an epoch of super-excellence; judging by the modern and up-to-date examples which are to be studied advantageously within the galleries, as concerns the works of living exponents, whose dexterous handiwork is shown at the "Fair Children" exhibition.

Of the great names which gave the early distinction to the British school, we have spoken with fuller details as regards the relationships held with children-sitters by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Thomas Gainsborough, George Romney, and Sir Thomas Lawrence. It would be of interest, if the opportunity served, to consider the practice of Richard Cosway, John Hoppner, Sir William Beechey, Sir Henry Raeburn, and other illustrious worthies in the same branch. We must be contented, for the time being, to re-



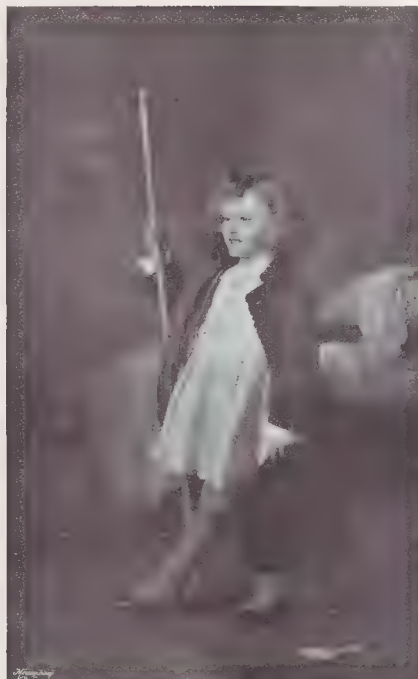
"BEPPINO."
CAROLUS-DURAN.
Lent by J. S. Forbes, Esq.

capitulate the respective exhibits by these master-hands as represented at the present typical gathering.

JOHN HOPPNER, R.A., another sympathetic painter of children, whose art is highly appreciated at the present time, is represented, as described, by the important group, the children of the fourth Duke of Dorset, an interesting family picture painted at Knole, lent by Lord Sackville; of this we give an engraving, with the admirable example, young "Leicester Stanhope, afterwards Earl of Harrington," lent by Mr. H. L. Bischoffsheim. The portrait of "Miss Harriet Cholmondeley," another delightful example, is lent by Mr. K. H. Hobart; the fourth picture by Hoppner is the youthful portrait of "Edward, fifth Earl of Darley," lent by the Earl of Darley. There are two examples of Sir Henry Raeburn, the important family-piece, engraved in our selection, of George Drummond, on his pony, with his sister Margaret and his foster brother, lent by Mr. George Drummond; and "Leslie Boy," lent by Sir Charles Tennant, Bart. F. Cotes, R.A., is represented by the brilliant specimen of his art, "Miss Harriet Mary Amyand, first Countess of Malmesbury," lent by the Countess of Minto. Of Cosway's art there are four examples, "Lady Harriet Cavendish," and "Lady Georgiana Cavendish," both works lent by the Hon. F. Leveson Gower; a drawing of a "Lady and Child," lent by Mr. Charles Davis; and the interesting example, already described as reproduced among our illustrations, "Queen Caroline and Princess Charlotte of Wales," lent by her Majesty the Queen. There are two examples by John Russell, R.A., whose "pastel" portraits of children take the foremost rank in this branch; little "Miss Ackland," and the juvenile portrait of John Musters, the successful wooer of Miss Chaworth



"DIANA" (Daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Granby, aged twenty-one months).
J. J. SHANNON.
Lent by the Marquess of Granby, M.P.



MASTER HOARE.
ARTHUR HACKER, A.R.A.
Lent by Mrs. Hoare.



THE CAPTAIN OF THE ELLVEN.

F. H. CALDERON, R.A.

Lent by the Fine Art Society.

The Copyright in the engraving the property of the Fine Art Society.



"THE LADY PEGGY," DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G.

SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS, R.A.

Lent by the Earl of Rosebery.

The copyright in the engraving the property of Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Son.

Byron's rival, who inflicted on the poet a heavy disappointment in wedding his "Mary,"—this work is lent by Mrs. Chaworth Musters. John Opie, R.A., is represented by "The Schoolmistress," lent by Lord Wantage, V.C.; "Little Red Riding-Hood," lent by Mrs. William Walker; "The First Step," lent by Mrs. Howard Smith; and "The Age of Innocence," lent by Mr. E. H. Greg. The Duke of Beaufort has lent a family piece by Zoffany, "Queen Charlotte with the two princes, her eldest boys"; the same noble owner has contributed an equestrian group by John Woolton, representing the fifth Duke of Beaufort as a boy on his pony. There are several excellent specimens of John Downman, including the portrait of "Miss Crewe," lent by Lord Houghton. One example by George Stubbs, A.R.A., Northcote Singleton, and Tomkins are similarly represented; there are two pictures by Francis Wheatley, R.A., including the "Flower Gatherers," lent by Mr. F. Davis.

FIRST HALF OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE pleasing art of Adam Buck, who is best known by those juvenile subjects which this artist made his speciality, is represented by "Ride a cock-horse," lent by Colonel Harold Malet. William Dyce, R.A., is represented by the portrait of his little son, aged six, tricked out in truerulent military disguise, challenging "Who goes there?" Thomas Webster, R.A., is represented by "The Playground," lent by Lord Wantage, V.C.; who also sends his own portrait, as an infant, with his mother, by Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A. Of the painters who belong to the first portion of the present century, there are single examples by the following masters, A. E. Chalon, R.A., G. Drummond, A.R.A. ("Cupid," lent by Mr. Henry Graves), Gilbert S. Newton, R.A., W. Eby, R.A. ("Head of a girl, said to be Ety's niece," lent by Sir James Linton, P.R.I.), W. Mulready, R.A., and Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A. The popular reputation of Sir Edwin Landseer is represented by two examples, "Beauty's Bath," painted in



SHAHZADAH VICTOR ALBERT, ELDEST SON OF THE MAHARAJAH DHULEEP SINGH, WHEN A CHILD.

GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A.

Lent by H.H. Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh.

1839, lent by Mr. H. L. Bischoffsheim, and a characteristic equestrian group, "Her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice on 'Donald' with 'Dacko,'" lent by Her Majesty the Queen. The copyrights of both these interesting works are the property of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co.; by the courtesy of Mr. Algernon Graves we are allowed to reproduce engravings of each among the illustrations of the present "Pictorial Souvenir" of the "Fair Children" exhibition.

EXAMPLES OF CHILD PICTURES BY LIVING ARTISTS.

COMING down the stream of time, after considering the works which represent respective groups of those eminent painters whose reputations belong to retrospective art, we are confronted by one of the most interesting, and, of necessity, most attractive, features of the Grafton Galleries, the productions of living painters, "actualities of the hour," artists on whose talents the present flourishing condition of our national art securely reposes. Sir Frederick Leighton's renown as President of the Royal Academy, as concerns the Grafton Show, rests upon his picture "Boy with Pomegranate," lent by Mrs. Hamilton of Skene; and his sweetly sympathetic portrait of Miss Dene, the property of Mr. Henry Joachim. It is to be regretted that copyright restrictions prevent our giving the reproduction of the painting.

The strength of the present exhibition is mainly founded on the representative gathering of Sir Joshua Reynolds's works as regards the eighteenth century school; precisely the same position may be claimed for the popular productions of Sir John E. Millais, R.A., amongst painters of the current epoch; the modern aspect of art is as appropriately sustained by this great reputation of the latter half of the nineteenth century. Of the six fine examples which maintain the artistic supremacy of Sir John Millais we are enabled, by the obliging permission of the owners of the works in question, together with the liberality of the proprietors of the respective "copyrights,"

in the well-known and equally popular engravings, to reproduce three foremost examples among the illustrations of our souvenir. "The Lady Peggy, daughter of the Earl of Rosebery," lent by the Earl of Rosebery, K.G.; "Orphans," lent by Mr. J. S. Forbes; and the *spirituelle* and popularly recognised example christened "Bubbles," contributed by Messrs. A. and F. Pears. Beyond these three delightful masterpieces by Sir John Millais, there are also by the same master hand, the portrait of the present Marquess of Granby as a boy at the age of eleven; little "Miss Lawson, daughter of Mr. H. W. Lawson, M.P.," lent by Mr. H. W. Lawson, M.P.; and "An Idyll," a souvenir of 1745, lent by Sir Frederick Wigan. The modern French school is admirably represented by the wondrous *chef-d'œuvre* "Beppino," the property of Mr. J. S. Forbes, who has graciously accorded the privilege of reproducing this striking example, a picture which demonstrates the technical mastery and feeling for brilliant colouring distinctive of Carolus-Duran among contemporary artists, whose reputations are universally acknowledged in the present day. The example of Edwin Long, R.A., portrait of Miss Maud Crawley Vokins (Mrs. Arthur W. Blyth), is lent to the exhibition by Mr. William Vokins, to whose obliging permission we are indebted for the advantage of producing an engraving of this excellent example of a famous modern painter. By the gracious consent of the Marquess of Granby we are enabled to reproduce the admirable example of the resources of portrait-painting. "Diana," daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Granby, by J. J. Shannon. The interesting example of juvenile portraiture "Shahzadah Victor Albert," eldest son of the famous Maharajah Duleep Singh, by George Richmond, R.A., is reproduced by the gracious permission of His Highness Prince Victor Duleep Singh. "Master Hoare," by Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., is lent by Mrs. Hoare, by whose permission the portrait has been reproduced. For a similar favour we are indebted to the Fine Art Society, contributors of "The Captain of the Eleven," an excellent example of youthful portraiture by P. H. Calderon, R.A., the copyright in the engraving is vested in the exhibitors. The attractive example of up-to-date "pastel-art" entitled "Innocence," is lent to the Grafton by Mr. J. Ernest Breun, and it is to the artist we owe the privilege of reproducing this excellent instance of the resources of modern pastel art as an adequate and captivating medium for portraiture.

A group of three royal children, by Carle Bauerle, is lent by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, with a separate portrait of her Royal Highness Princess Louise of Wales. "Trust," a favourable subject picture by the late C. Burton Barber, is lent by Mr. W. Y. Baker. Two excellent examples of the mastery art of E. J. Gregory, A.R.A., "A Morning Gallop," and "Mabel Galloway," are lent by Mr. C. J. Galloway. Miss Kate Greenaway has exhibited a frame of her delightful children studies. "The King's Orchard," by Arthur Hughes, is lent by the Rt. Hon. Leonard Courtney, M.P. Lord Wantage

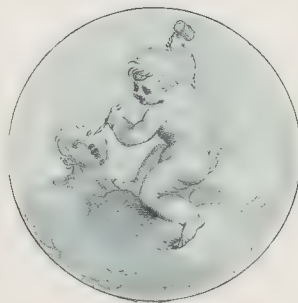
contributes "Caritas," a characteristic example by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. The art of G. F. Watts, R.A., is more liberally represented; "Promises"; Miss Mary Fox, afterwards Princess Leichtenstein, the portrait of the little lady who wrote the history of Holland House, the home of her childhood, is lent by the Earl of Ichester, the present owner of this historical mansion; "The Daughters of Mr. Alfred Montgomery"; "Blanche"; "Gerald"; and "Five Years Old," the last two works lent by Mrs. Leslie Stephen. The admired work by James Whistler, "Portrait of Miss Alexander," is lent by Mr. C. W. Alexander. Major Hon. E. Bourke sends the portrait of his pretty little daughter "Madeline," painted by A. Stuart Wortley. The winsome art of Frederick Sandys may be studied to advantage in his wondrous pictures "Vespers," and "Green-sleeves," the last exquisite example is lent by Mr. F. G. Prange, the esteemed "art manager" of the Grafton Galleries. By G. D. Leslie, R.A., are the two pictures "First Day of the Holidays," lent by the Fine Art Society, and a portrait of "Miss Boyle."

THE portraits of "Miss Phillis and Master Hugo de Bathe," by De Salomé, are lent by Sir Henry de Bathe, Bart. James Sant, R.A., exhibits "The Broken Daisy Chain" and "Little Stella"; "Master Cunliffe," by the same artist, is lent by Sir Robert Cunliffe, Bart. The portrait of "Miss Kate Serjeantson at Thirteen," by Phil. Morris, A.R.A., is lent by the artist. A fine instance of masterly technique is "The Beggar Boy," by L. Knaus, another treasure from the choice collection of Mr. J. S. Forbes, so liberally placed at the disposition of the directors of the Grafton Galleries.

The "Fair Children" Exhibition, as is appropriate, is rich in high-class productions by gifted lady artists like Mrs. Seymour Lucas. The refined and dainty art of the Marchioness of Granby is seen in the examples "Miss Pauline Astor," lent by Mr. W. W. Astor; "Lady Mary and Lady Alice Montague, twin daughters of the Duchess of Manchester," lent by the Duchess of Manchester; and "Madeline, daughter of Major Hon. E. Bourke," lent by the Hon. Mrs. Bourke. By Louisa Marchioness of Waterford, the example, "Children Dancing," is lent by Miss Duckworth, and "Christmas Carols," lent by Mr. James Knowles. Mrs. E. M. Ward has lent the interesting study, "Sketch of my Baby a Fortnight Old," by Miss Dorothy Tennant (Mrs. H. M. Stanley), is lent by Mrs. Stewart Hodgson. "Betty Macmillan," by Kate Perugini, is lent by Mrs. F. Macmillan. Mrs. Jopling Rowe has sent her picture, "Forget-me-not." Mrs. L. Alma Tadema is well represented by examples of her sympathetic art, "Put in the Corner," lent by Mr. Arthur Lucas; "Self-Help," lent by the Fine Art Society; and the admirable work, "Hush-a-Bye," also the property of the Fine Art Society. The works enumerated by no means exhaust the list of modern examples which add to the attractiveness of the "Fair Children" Exhibition.



"INNOCENCE."
J. ERNEST BREUN.
Lent by the Artist.



HOW TO IMPROVE THE COMPLEXION.

A CHAT ABOUT THE SKIN WITH LADIES.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

Put this in your Scrapbook.

It cost £20,000 to produce the first editions, inclusive of £2,200 for the original painting.



"Bubble" by Sir John E. Mills, Bart. R.A.

A perfect facsimile in miniature.
The original is in the possession of Messrs. Pears.

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nothing else but this cause, which is not always thought of even by doctors. I write from painful experience, having once incautiously allowed my little girl of three years old to be washed with a medicated soap. Her hands and face were covered with tiny pimples, and my medical man seemed quite at a loss to know what to do with them. Happily it occurred to me that the soap might be in fault; and I substituted Pears' Soap, with the result that the spots went away in a few days. Many children, and ladies also, suffer from roughness of the skin, very irritating and annoying, and destructive to beauty, which is ascribed to the cold wind in winter and the sun in summer, while all the time it is the soap that is in fault. The most famous beauties of to-day are largely admired for their freedom from such blemishes, and several of them have borne testimony to the fact that they owe their charm in this respect to the use of Pears' Soap.

For instance, Madame Adelina Patti writes: "I have found Pears' Soap matchless for the hands and complexion." Mrs. Langtry declares that she "uses Pears' Soap, and prefers it to any other." Miss Mary Anderson states: "I have used Pears' Soap for two years with the greatest satisfaction, for I found it the very best." Not to multiply examples of such testimony I will conclude by citing the late Dr. Anna Kingsford, who was as beautiful as she was learned and who said: "I prefer Pears' Soap myself for the complexion to any preparation. It is delectable."

Medical testimony is equally emphatic. The late Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, wrote: "It is a balm to the skin." No fewer than Twenty Highest Awards have been awarded to this soap at as many great International Exhibitions, by juries of experts.

The keeping of the skin in a proper state is not, however, a matter of the complexion alone. The general health depends more upon the skin of the entire body being kept in a healthy state than most persons may be aware. This will be better understood by the aid of a few words of fact about the skin.

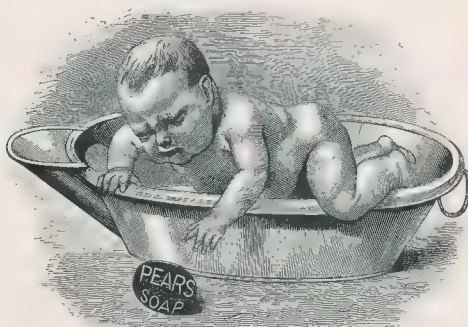
artist's copy. Rely upon it, very ordinary features will serve, if the skin be all that it should be; while spots, blebs, pimples, and such like dreadful blemishes, must utterly destroy the charm of the most perfectly modelled face.

Why do we see so many yellow complexions, so many spotted and spoiled faces? It is only too often the direct result of the impurity, artfully concealed by scents and injurious colouring matters, of most of the toilet soaps in use. Professor Attfield, the well-known practical chemist, analysed a dozen soaps, all bearing attractive titles, looking and smelling quite nice, and being sold as first-class goods by chemists. Of all the number, Dr. Attfield found only one that came up to the standard of "a good soap." This was the famous

"PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP."

That soap alone could be classified by the eminent chemist as "very good." I should mention that this chemical analysis was not made by order of the proprietors of the soap for advertising purposes, but made entirely independent of them in order to find out the true qualities of the various soaps.

Many of the soaps sold in pretty boxes, or smart wrappers, made pleasant to the eye by colouring, and to the nose by scent, really contain the vilest rubbish in their composition, such as we should shudder to place on our persons if we saw it undisguised. A common source of mischief is the use of medicated soaps, containing some powerful ingredient—tar, carbolic acid turpentine, &c.—which are far too strong for the delicate skin of women and children. Babies in particular often suffer from these causes; and many teasing complaints of the skin arise from



He won't be happy till he gets it!

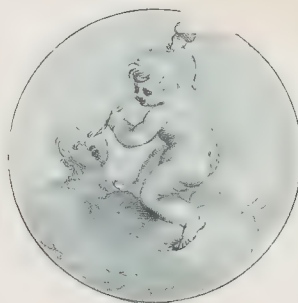
in the well-known and equally popular engravings, to reproduce three foremost examples among the illustrations of our souvenir. "The Lady Peggy, daughter of the Earl of Rosebery," lent by the Earl of Rosebery, K.G.; "Orphans," lent by Mr. J. S. Forbes; and the *spirituelle* and popularly recognised example christened "Bubbles," contributed by Messrs. A. and F. Pears. Beyond these three delightful masterpieces by Sir John Millais, there are also by the same master hand, the portrait of the present Marquess of Granby as a boy at the age of eleven; little "Miss Lawson, daughter of Mr. H. W. Lawson, M.P.," lent by Mr. H. W. Lawson, M.P.; and "An Idyll," a souvenir of 1745, lent by Sir Frederick Wigan. The modern French school is admirably represented by the wondrous *chef-d'œuvre* "Beppino," the property of Mr. J. S. Forbes, who has graciously accorded the privilege of reproducing this striking example, a picture which demonstrates the technical mastery and feeling for brilliant colouring distinctive of Carolus-Duran among contemporary artists, whose reputations are universally acknowledged in the present day. The example of Edwin Long, R.A., portrait of Miss Maud Crawley Vokins (Mrs. Arthur W. Blyth), is lent to the exhibition by Mr. William Vokins, to whose obliging permission we are indebted for the advantage of producing an engraving of this excellent example of a famous modern painter. By the gracious consent of the Marquess of Granby we are enabled to reproduce the admirable example of the resources of portrait-painting. "Diana," daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Granby, by J. J. Shannon. The interesting example of juvenile portraiture "Shahzadah Victor Albert," eldest son of the famous Maharajah Duleep Singh, by George Richmond, R.A., is reproduced by the gracious permission of His Highness Prince Victor Duleep Singh. "Master Hoare," by Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., is lent by Mrs. Hoare, by whose permission the portrait has been reproduced. For a similar favour we are indebted to the Fine Art Society, contributors of "The Captain of the Eleven," an excellent example of youthful portraiture by P. H. Calderon, R.A., the copyright in the engraving is vested in the exhibitors. The attractive example of up-to-date "pastel-art" entitled "Innocence," is lent to the Grafton by Mr. J. Ernest Breun, and it is to the artist we owe the privilege of reproducing this excellent instance of the resources of modern pastel art as an adequate and captivating medium for portraiture.

A group of three royal children, by Carle Bauerle, is lent by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, with a separate portrait of her Royal Highness Princess Louise of Wales. "Trust," a favourable subject picture by the late C. Burton Barber, is lent by Mr. W. Y. Baker. Two excellent examples of the masterly art of E. J. Gregory, A.R.A., "A Morning Gallop," and "Mabel Galloway," are lent by Mr. C. J. Galloway. Miss Kate Greenaway has exhibited a frame of her delightful children studies. "The King's Orchard," by Arthur Hughes, is lent by the Rt. Hon. Leonard Courtney, M.P. Lord Wantage

contributes "Caritas," a characteristic example by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. The art of G. F. Watts, R.A., is more liberally represented; "Promises"; Miss Mary Fox, afterwards Princess Leichtenstein, the portrait of the little lady who wrote the history of Holland House, the home of her childhood, is lent by the Earl of Ilchester, the present owner of this historical mansion; "The Daughters of Mr. Alfred Montgomery"; "Blanche"; "Gerald"; and "Five Years Old," the last two works lent by Mrs. Leslie Stephen. The admired work by James Whistler, "Portrait of Miss Alexander," is lent by Mr. C. W. Alexander. Major Hon. E. Bourke sends the portrait of his pretty little daughter "Madeline," painted by A. Stuart Wortley. The winsome art of Frederick Sandys may be studied to advantage in his wondrous pictures "Vespers," and "Green-sleeves," the last exquisite example is lent by Mr. F. G. Prange, the



"INNOCENCE"
J. ERNEST BREUN
Lent by the



HOW TO IMPROVE THE COMPLEXION.

A CHAT ABOUT THE SKIN WITH LADIES.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

SUPPOSE the Goddess of Beauty should suddenly appear to you, and tell you that you might choose as a gift from her one of two boons: either features cast in the most perfect mould of form to be combined with a complexion that was worse than doubtful, or a skin of perfect purity and delicacy with features susceptible of improvement? Well, I know which I would choose, if that were proposed to me. It has been the complexion that was the source of the charm of all the famous beauties that have been immortalised in story. Why are their portraits invariably so disappointing? Simply because the painter's art could give only the shape of the features, and because this was not the real living charm. The true beauty—the clear skin, full of vitality, the eloquent blood mantling beneath the spotless, smooth, and delicately-tinted cheek—evaded the brush; and therewith the beauty, which lay mainly in that, escaped the



nothing else but this cause, which is not always thought of even by doctors. I write from painful experience, having once incautiously allowed my little girl of three years old to be washed with a medicated soap. Her hands and face were covered with tiny pimples, and my medical man seemed quite at a loss to know what to do with them. Happily it occurred to me that the soap might be in fault; and I substituted Pears' Soap, with the result that the spots went away in a few days. Many children, and ladies also, suffer from roughness of the skin, very irritating and annoying, and destructive to beauty, which is ascribed to the cold wind in winter and the sun in summer, while all the time it is the soap that is in fault. The most famous beauties of to-day are largely admired for their freedom from such blemishes, and several of them have borne testimony to the fact that they owe their charm in this respect to the use of Pears' Soap.

For instance, Madame Adelina Patti writes: "I have found Pears' Soap matchless for the hands and complexion." Mrs. Langtry declares that she "uses Pears' Soap, and prefers it to any other." Miss Mary Anderson states: "I have used Pears' Soap for two years with the greatest satisfaction, for I found it the very best." Not to multiply examples of such testimony I will conclude by citing the late Dr. Anna Kingsford, who was as beautiful as she was learned and who said: "I prefer Pears' Soap myself for the complexion to any preparation. It is delectable."

Medical testimony is equally emphatic. The late Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, wrote: "It is a balm to the skin." No fewer than Twenty Highest Awards have been awarded to this soap at as many great International Exhibitions, by juries of experts.

The keeping of the skin in a proper state is not, however, a matter of the complexion alone. The general health depends more upon the skin of the entire body being kept in a healthy state than most persons may be aware. This will be better understood by the aid of a few words of fact about the skin.



He won't be happy till he gets it!

artist's copy. Rely upon it, very ordinary features will serve, if the skin be all that it should be; while spots, blebs, pimples, and such like dreadful blemishes, must utterly destroy the charm of the most perfectly modelled face.

Why do we see so many yellow complexions, so many spotted and spoiled faces? It is only too often the direct result of the impurity, artfully concealed by scents and injurious colouring matters, of most of the toilet soaps in use. Professor Attfield, the well-known practical chemist, analysed a dozen soaps, all bearing attractive titles, looking and smelling quite nice, and being sold as first-class goods by chemists. Of all the number, Dr. Attfield found only one that came up to the standard of "a good soap." This was the famous

"PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP."

That soap alone could be classified by the eminent chemist as "very good." I should mention that this chemical analysis was not made by order of the proprietors of the soap for advertising purposes, but made entirely independent of them in order to find out the true qualities of the various soaps.

Many of the soaps sold in pretty boxes, or smart wrappers, made pleasant to the eye by colouring, and to the nose by scent, really contain the vilest rubbish in their composition, such as we should shudder to place on our persons if we saw it undisguised. A common source of mischief is the use of medicated soaps, containing some powerful ingredient—tar, carbolic acid turpentine, &c.—which are far too strong for the delicate skin of women and children. Babies in particular often suffer from these causes; and many teasing complaints of the skin arise from

We all know how thin the covering of our bodies is; but we must not thence jump to the conclusion that there is not much to be learned about it. It can, indeed, under the microscope be divided into two quite separate layers. If we pinch up a fold of the skin, we get both these; but when we have a blister raised, whether by over exertion of the hands or feet, or by a medicated plaster, the top is raised from the under layer. We then discover that the outer skin is hard, and does not feel pain when it is cut, any more than the hair and nails do; while the lower layer is moist, and extremely sensitive. The hard outer skin, that which we see when we look at ourselves, is called the scarf-skin or *epidermis*; the sensitive layer beneath is named the true skin, or *dermis*.

The outer layer, or scarf-skin, consists of flattened scales, of course each very tiny, but distinctly to be seen under the microscope. Lower down these are seen to be soft, plump little cells, which are always growing up to the surface as newer ones form beneath. The outer flattened and dried scales of epidermis are continually wearing away; it is necessary for health that they should do so, for growth is the law of the living body. The new ones grow beneath and push the older ones up to the surface, where they lose their feeling and get flat and hard, and then fall off incessantly in dust too small to be seen, and are washed off abundantly when soap and water are applied to the skin. This is how the skin is kept fresh and nice.

But the skin is more than a covering for the muscles and organs of the body. It is the principal means provided by nature for the removal from the system of the waste matters left by the performance of the functions of life. Just as a fire leaves ashes, which must be removed or the grate will be blocked up by the waste and the fire will not kindle, so every breath we draw, every movement we make, every thought or feeling, leaves behind in the blood the waste which must be thrown out.

The perspiration is the great way in which we get rid of the ashes of our fire of life. When we do not notice that we are perspiring at all, we are still throwing off from the skin, in the form of invisible vapour, more than an ounce of fluid every hour, more than a pint in the course of a day.



This amount passes off if the body is kept properly clean. The sweat glands which have the work to do of separating the waste matters from the blood are situated in the skin, and send up little pipes that open on the surface of the epidermis or scarf-skin. In the whole body there are more than three million sweat glands, each having its own opening or "pore" on the skin. This means, in other words, that there are no less than

TWENTY-EIGHT MILES

of tubing in the body, engaged in the work of separating from the blood, and throwing out on the surface, waste matters for which the system has no further use.

Nay, it must be put more strongly to be correct. These waste matters are worse than useless; they are nothing less than poisonous if left in the blood, and will inevitably cause disease, and may cause death.

There have been some striking illustrations of the truth of this statement. One of the saddest was the following:—When Pope Leo the Tenth ascended the Papal throne, a child was prepared to represent in his procession the Golden Age, which was supposed to be dawning, by being varnished all over and covered with gold leaf; and this poor child died of the stoppage of the pores of the skin, in less than six hours. Now, whenever the complete stoppage of any function causes death, its partial obstruction must do mischief in proportion. Those twenty-eight miles are not in the body for nothing, you may rely upon that.

Soap must be used to cleanse the whole body, therefore, to remove the dried epidermis and the dirt, in order that the open mouths of the sweat glands may act freely. Bad soap, so far from accomplishing this end, itself forms a deposit of an unhealthy character on the skin, preventing instead of aiding its work. Dr. Reveil, addressing the Paris Academy of Medicine, observed



truly: "Some cheap soaps contain 30 per cent. of insoluble matter, such as lime or plaster, and others animal matter, which emits a bad smell when its solution is left exposed to the air, and, becoming rancid, causes chronic inflammation of the skin."

It is certainly not *cheap* to expose one's self or one's children to such evils, both of skin disease and of general illness, in consequence of the obstruction to the skin's action. The pure sensation and velvety feel of the skin produced by using Pears' Soap is a cheap luxury. The proprietors claim for it—and the claim is allowed to be just by the highest authorities, professional and personal—that Pears' Transparent Soap is one of the *very few* pure soaps offered to the public. It has no irritating excess of soda which is common in white and other badly-made soaps; it contains no deleterious colouring matter, its deep brown hue being natural, and the result of age alone; it is very durable, as it can be used to the last atom, not breaking as soon as it gets thin, nor evaporating or dissolving into water; and finally, it has borne the test of long experience, having been invented by the late Mr. Andrew Pears, in 1807, and having been enormously used by the public ever since.

The latter is no small test of genuine excellence. Advertising may induce people to try a new invention, and bring it into temporary notoriety; but only real superiority can make them continue to use it. That Pears' Soap is, as Dr. Erasmus Wilson said, "a name engraven on the memory of the oldest inhabitant," and is to-day better known and more popular than ever, and so all the world over, too, is sufficient testimony to the fact that

PEARS' SOAP IS THE BEST.



PEARLS



Pictorial

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Thomas Rowlandson and his Works.



His feeling for beauty, as critics have written, was always dominant and demanding satisfaction; his fair women are graceful, winsome, and fascinating above the average; indeed, his keenly appreciative sense of feminine charm, and the graceful ease with which he lent this faculty pictorial expression, may be esteemed the artist's foremost claim to popular recognition. As a military delineator Rowlandson has produced a great deal of interesting work; in the sporting branch, as depicting scenes on the race-course, in the hunting-field, coaching, riding, fencing, archery,

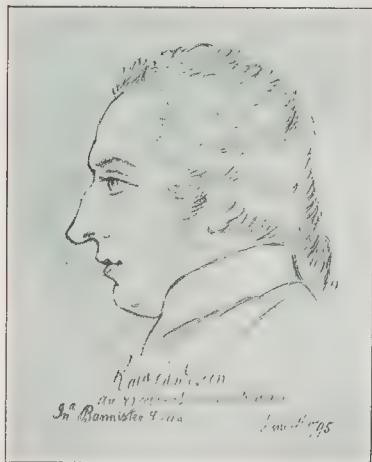
angling, and kindred themes, he has bequeathed his admirers innumerable subjects in his own spirited manner. We have to consider him as a landscape artist, travelling at home and abroad, noting down all that struck his fancy as picturesque and worthy of artistic record. Naval illustrations flowed from his prolific powers with the same spirit and facility which marked his military and volunteering subjects. The theatrical world, and the thousand-and-one whimsical aspects of social life in a fashionable metropolis, enlisted his satirical faculties in the largest degree. In his own generation the caricaturist was fittingly described as 'an inexhaustible fount of amusement, every page of which was replete with fun.



ROWLANDSON, ARTIST & CARICATURIST.

THOMAS ROWLANDSON, whose future productions were destined to bequeath to his successors the most vivid ideas of the picturesque generation over which his lengthy career extended, was born in the Old Jewry in July 1756. He was sent to school at Doctor Barrow's academy in Soho; amongst his schoolmates there

were Richard Burke, son of the great orator and statesman, Edmund Burke, J. G. Holman, afterwards known to fame as dramatic author and actor, young John Bannister, whose name is an ornament to the histrionic profession, and Henry Angelo junior, also a recognised "public character."



PORTRAIT OF THOMAS ROWLANDSON.

Sketched by his fellow-student and lifelong friend, John Bannister, the Comedian.

Rowlandson's gifts for art manifested themselves from the first. "From the early period of his childhood," it is recorded, "Rowlandson gave presage of his future talents." He could make sketches before he learned to write; and in accordance with the usual course of precocious graphic geniuses "he drew humorous characters of his master, and many of the scholars, before he was ten years old. The margins of his schoolbooks were covered with these his handiworks." Young Rowlandson quitted the polite seminary at Soho to follow the arts at the schools of the Royal Academy: here our artist made rapid strides, and gave convincing proofs of his abilities. Angelo and Bannister are found, later, as fellow-pupils. "At the period when Wilson kept the appointment of Librarian to the Royal Academy, the students were accustomed

to assemble in the library; Bannister and Rowlandson were students, and, both being sprightly wights, Wilson kept a watchful eye upon their pranks. The one was apt to engage the attention of his fellow-disciples by caricaturing the surly librarian, never forgetting to exaggerate his mulberry nose; whilst the other, born to figure in the histrionic art, a mimic by nature, used to divert them in his turn, by playing off the irritable 'Old Dick.' Michael Moser was the keeper at this time, when the drawing schools were held in a portion of the old palace, Somerset House. Many are the portraits of old Moser drawn by irrepressible young Rowley, whose freaks such as carrying a pea-shooter into the life-school, to the disturbance of the contours of the living models as set by Moser, and the interruption of the gravity of the academy—well nigh brought on his head well-merited expulsion. It seemed predestined that our artist should be attracted from the paths of serious art, even in these early days. As W. H. Payne has written in his *Somerset House Gazette*: "Master Rowley, so friendly dubbed by many an old *convive*, would have taken higher flights of art had he so willed, for he could draw with elegance and grace; for the design, no mind was ever better stored with thought—no genius more prolific. Nothing, even allowing for caricature could exceed in spirit and intelligence some of the offhand compositions of this worthy."

"Predilections for outline and the pen have ruined many a genius who would have done honour to the arts. Mortimer, Porter, and many other artists have sacrificed their talents and their fame to the indulgence of doing that with the pen (confound goosequill



THE SYRENS.

1784



HARMONY.

The Original Drawing the property of George Peck, Esq.

1784.

crowquill, and the reed) that should have occupied that fitter instrument the pencil, aforetime called the painting brush."

That Rowlandson's surroundings should have conspired to spoil him for the pursuit of recognised legitimate art seems the irony of fortune; it is evident, from the *on dits* of his partial friends, that he was already on the road to becoming a spoiled genius. As if the distracting influences of gaieties in one metropolis were insufficient for the purpose of unsettling the serious work of maturing his powers, the force of circumstances drew him within the influence of still gayer attractions, before his character had time to become sufficiently steady to resist those outside allurements so fatal to the achievement of solid excellence in an exacting calling. He had an uncle, who had been successful in business, established in Paris; this relative, fairly wealthy, invited the youth to France. On the death of this worthy relation, our artist, still "in his teens," was sent off to Paris to reside with his aunt, there to pursue his art-education, in what, at that time, represented the very centre of frivolous gaiety, dissipation, and luxurious refinement. Paris, in the closing years of Louis XV.'s reign, was a veritable Capua for a youth who enjoyed a light and picturesque disposition, such as formed the dowry of our artist. It was not until, by the same connection, an unexpected accession of means turned young Rowley's proclivities for pleasure to the pursuit, of frivolities that he relaxed his ambition to excel in his professional career.

As a student he evidently accomplished a great deal of real work; in Paris he was inscribed at one of the drawing academies, where his natural abilities, and the excellence of the methods practised around him, to which his gifts readily moulded themselves, enabled the probationer to make rapid advances in the study of the human figure, and laid the foundation for his future powers. During his first sojourn in Paris, which lasted about two years, he acquired the language, "like a native," we are told, and became a perfect Parisian buck, with a decided leaning to the fine art portion of the quali-



UNMARRIED. HEIGH O! FOR A HUSBAND. 1786.



MARRIED. 1786.

cation, with a pride in his vocation. He learned to draw with fidelity to nature, with the graceful ease and *abandon* and the sparkling style distinctive of French art at the period immediately antecedent to the reign of Louis XVI., an epoch the ideal of graceful luxuriance and brilliant refinement. Of course Rowlandson's satirical forces were not left dormant, surrounded by the endless masquerade of manners, dress, fashions, and customs which met the artist's eye at every turn. It is related that, during these early Parisian experiences, "he occasionally permitted his satiric talents the indulgence of portraying the characteristics of that fantastic people, whose *outré* habits perhaps scarcely demanded the exaggerations of caricature."

Rowlandson appears to have returned to London for a season, resuming his studies at the Academy, where he was, by admiring friends, set up as a friendly rival to Mortimer, at that time esteemed the pride and paragon of the life schools. Then came more life in Paris, from which centre it seems probable his first accepted contribution to the Academy was despatched, *Delilah payeth Samson a visit while in prison at Gaza*, probably an attempt at the "grandiose historic" manner, exhibited in 1775.

In 1777 we find Rowlandson seriously settled down, with the intention of establishing himself as a portrait painter, for which remunerative branch he possessed admirable qualifications; his studio was in Wardour Street, and for several years this remained his headquarters. There he probably gradually lost confidence, when he made the disenchanting discovery that his *atelier*, unlike Reynolds's painting-room, was not besieged by eager sitters. In 1777 he exhibited a drawing at the Royal Academy; a portrait in 1778; two portraits in 1779; landscape and figures in 1780; two portraits in 1781, one that of a lady in fancy dress. Had ladies, with or without fancy dress, flocked to his studio, the probabilities are we should have heard less of "Rowley the Caricaturist": his vocation would have remained that of portrait-painter. His sense of feminine loveliness, of irresistible graces of face, expression, and attitude, was quite phenomenal; his portraits have been mistaken for works by Morland or Gainsborough; nor must it be forgotten that in the days Rowlandson was exhibiting portraits at the Royal Academy, from 1777 to 1781, his compeers were Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Hoppner, and the like, and that of the two or three hundred works selected for the gallery at the period the canvases of the artists named constituted the larger proportion of the gathering.

The chapter of accidents had much to do with Rowlandson's embarkation on the debatable rôle of whimsical delineator. In 1782 came news of the disastrous foundering of the *Royal George* at Spithead. Thither our artist arranged a tour with his friend Henry Wigstead. This little excursion, neither altogether idle nor profitless, resulted in the production of a series of some seventy water-colour drawings, portraying all the incidents of the road, travelling experiences by land and water, visits of inspection to men-of-war at Spithead, and various episodes which marked the successive stages of their adventures, the whole executed with marvellous facility, ease, and fidelity to local surroundings. This pictorial record, the first of Rowlandson's *Picturesque Tours*, subsequently noteworthy, has

been lost sight of for a century, and it is now proposed to publish the entire series in facsimile of the original drawings.

From the date of the discovery of his vocation for ready delineations, our artist seems to have abandoned portraiture in favour of a more dexterous craft, into the practice of which his humorous faculties could largely enter, and his taste for the grotesque find fuller expression. His contributions to the Academy in 1784 were all in his new character, which at once secured popular appreciation; *Vauxhall Gardens*, *The Serpentine River*, and *An Italian Family*. Thus embarked upon the career of an eccentric humourist, and encouraged by easily secured applause, in 1786, after merrily bowling down a pretty little fortune of some seven thousand pounds, which adventitiously fell into his pockets, Rowlandson continued to contribute his much-esteemed artistic jocularities to the Royal Academy, sending there the popular emanations of his prolific fancy: *A French Family*, *Opera House Gallery*, *Coffee House*, *An English Review*, *A French Review* (the two latter drawings are still in the Royal Collection). The year following fresh humorously graphic groups were sent to the Academy exhibition, where they secured universal favour. *The Morning Dran*, or *Huntman Rising*, *Grig on Board a Ship*, *French Barracks*, *Country Men and Sharpers*. All these above-mentioned works are highly meritorious in their line; the drawing spirited, the colouring harmonious and agreeable in a remarkable degree, while Rowlandson's keen sense of feminine beauty found adequate expression. Thus far we have traced our artist, bent on



CRIBBAGE.

1787.



LE NÉGLIGÉ.

March 6, 1786.



AVARICE.

November 29, 1788.

finally throwing in his lot with that race of beings, the reprobated caricaturists, who, by their friends, have been likened to "a mad bull in a china shop."

Specimens of his productions in many distinctive branches form the basis of the present number; for Rowlandson's versatility is the keynote of this contribution to the subject.

He worked on, with varying fortune, to the end of his days; long outliving the modishly picturesque generation which his works have preserved with such wondrous ease and spirit, and continued to furnish forth designs to the close of his career; in his latter days chiefly producing plates for book illustration. The best of these were executed for his friendly publisher, the enterprising Rudolph Ackermann. Rowlandson died in his apartments in the Adelphi after two years' illness, April 22nd, 1827.

ROWLANDSON AT VAUXHALL GARDENS.

THE best recognised of Rowlandson's social pictures was his ambitious study of *Vauxhall Gardens*, the artist's contribution to the exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1784. This subject is noteworthy in many ways, especially as marking the turning-point in his career; for, after the marked success obtained by this drawing, Rowlandson seems to have finally relinquished his former practice as a serious painter, and to have embarked on the more debatable vocation of a professional caricaturist—in preference to persevering in the sober paths of recognised art, whether portraiture or landscape, for both of which branches he showed strong native gifts.

As contemporary evidence to the estimation of this work we have the testimony of his friend Henry Angelo, who describes Rowlandson as a frequent visitor to that erst



VAUXHALL GARDENS.

1785.

popular resort of all classes "on pleasure bent," where naturally our artist "found plenty of employment for his pencil."

"The *chef-d'œuvre* of his caricatures, which is still in print, is his drawing of *Vauxhall*, in which he has introduced a variety of characters known at the time, particularly that of my old schoolfellow at Eton, Major Topham, the *macaroni* of the day. One curious scene he sketched on the spot purposely for me. It was this: A citizen and his family are seen all seated in a box, eating supper, when one of the ruffians in the gardens throws a bottle in the middle of the table, breaking the dishes and the glasses. The old man swearing, the wife fainting, and the children screaming, afforded full scope for his humorous pencil.

"Such night scenes as were then tolerated are now become obsolete. Rings were made in every part of the gardens to decide quarrels; it no sooner took place in one quarter than by a contrivance of the light-fingered gentry another row was created in another quarter to attract the crowd away."

In the version of *Vauxhall Gardens* here reproduced, the fashionable crowd is shown centred round the orchestra; in front of the Rotunda is introduced Mrs. Weichsel, the vocalist; this lady was the mother of the celebrated Mrs. Billington, unrivalled in her generation. The two female figures, towards whose persons are directed the admiring gazes of the throng, are understood to represent the fascinating Duchess of Devonshire and her sister Lady Duncannon. Angelo mentions having frequently seen many of the nobility, "particularly the Duchess of Devonshire and her friends, with a large party, supping in the rooms facing the orchestra, French horns playing to them all the time." Walpole relates the particulars of a Vauxhall supper, where the Duchess was seen making a *ragout* of chickens in a china dish over a spirit-lamp for a distinguished party of friends.

The figure in military uniform, upright as a post, represents Major Topham, genteel scandalmonger to the *World* newspaper, of which the gallant officer was proprietor, editor, and contributor of fashionable intelligence. The stout old Commodore is intended for Admiral Paisley —

Why, the bullets and the gout
Have so knocked his hull about,
That he'll never like the sea any more!

Bate Dudley, the reverend editor of the *Morning Post*, is leaning against a tree, gazing at the fair; this gentleman was redoubtable and famous for his prowess with his fists, and was known at Vauxhall, where he had several affrays, as the "Fighting Parson." The person of the gallant Scottish chieftain, grasping the claymore he used with skill, is described as that of James Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*, famous in journalistic annals, an expert at the Highland broadsword, and equally devoted to dancing Highland reels. Crowds gathered round him to admire "the variety of steps, and Highland flings," for which, says Angelo, he was particularly noted. Another group represents the fair and fascinating *Perdita*, leaning on the arm of her ill-favoured spouse, while her



THE LIGHT HORSE VOLUNTEERS OF LONDON AND WESTMINSTER, COMMANDED BY COLONEL HERRIEZ, REVIEWED BY HIS MAJESTY GEORGE III. ON WIMBLEDON COMMON, 5TH JULY, 1798.

head is turned to listen to the beguilements of Prince Florizel, who is reported to have

Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sigh'd, and look'd, and sigh'd again.

Doctor Parr and Doctor Johnson are standing beside the ill-fated Lord Camelford the notorious duellist, doomed to perish by the pistol of his friend.

ROWLANDSON AS A MILITARY DRAUGHTSMAN.

ROWLANDSON was an expert at military delineations. Two of his finest masterpieces in this branch, *An English Review* and *A French Review*, were executed for his illustrious patron George Prince of Wales. The originals are in the Royal Collection, and were, by Her Majesty's permission, contributed to the Fine Art Section of the Exhibition of 1862, where they were vastly appreciated as affording the best evidence of the artist's powers in the zenith of his practice. These admirable drawings were also graciously lent to the Exhibition of "The Works of the English Humourists in Art," held at the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, Piccadilly, in 1889. At this representative gathering were collected most of Rowlandson's acknowledged masterpieces; the two ambitious drawings from Windsor Castle were justly esteemed the *chef-d'œuvre* of the collection.

A mere enumeration of all the leading military subjects executed and published by our artist would be a lengthy affair. It is noteworthy that, like his colleague Gillray, he felt a keen interest in military operations and manoeuvres, and at one time had the intention of accompanying the troops, in the capacity of military draughtsman, on their foreign expeditions, when the Guards were sent campaigning abroad. In 1794 the country was filled with martial ardour, and the troops were marching hither and thither, preparing to embark for the Continent to fight the enemies of their country. *A Field Day in Hyde Park* belongs to 1794. The interesting original drawing of this subject, executed in Rowlandson's best manner, was contributed by the Hon. Algernon Bourke to the exhibition of works by our artist held at the galleries of the Fine Art Society. The same year, 1794, the gallant Lord Howe had distinguished himself, and set the nation rejoicing, by his victory over the Revolutionary fleet under Rear-Admiral Villaret-Joyeuse; the action of "The Glorious First of June" resulted in the destruction of the *Brest* fleet; ten of the French ships were dismasted, and seven taken as prizes. It was on this occasion that the incident occurred of the captured *Vengeur* (74 guns), unfortunately foundering with all hands. Admiral Lord Howe had the glory of towing into Portsmouth as prizes six Republican ships of the line, two of eighty and four of seventy-four guns. Rowlandson, who drew the huge line of battleships with great knowledge and spirit, has pictorially celebrated several incidents of this description, for it happened during these years of protracted naval warfare, the return of England's valiant



A FIELD-DAY IN HYDE PARK.
The original drawing the property of the Hon. Algernon Bourke.

1794.



RUNNING.

The original drawing the property of the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery, K.G.

1811

commanders at sea—bringing with them as prizes the ships of her enemies, gallantly captured in action—was of frequent occurrence. Our artist was actively engaged at this memorable time, according to Henry Angelo's *Reminiscences*.

"The general rumour, after Lord Howe's action on June 1, 1794, was that he would return to Portsmouth. I was anxious to see the sight, for it was expected he would bring the French prizes with him.

"The evening after my arrival, according to promise, Rowlandson the artist came to join me.

"The morning following we saw on the Gosport side the landing of the French prisoners, numbers of different divisions filing off to the different stations allotted them. As for the wounded, previous to their quitting the boats, carts were placed alongside, and when filled, on the smack of the whip, were ordered to proceed. The sudden jolting made their groans appalling, and must have occasioned the wounds of many to produce an immediate hæmorrhage. The sight was dreadful to behold; numbers were boys, mutilated, some not more than twelve years old, who had lost both legs. In the evening we went to Forton Prison. Those who were not in the last engagement were in high spirits in their shops, selling all sorts of toys and devices, made from shin-bones, etc. In one of the sick wards we saw one of the prisoners, who, an officer told us, had been a

ruining the country; Rowlandson embodied the universal feeling of the people, worn out and on the verge of bankruptcy, in a subject entitled *General Complaint*.

Don't tell me of Generals rais'd from mere boys,

Though, believe me, I mean not their laurels to taint;

But the General sure that will make the most noise—

If the war still goes on—will be GENERAL COMPLAINT!

With the difficulties of keeping up the efficiency of the forces, and the sudden and spontaneous ardour of the nation, the manhood of the country volunteering for home defence, our artist found plenty of popular subjects ready to his hand. 1798 saw the publication of suites of themes founded on the martial fervour, such as *He won't be a Soldier; She will be a Soldier; Soldiers Recruiting; March to the Camp; Visit to the Camp; England Invaded; Rehearsal of a French Invasion; Soldiers attending Divine Service; Private Drilling*, and the like. Loyal Armed Associations, the most remarkable feature of the times, were enrolled throughout the Kingdom. Rowlandson has left us the picture of George III. engaged in reviewing the Light Horse Volunteers of London and Westminster, on Wimbledon Common, July 5, 1798: a reduced version of this animated scene is here reproduced.

Another interesting incident enlisted our artist's skill at the same date. Ireland was



PREPARING TO START.

The original drawing the property of the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery, K.G.

1811.



RACING INCIDENTS. THE BETTING POST.

1789.

Executed for H.R.H. George Prince of Wales. The original drawing the property of Charles Davis, Esq.

threatened with invasion, and the Guards were sent off in hot haste. A large and spirited drawing illustrative of the expedition shown in conveying the troops to the point of embarkation, all loaded in coaches, and what were then described as "Flying Machines," was contributed to the Rowlandson Exhibition. An engraving of this clever work, which is almost unrivalled for the ease with which the dashing action of the strings of flying coaches is rendered, was published at the date, bearing the following inscription:—

An extraordinary scene on the road from London to Portsmouth, or an instance of unexampled speed used by a body of Guards consisting of 1,000 rank and file, besides officers; who, on June 10, 1798, left London in the morning, and actually began to embark for Ireland at Portsmouth at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, having travelled seventy-four miles in ten hours.

This year, too, Rowlandson commenced the series of drawings, subsequently published, in the way of his profession, by his friend Henry Angelo, Curzon Street, Mayfair, at this time fully occupied, as the fashionable *maître d'armes*, in acting as fencing-master at the headquarters of the various mounted Loyal Associations of London and Westminster. Angelo was at this time preparing his treatise on the broadsword exercise, for which our artist was furnishing the designs, Angelo and his pupils standing as models for the positions assumed in the various exercises.

The results of these studies were given to the public in 1799, though some plates had appeared the year before, in oblong folio form: "*Hungarian and Highland Broadsword Exercise*. Twenty-four plates designed and etched by Thomas Rowlandson, under the direction of Messrs. H. Angelo and Son, Fencing Masters to the Light Horse Volunteers of London and Westminster. Dedicated to Colonel Herries." "*Saddler's Flying Artillery*" refers to a more extended publication, also in large folio, brought out in 1799, the engravings coloured by hand, and the gold and silver ornaments of the uniforms added in the proper

metals. For this work Rowlandson produced a series of eighty-seven careful studies from representatives of the respective corps; every detail of the uniforms, accoutrements, and arms being accurately delineated.

"LOYAL VOLUNTEERS OF LONDON AND ENVIRONS.

"Infantry and cavalry in their respective uniforms. Representing the whole of the Manual, Platoon, and Funeral exercises in eighty-seven plates. Designed and etched by Thomas Rowlandson. Dedicated by permission to His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester. This illuminated School of Mars, or Review of the Light Volunteer Corps of London and its vicinity, is dedicated by permission to His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester by his most obliged and very humble servant, R. Ackermann, August 12, 1799."

ROWLANDSON AS A SPORTING DELINEATOR.

ROWLANDSON evidently found sporting themes sufficiently popular to induce him to produce numerous suites of subjects illustrative of racing incidents and the humours of the racecourse, such as *The Betting-post*, *Weighing*, *The Course*, *Starting*, *Running*, *Bolting out of the Course*, *The Winning-post*, *The Stand*, and all the various scenes which met the artist's eye at Epsom, Newmarket, and elsewhere, as his tastes happened to attract him to racing centres.

An admirably spirited series of six racing pictures representing this phase of Rowlandson's art at his best were obligingly contributed to the exhibition (recently held at the galleries of the Fine Art Society) by the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery, K.G. The same noble owner also lent, among other drawings, an interesting work, *Newmarket Characters*, about 1789, and *The Jockey Club*, 1812.

Two racing subjects taken from Lord Rosebery's series are reproduced in the present selection, as are also three drawings from an



THE RACE.

1789.

Executed for H.R.H. George Prince of Wales. The original drawing the property of Charles Davis, Esq.



RACING INCIDENTS. WEIGHING AND RUBBING DOWN.

1789.

Executed for H.R.H. George Prince of Wales. The original drawing the property of Charles Davis, Esq.

earlier suite of turf incidents executed in Rowlandson's finest manner for George IV. when Prince of Wales. *The Betting-post* forms one of this series, now in the possession of Mr. Charles Davis. Among the "betters" is introduced the figure of the Prince. The person of a gouty veteran, with a pair of crutches under his arm, and his nether limbs swollen to enormous size, shown as seated on a stout cob, represents Colonel Dennis O'Kelly, the most prosperous turfite of his day, and the owner of the most successful racehorse hitherto recorded in the annals of racing—the celebrated Eclipse, which won every race for which he was entered. His owner, O'Kelly, amassed an immense fortune by the turf and by gambling. He purchased the estate of Canons, near Edgware, formerly the property of the Duke of Chandos, and long remembered as the site of the most magnificent mansion and establishment of modern times. Colonel O'Kelly's training-stables and paddocks at another estate near Epsom were reputed to be the best appointed in England.

Another series of famous designs, which won great favour, was the progress of a racehorse: one of the original designs for the well-known suite of the *High Mettled Racer*, *First in the Chase*, is here produced: the drawing is the property of Mr. Charles Davis. This design is included with a series of six important subjects devoted to the incidents of "Fox Hunting," also executed for the artist's illustrious patron, H.R.H. George Prince of Wales, who figures as the leading personage. The six subjects are as follows: *Going out in the morning*, *The Chase*, *The Death of the Fox*, *Refreshment by the Wayside*, *The Return from the Run*, and *The Dinner—Toast—Success to Fox-hunting*.

This series, which ranks high amongst the most spirited and important of Rowlandson's suites of designs, suggests the style and characteristics of George Morland, an intimate friend of our artist, and his boon

companion. Rowlandson has drawn his own portrait with that of his comrade George Morland. One subject from the set, *The Return from the Run*, is here given in reduced facsimile. This design, and the remainder of the suite, are the property of Mr. Charles Davis.

As an excellent example of the artist's performances in the same line we reproduce *Oxford Jockies, or the Landlord in Qualms for his Cattle*. The original drawing of this design (subsequently engraved by Rowlandson) was also lent to the exhibition by the Earl of Rosebery. Of the same order is the spirited example, *A Six-in-hand Team*, also engraved by Rowlandson, and reproduced in our pages; the original drawing of this subject, a work of unusually superior quality, was contributed to the same gathering by the Hon. Algernon Bourke.

Toxophilites, reproduced in facsimile on a smaller scale, is one of a pair of delightful subjects, treated with delicacy and grace.

PASTIMES.

Summer Amusements, or a Game at Bowls represents the suburban recreations of pleasure-loving citizens nearly a century back. The pleasure-gardens are evidently situated at "Hampstead's breezy heights," as sung by poetasters and beloved by Cockneys. There is the Hampstead Road to encounter on the homeward route, and the dangers of that expedition, in the days when "footpads" were lurking and "knights of the road" were in the practice of bidding the peaceful wayfarers "stand and deliver" their personal trinkets and purses, are hinted in the circumstance of the lanterns standing ready to hand to light the returning footsteps of the party on their journey back to their dwellings in the city.

ROWLANDSON'S TAVERN INTERIORS.

A Coffee House, alluded to as *The Bath Coffee House*, is one of the famed taverns which constituted the clubs of our forefathers. The one reproduced amongst our illustrations is characteristic, with its curtained boxes, the coaching bills on the walls, its bar with a cheerful array of punch-bowls arranged on shelves, recalls the day when steaming bowels of punch were the ordinary accompaniments of convivial meetings, and "the accustomed cheerful glass" took the form of a jorum of punch. There is a further interest in this tavern interior: the figure standing by the attendant Hebe is understood to be intended for that of the designer, while the buckish individual warming his coat tails in front of the fire represents his convivial comrade George Morland. A separate study of this figure on a larger scale, in the Department of Prints and Drawings, British Museum, confirms this circumstance; the subject of the sketch from life is there unmistakably described in the artist's hand as a portrait of Morland.

Many designs exist by Rowlandson's hand portraying the interiors of coffee houses and taverns, the convivial gathering places of his generation. To Hogarth, Gillray, Morland, and our artist these sociable resorts represented the social side of life, and in these *sympasias* they unbent in their hours of relaxation. It is related that, while Morland's ambition impelled him to seek "to become King of the company," the gifted Gillray neither exacted homage nor sought to pass for a greater wit than his neighbours.

Angelo has recorded that Gillray in leisure moments sometimes met "his ingenious compeer, Rowlandson," at one of the taverns they occasionally frequented for purposes of diversion and entertainment.

"They would, perhaps, exchange half a dozen questions and answers upon the affairs



THE HIGH-METTLED RACER TURNED FOX HUNTER AND LEADING THE CHASE. July 20, 1789.
Executed for H.R.H. George Prince of Wales. The original drawing the property of Charles Davis, Esq.

While alike born for sports of the Field and the Course,
Always sure to come through a stannch and fleet horse.
When fairly run down, the Fox yields up his breath,
The high-mettled Racer is in at the Death.

of copper and aquafortis, swear all the world was one vast masquerade, and then enter into the common chat of the room, smoke their cigars, drink their punch, and sometimes early, sometimes late, shake hands at the door, look up at the stars, say 'It is a frosty night,' and depart, one for the Adelphi, the other to St. James's Street, each to his bachelor's bed."

Rowlandson's pictures of the coffee houses of his day are not always peaceful scenes. One version represents the frequenters thrown into consternation by the intrusion of a mad dog, all the frequenters trying to escape from the alarming consequences. Even more startling is the subject of a drawing, executed to order for his royal patron, which represents the sudden entry of two choice spirits (well-known contrivers of much of the practical joking and horseplay of their time) upon the quietude of a respectable West-end coffee house—probably meant for one of the taverns in St. James's Street—the parent establishments of the present club houses therein situated. The original drawing was contributed to the recent Rowlandson Exhibition; it is entitled *A Coffee House. Colonel Hanger and Lord Barrymore kicking up a Bobbery*. These two rowdy friends of the Prince of Wales, the foremost heroes in all "knock down" proceedings, have reduced the peaceful frequenters of the well-appointed tavern they are entering to a state of wild consternation; the eccentric George Hanger, huge pistol in hand, is blazing away at the looking-glass, the clatter of the shattered fragments falling into the fireplace, and the general scare succeeding this unexpected effect, is sufficient to account for the excited antics of the frequenters thus rudely disturbed.



FOX-HUNTING. THE RETURN FROM THE RUN. 1788.
From the Fox-Hunting Series (designed for H.R.H. George Prince of Wales). The series the property of Charles Davis, Esq.



OXFORD JOCKIES; OR, THE LANDLORD IN QUALMS FOR HIS CATTLE.
The original drawing the property of the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery, K.G.

ROWLANDSON'S CONTINENTAL DRAWINGS.

No more happy hunting ground for providing subjects, caught as it were on the wing, can be imagined than the Continent at that picturesque era afforded for the exercise of Rowlandson's dexterous handling. As a youth he had become intimately familiarised with Parisian life and its surroundings; he had early seized and stored the rich harvest, which, with prodigal profusion, was offered to his observant eye, in the generation when everything was quaintly picturesque, curious, and striking which met the lucky traveller's gaze. Rowlandson's drawings and the pages of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* convey absolutely the most perfect and realistic pictures of Continental scenes and incidents which were likely to interest the traveller who had a taste for humour and quiet observation. Such enjoyments were peculiarly the features of their generations; time, progress, the march of improvement, and the facilities of inter-communication of later years have swept away much which constituted the charm of travelling abroad in the days when Rowlandson's pencil, and Sterne with his pen, recorded the picturesque sights which enlisted their fanciful faculties, and appealed to their sense of the bizarre and the grotesque.

The caricaturist's early friend Henry Angelo, like Rowlandson, had been by his parents sent to Paris at the close of Louis XV.'s reign, to acquire the French language and polish, and to gain that knowledge of mankind and manners which in those times was supposed to be exclusively acquired in the gay French metropolis. From Angelo's chatty *Mémoires* we catch glimpses of our artist abroad. Hogarth, with similarly keen faculties of observation, had already viewed French life, though more cursorily, and had uttered his sweeping dictum of Paris, pronouncing the centre of polished life "all begit and

befouled." Rowlandson found it so, as Angelo avers, and taking that as a sort of maxim which governs all things, physical as well as moral, in the polite city, he burlesqued even the burlesque.

"He travelled early in life to France, Flanders, and Holland; and stored his portfolios with sketches highly characteristic of the habits and manners of the people at every town through which he passed. Paris, as viewed under the old régime, opened a prolific source for his imitative powers. Nothing can exceed the fun and frolic which his subjects display, picked up among every class, from the court down to the cabaret. He mixed in all societies, and, speaking French fluently, made himself acquainted with the habits of thinking as well as those of acting, in that city, where everything to an English eye bore the appearance of burlesque.

"His drawings of the *French Family* and the *Italian Family*, from which John Raffael Smith made engravings, had great merit. My friend John Bannister had one of the originals (Rowlandson's contribution to the Royal Academy Exhibition in 1786). I remember the last time I saw poor Edwin the comedian (the elder Edwin) was on the occasion of his wishing me to procure for him these originals. He was too late in his application, and was obliged to solace himself with the coloured prints, which were touched upon by the hand of Rowlandson. They were handsomely framed and hung in his dining room, on the first floor of one of the houses on the north-east piazza, Covent Garden. They subsequently became the property of Lord Barrymore.

"It would be difficult to enumerate the many choice subjects which Rowlandson depicted even in these first tours to the Continent. Those descriptive of Parisian manners would now be viewed with tenfold interest, as the general external appearance of things was infinitely more original and amusing before the period of the Revolution than since. Indeed, I can speak of these changes from my own observation whilst two years in that city and in the midst of its ever-varying gaieties; arriving in Paris just after the death of Louis XV."

It was while Rowlandson's youthful ardour was still fresh, before his sprightly faculties had been jaded by the allurements of fashionable life, and his recent academic training had left his executive powers at their fullest, that he went earnestly to work, travelling through France, Flanders, and Germany; making clever and expressive studies and completed pictures of the incidents of his journeyings; noting the aspects of the travellers he encountered, their modes of conveyance, the foreign nobility and their equipages—all gorgeous and bedizen—the country folks, coaches, "waggon-posts," horses, and cattle, as far as concerns the figure subjects which enliven his pictures, while his views were realistic representations of the places he visited, characterised with ease and spirit, the *tout ensemble* worked out with the completeness and fidelity to local features pertaining to serious landscape art.

It was in company with a rich and indulgent patron that Rowlandson performed much of his Continental touring. We hear of his sojournings in Paris, from time to time, with relatives, with young Angelo, and other congenial spirits, making the most of the passing chances with his friendly colleagues John Raffael Smith, Westmacott, Chasemore, and other artist-intimates; on all these occasions he produced drawings indefatigably—his teeming fancy and his facile hand were always finding sympathetic themes. His most frequent travelling companion, however, seems to have been the once well-recognised *bon vivant* banker Mitchell, a partner in Holdsoell's. It was this steadfast friendly patron and liberal collector who rejoiced in indulging his touring inclinations in our artist's company, and who secured thus favourably the opportunity



A SIX-IN-HAND TEAM.
The original drawing the property of the Hon. Algernon Bourke.

1784.

of becoming the possessor of Rowley's most desirable Continental studies. Our lively authority, Henry Angelo, has related, in his familiar manner, a few particulars of the figures these worthies appeared in the eyes of the *Monsieurs*, amongst whom their visits were warmly received. "Mr. Mitchell possessed the best collection of Rowlandson's French and Dutch scenes. Among those were many in his most humorous style, particularly a *Dutch Life Academy*, which represents the interior of a school of artists studying from a living model, all with their portfolios and crayons, drawing a Dutch Venus (a *vrouw*) of the make though not of the colour of that choice specimen of female proportion, the *Hottentot Venus*, so celebrated as a public sight in London towards the close of the eighteenth century."

"This friend and patron of Rowlandson, Mr. Mitchell, the quondam banker, of the firm of Hodsoll and Co., was a facetious, fat gentleman—one of those pet children of fortune, who, wonderful as it may appear, seem to have proceeded through the seven ages (excepting that of the *lean* and slipped pantaloons) without a single visit from that intruder on the rest of mankind yclept *Care*. In him centred, or rather around him the Fates piled up, the wealth of a whole family. He was ever the great gathering nucleus of a large fortune. He was good-humoured, and enjoyed life. Many a cheerful day have I, in company with Bannister and Rowlandson, passed at Master Mitchell's."

"Mr. Mitchell resided for many years in Beaufort Buildings, Strand, and occupied the house tenanted by the father of Dr. Kitchner, of eccentric memory. Here, after the closing of the banking-house, he was wont to retire and pass a social evening, surrounded by a few chosen associates, whose amusements were congenial, and whose talent well paid the host for his hot supper and generous wine. Often, even beyond the protracted darkness of a winter's night, he and his *convives* have sat it out till dawn of day, and seen the sun, struggling through the fog, from the back windows, shed its lurid ray on the rippling waters of the murky Thames."

It appears from W. H. Pine's *Wine and Walnuts, or after-dinner Chat* (the author another crony of Rowley's and his circle), that good Master Mitchell had a house at Enfield, where his art-treasures were later collected. It appears that he was also the owner of Hengar House, Cornwall, and pictures of this old family mansion have often been drawn by Rowlandson, when, as was frequently the case, the artist gratified his liberal-minded patron by giving his company in the summer months at his country-seat. It was due to this association that Rowlandson has produced such numerous and delightful versions of Cornish towns and landscapes. Under the above auspices our artist evidently became thoroughly familiar with the beauties of Cornwall, its towns, villages, and coast scenery, of all which he has bequeathed his admirers many varied, lifelike, and interesting versions. His best English landscape and pastoral efforts were the outcome of these annual and friendly tours: it was Cornwall, and Devon, Somerset, and Bath with Mitchell,—Sussex, Hants, the Isle of Wight, North and South Wales with Wigstead, the chosen companions of Rowlandson's picturesque tours.

Under the agreeable auspices of the great banker we learn of Rowley's Continental round of travels. "Mitchell's mighty stature astonished the many, but none more than the innkeepers' wives, who, on his arrival, as he travelled in style, looked at the larder and then again at the guest. All regarded him as that reported being of whom they had heard, the veritable Mister Bull. His orders for the supplies of the table, ever his first concern, strengthened this opinion, and his operations at his meals confirmed the fact."



TOXOPHILITES.

February 20, 1790.

"Wherever he went he made good for the house."

"On this tour Rowlandson made many topographical drawings, in general views of cities and towns; amongst others, the High Street at Antwerp, and the Stadthouse at Amsterdam, with crowds of figures, grouped with great spirit, though his characters were caricatures."

"The most amusing studies, however, which filled the portfolio of his patron were those that portrayed the habits and customs of the Dutch and Flemish, in the interior scenes, which they witnessed in their nocturnal rambles in the inferior streets of Antwerp and Amsterdam. Some of these compositions, drawn from low life, were replete with character and wit. One of the most spirited and amusing of these represented the interior of a *Treischut*, or public passage-boat, which was crowded with incident and humour."

Worthy Mitchell—all honour to his pleasant memory! must have amassed a rich store of Rowlandson's excellent Continental delineations, which are such wondrous pictures of old-world customs, fashions, buildings, and quaintly picturesque combinations. The owner's enjoyment of these treasures—the interest of every individual drawing enhanced by personal associations and recollections—is easily imagined. After his death this attractive series, with the wealth of illustrative interest, rehabilitating a marvellously antiquated past (swept away, as regards Paris, like a dream, by the tide of the great French Revolution), came into the market. The late Henry G. Bohn, the well-known publisher of his day, informed the writer that early in his career the collection of fine Continental drawings made by Rowlandson for his patron Mitchell the banker came to him in the way of business, and that the series numbered nearly one hundred drawings. It is a source of regret that the suite could not have been kept entire. They were dispersed, as was



SUMMER AMUSEMENT; OR, A GAME AT DOWLS.

August 20, 1800.



A COFFEE HOUSE.

1786.

perhaps inevitable, unless the set had passed into the safe keeping of some national institution, such as the Department of Prints and Drawings, British Museum, where they would have remained a lasting memento of a very interesting generation of Continental travel. As it happens, a goodly proportion, as to popular interest, were fortunately reassembled at the Rowlandson Exhibition inaugurated under the auspices of the Fine Art Society. Of the Dutch series the original drawing of one of the most famous, *The Fagge Dam, part of the Fish Market, with the Stadthouse, Amsterdam*, and a version of *The Place de Mier, Antwerp*, were contributed to the gathering by the Hon. Algernon Bourke. *A Peep of Holland—the Boomfjies, Rotterdam*, a large *View in North Holland*, 1791, and the *Hôtel de Flandre, Rotterdam*, were contributed by the present writer, together with a series of scenes of Continental road travel, such as *Travelling in Prussia Inn Yard at Cologne*, *Mode of travelling in Holland*, *Travelling in Germany*, *German Post-house*, *Dutch Fisher Folks of the Zuider Zee*, &c.

It will be seen, from the much-reduced facsimiles which illustrate our pages, that the architectural portions of Rowlandson's Parisian, Dutch, and Flemish views are worked out with care and attention, the external configuration readily seized and excellently characterized by the hand of a master, with an easy skill, knowledge, and close observation suggestive of Prout's truthful realisations, later on, of similarly picturesque materials. Our travelling friend and animated commentator, Henry Angelo, has added something on the subject of the two ambitious drawings reproduced: "From the 'Lion d'Or' at Antwerp I rambled about the town: next day I saw the grand church where the curious representation of Purgatory is exhibited, and the Place de Mier, which, as well as the view of the Stadthouse at Amsterdam, has been so accurately designed by Rowlandson, when on a tour in Holland with Mr. Mitchell."

These are but representative examples of the artist's souvenirs of travels in the Netherlands. Many figure subjects survive, of life and character, noted down and subsequently etched, aquatinted, and published under appropriate and descriptive titles. The same applies to Rowlandson's noteworthy and pictorial observations upon the life

and surroundings which engaged his attention, and gratified his taste for the quaint and picturesque, in France; similar versions exist, souvenirs of social aspects of life in Venice, and another series deals with scenes and characters as viewed in Naples and *The Campagna Felice*.

Nothing can be more characteristic of antique Paris than the *Hôtel de Hambourgh, Quartier St. Germain, Paris*, dated 1789, also reproduced in small, one of innumerable versions, equally quaint, lively, and realistic, of places and incidents abroad as they were to be interviewed by the traveller, anterior to the revolutionary upheaval with destruction in its train. *La Place des Victoires à Paris* is even more interesting, since we may judge that, though the design is dated 1789, the main features were set down during Rowlandson's earlier acquaintance with Parisian life at the close of Louis XV's reign. The circus built by Mansard in 1686 under *le Grand Monarque* remains a monument of rapidly departing antique Paris; it has encountered the fate a similar group of buildings in any great metropolis must suffer when left by the tide of aristocracy and fashion, and finding itself the centre of busy trade—converted, like the residential mansions of erst Lord Mayors of London, situated in the heart of the City, into warehouses and offices. Erected in honour of the barren victories of a vainglorious monarch, it has descended to the most prosaic utilitarian and up-to-date requirements of advertising commercial enterprise; the spaces between the imposing regularly placed columns are filled with boards and placards directing possible purchasers to secure their wardrobes *au bon Diable*, and invitations of a similarly pointed and strictly modern description.

The history of the ever-famous Place des Victoires, and of the monument which glorified the surroundings, is typical. The Duke de La Feuillade (*courtisan passant tous les courtisans passés*, according to Madame de Sévigné) there had his hotel; to perpetuate his fame to future ages he conceived the idea of erecting a stupendous monument to the glory of *Louis le Grand*, on which to inscribe the name of his august master and his own. The marble was brought to Paris with some difficulty, and not without conflict; and the sculptor of his choice, Van de Bogaert—who in compliment to his employers translated his name into *de Desjardins*—was intrusted with the task of evolving from the block a masterpiece which should be the glory of France, of Louis le Grand, and, particularly, of his patron. The figure of the monarch appeared in Roman habit, crowned by Victory, treading upon his enemies, or destroying heresies, according to taste, accompanied with trophies, medals, bas-reliefs, and inscriptions, and an exhaustive list of victories. Four chained slaves, cast in bronze, indicating the conquering hero's universal triumphs, supported the base.

The principal inscription was characteristic, and must be preserved in the original high-flown terms, which would lose by translation:—

A LOUIS LE GRAND, LE PÈRE ET LE CONDUCTEUR DES ARMÉES TOUJOURS HEUREUX.

Après avoir vaincu ses Ennemis, Protégé ses alliés. Adjoûté de tres puissants peuples à son Empire, Assuré les Frontières par des places imprenables, joint l'Océan à la Méditerranée. Chassé les pirates de toutes les mers, Reformé les Loix, Destrûit l'hérésie, porté par le bruit de son nom les nations les plus Barbares à le venir révéler des extrémités de la terre. Et réglé parfaitement toutes choses au dedans et au dehors par la grandeur de son courage et de son génie.

François Vicomte Daubusson, Duc de la Feuillade, Pair et Maréchal de France, Gouverneur du Dauphiné, et Colonel des Gardes Françaises.
Pour perpétuelle mémoire.
A la Posterité.



A MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES INTRODUCING A PARTNER.

November 24, 1795.



HÔTEL DE HAMBOURG, QUARTIER ST. GERMAIN, PARIS.
Exhibited by Joseph Grego.

1789.

The advent of the great Revolution defeated the intentions of the testator: the vain-glorious trophy—criticised contemporaneously—was scattered to the winds in the destructive rage which revenged the servitude of generations; the monument was wrecked, pulverised, and danced upon; the wonder is to account how the bronze statues escaped being cast into cannon! Certain it is the manacled figures of slaves were preserved from destruction: they were removed to the security of the National Museum of France, in the Louvre. The extravagant erection, as preserved for our wonderment in Rowlandson's drawing, was replaced by a statue of General Desaix, which, in its turn, was marched off, on the Restoration, to make way for another statue (by Bosio) of Louis XIV., still represented masquerading as a Roman imperator. In our artist's graphic memorial, a courtier, perhaps a disabled general, is drawn in a wheeled sedan-chair by an old *invalid*, with a brace of lackeys pushing behind. The veteran is regarding the stupendous trophy with devout rapture. An *abbé*, his hands encased in an enormous muff (as was the practice at the time, when muffs were no less masculine than feminine appendages), is escorting a *Coquette à la mode*, who, raising her hood, is shooting forth her fascinating gules; a gallant officer, sporting an enormous queue, is regarding with interest the captivating *Parisienne*. In the foreground is shown a Parisian shoeblack, attired in the finicking finery and with the coquetry of a *petit maître*, who is making a poodle dance to his fiddle. A brace of *beaux* are saluting each other with formal ceremony, with elaborate observances befitting a master of the ceremonies. Sterne's aged poor monk—the original Brother Lorenzo of the *Sentimental Journey*—is shown shrinking away from the stirring recollections of the past. An English traveller, a downright John Bull, in huge riding boots, with a pretty English maiden in a riding-habit, are introduced duly noting the sights spread before them, conscientiously seeing all

that is to be viewed, on principle; while their British mastiff is curiously regarding another more delicate exotic, a shivering Italian greyhound. In the background is seen a female porter heavily laden; a procession of shaven friars; and a French nobleman with his modishly attired lady, seated in a huge glass chariot, are driven by in gallant state, with a *Suisse* and a string of genteel lackeys in single file clinging on behind, like flies, at the back of the carriage.

ROWLANDSON'S FENCING PICTURES.

We have now to regard Rowlandson as a delineator of Fencing, in which branch he enjoyed extensive practice.

The Assault, or Fencing Match, which took place at Carlton House, 9th April, 1787, between Mlle. la Chevalière d'Éon de Beaumont and M. de Saint-George, in the presence of the Prince of Wales and many eminent masters is reproduced on page 16.

Henry Angelo, the well-known *maître d'armes*, who had the princes as his pupils, while his father had similarly taught the King's brothers when young, has recorded, concerning the famous *assaut d'armes* in 1787, under the auspices of the Prince of Wales and his guests: "There was a meeting appointed at Carlton House of the nobility then resident in this country, among whom was the Duc de Fitzjames, together with all the celebrated fencing-masters of the time, which were at that period considerable; the occurrence of the French Revolution shortly after occasioned their return to France. The Prince of Wales was much gratified with the performance, and smiled at the violent noises of Saint-George during his attacks, which resembled more the roaring of a bull than sounds emanating from a human being!"



LA PLACE DES VICTOIRES À PARIS.
Exhibited by Joseph Grego.

1789.



A FINE FAMILY.
Exhibited by Joseph Grego.

1786.

The gathering assembled to witness the fencing match, which took place on the 9th April, was treated pictorially by artists, the best version being engraved by Rowlandson, and the details of the performance were described by the press. Thus the *Morning Herald*: "On Monday a grand assault was made at Carlton House before the Prince of Wales, the Duc de Lauzun, Mdle. d'Eon, and a few of his Highness's select friends. The principal competitors were Mons. de St. George, Mons. Fabian, Mons. Mogé, and Mr. Henry Angelo. The assault between Mons. de St. George and Mons. Fabian had every claim to admiration. The quickness of the first-mentioned gentleman

was incredible, the masters present testified the highest praise at this requisite of the art, and readily acknowledged his merit in point of strength and neatness. The second assault was between Mr. Angelo and Mons. Mogé, who stands next to Mons. de St. George among the amateurs of Paris. The Prince did Mons. de St. George the honour to thrust with him in *carte* and *tierce*, and astonished every beholder with his amazing grace; whenever his Highness put himself on his guard his attitudes were highly elegant and easy."

"The following masters were also present, and had the honour to thrust *carte* and



AN ITALIAN FAMILY.
Exhibited by Joseph Grego

1786.



FRENCH BARRACKS.
Exhibited by Joseph Grego.

1787.

ierce before the Prince : Mr. Angelo senior, M. Rheda, M. Mollard, &c." M. Sainville, M. Mola, M. Le Brun, &c., are also represented in the pictorial view.

"The Prince avowed himself diverted with the various encounters which continued between the different parties from two till past four."

The antagonists in Rowlandson's version are Mdle. la Chevalière d'Eon de Beaumont and M. de Saint-George, the accomplished Creole, a sort of admirable Crichton of his day, musician, composer, athlete, horseman, and swimmer. In the practice of fencing "he surpassed all his contemporaries and predecessors. No professor or amateur ever showed so much accuracy and such strength," writes Angelo, who had practical evidence of the Chevalier's prowess: "such length of lunge, and such quickness; his attacks were a perpetual series of hits—his parade was so close that it was in vain to attempt to touch him in short, he was all nerve."

Concerning d'Eon—notorious as a public character owing to his persistent masquerade in feminine garments it will be remembered that after certain complications, political and legal, and disputed insurances effected on his life as a male, this anomalous personage thought proper to deny and renounce his sex, and for the remainder of his life elected to pass for a female. D'Eon's manners were easy and refined; the circumstances of his sex were cleared up at his decease. In the practice of fencing the Chevalier, who had been employed in his earlier career as a soldier and negotiator, exhibited exceptional proficiency, and must be regarded as a *maître d'armes*, in spite of his pretensions to be accepted as a female. His name figures largely in the fencing annals of his time. In Rowlandson's version d'Eon is attacking vigorously. The spectators are ranged behind a barrier; George Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert are the most conspicuous; the Heir-apparent's French intimates, and his political friends of the time, members of the Opposition—North, Fox, Sheridan, and Burke, &c., and the various fencing celebrities of London and Paris, are shown as spectators; the picture contains very numerous portraits; the original engraving was published in both London and Paris, and, being much sought after by professors and amateurs of fencing, commands a high figure.

The admirable original drawing of *Angelo's Fencing Rooms* was lent to the Rowlandson Exhibition by H.H. Prince Victor Duleep Singh. It is certainly one of the most interesting contributions to the history of fencing, presenting, as it does, the portrait, carefully studied from life, of Henry Angelo evidently a neat dapper compact figure, though somewhat short in stature and a truthful representation of his famous Fencing Academy, with the souvenirs and pictures which ornamented the walls; moreover, offering the likenesses of the most accomplished *maîtres d'armes*, Angelo's colleagues, and the most noteworthy of the noblemen and gentlemen his pupils. Over the chimney-piece is placed the portrait of Monsieur de Saint-George. That remarkable individual is one of the combatants represented in active contest with another efficient master of fence, his opponent. Judging from the graceful person thus portrayed, Saint-George's antagonist, is intended for a portrait of Sergeant Leger, "an excellent fencer of the *première force*, whose elegant figure and mildness of manners greatly influenced the amateurs of the science. Though he was only in the ranks, his presence in every fencing-room was acceptable, and, when Saint-George was his antagonist, the match never failed to excite attention."

Angelo relates the manner in which he became possessed of the trophies which were the pride of his Fencing Rooms, as represented in the background of Rowlandson's

picture, which was etched by the artist and published in 1791, cleverly shaded in aquatint and finished as a water-colour drawing.

"In the summer of the year 1787, on returning to my residence in St. Alban's Street, I was surprised at the appearance of lights and a crowd of people entering Mr. Rheda's Fencing Academy; on inquiry, I was informed that Monsieur St. George had arrived in England, and was about to exhibit his great talents at that place. I immediately went in and renewed my acquaintance with him; and, as it is customary for fencing-masters of celebrity to engage each other at such meetings, I proposed myself, and was accepted as the first professor who engaged with him in this country.

"It may not be unworthy to remark that, from his being much taller, and consequently possessing a greater length of lunge, I found I could not depend upon my attacks with sufficient confidence unless I closed with him; the consequence was, upon my adopting that measure, the hit which I gave was so 'palpable' that it 'threw open his waistcoat,' which so enraged him that, in his fury, I received a blow from the *pommel* of the foil on my chin, the mark of which I still retain as a *souvenir* of having engaged with the first fencer in Europe.

"It may be remarked of this celebrated man, that although he might be considered as a lion with the foil in his hand, yet, the contest over, he was as docile as a lamb; for soon after the engagement, when seated to rest himself, he said to me, *Mon cher ami, donnez-moi votre main: nous tirons tous les jours ensemble.*"

On leaving this country Monsieur de Saint-George presented to Angelo his portrait by Mather Brown, with his fencing foil, glove, and jacket, which were hung up in Angelo's



DUTCH FISHER-FOLK OF THE ZUIDER ZEE.
The original drawing the property of Joseph Grego.



PLACE DE MIER, ANTWERP.
Exhibited by the Hon. Algernon Bourke.

rooms, then situated over the portico of the Haymarket Opera House. The famous *maître d'armes* had suffered a severe loss in these very Fencing Rooms a year or two antecedent to the date of the memorable picture already described. This misfortune, which involved the loss of his cherished collection of drawings by Rowlandson, is best related as told in his entertaining *Reminiscences*.

"For some years I had a fencing-room at the Opera House, Haymarket, over the entrance of the pit door. On the evening of June 17, 1789, about eight o'clock, when in Berkeley Square, I saw a black smoke ascending; and soon hearing that there was a fire in the Haymarket, I directly hastened there, when, to my surprise, I beheld the Opera House in flames. Having the key of my room in my pocket, and the crowd making way for me, I soon got there, at the time the back part was burning. I first secured the portrait of Monsieur Saint-George (the famous fencer), which hung over the chimney-piece, and removed it to St. Alban's Street, where I then resided. At my return, though I was not absent six minutes, the mob had rushed in and plundered the room of everything. As to the foils, jackets, &c., they were of little value to me compared to what I had in my closet—a portfolio of beautiful drawings, particularly several valuable ones of Cipriani, also of Mortimer, Rowlandson, &c., the loss of which I much regretted, but consoled myself by saving Saint-George's picture, which he sat purposely for and offered to me, after our fencing together the second day of his arrival in the country. It was painted by Mather Brown, an American artist, much encouraged here at the time. The last day of his sitting Saint-George dined at my father's house, when my mother inquiring of him if it was a good likeness, he smiled and replied (he was a Creole), 'Oh, madame, c'est si ressemblant que c'est affreux.' My room, which was in the front, was the only one saved from the flames in the whole house; and, fortunately, the engines being placed in it, prevented the fire from communicating to Market Lane."

ROWLANDSON'S THEATRICAL SUBJECTS.

Rowlandson was early thrown amongst theatrical matters; J. C. Holman, dramatic writer and actor, was his schoolfellow; his fellow-pupil at the Academy was young Jack Bannister, and the friendships thus inaugurated were kept up through life. Edwin, and many of the comedians, were friendly patrons of the artist, and became collectors of his drawings; Bannister, the comedian, was particularly rich in this respect. In 1791 Rowlandson produced a series of large cartoons on theatrical matters, the prospects of the players at Drury Lane Theatre, the opera, &c. One of the set, "The Pantheon," at that time used as "The King's Theatre," is here reproduced on a smaller scale. The history of this venture was tragically brief. "The Pantheon," says Angelo, whose father had held the office of Master of the Ceremonies, when that building was first opened for a ballroom, "was certainly the most elegant and beautiful structure that had been erected in the British Metropolis. Shortly after the conflagration of the Opera House in the Haymarket, in the year 1789" (by which misfortune Angelo suffered the loss of his collection of drawings, &c.), "the proprietors of 'The Pantheon,' which had been deserted of late for Madame Cornelly's, in Soho, were all put into high spirits, as proposals were made to construct a theatre in the grand saloon there, and to transfer the performance of the Italian ballet and opera to its stage. No theatre ever, perhaps, opened with greater *déclat*. The pit, boxes, and gallery were spacious and magnificently fitted for the reception of an audience. The stage was of vast extent, and no expense was spared to render the scenic and the wardrobe department splendid and grand, in proportion to the spectacles announced."

Their Majesties frequently visited this new theatre, and everything was proceeding with advantage to all concerned, when, within a few months, one unfortunate night, this noble monument of the genius of Wyatt was consumed by the same destructive element, and that great architect beheld on the morrow, with indescribable grief, the entire ruin of that fond monument of his youthful genius. The rising architects, too, were deprived of the most beautiful model that modern art had yet prepared for their study.

The new Opera House at "The Pantheon" was opened February 17th, 1791, with *Armida*. The ballet of *Amphion* and *Thalia* followed, in which Didelet and Theodore were the most popular performers. A year later the fate of this unfortunate structure is thus tersely conveyed—*Gentleman's Magazine*, January 14, 1792: "This morning, between one and two o'clock, the painters' room in one of the new buildings which had been added to the Pantheon, to enlarge it sufficiently for the performance of operas, was discovered to be on fire. Before any engines were brought to the spot the fire had got to such a height that all attempts to save the building were in vain. The fire kept burning with great fury for about ten hours, by which time the roof and part of the walls having fallen in, it was so much subdued that all fears for the surrounding houses were quieted. The performers, next to the insurance offices, will be the greatest sufferers, for they have put themselves, as usual, to great expense in preparing for the season; many of them were obliged to do this upon credit; but their salaries ending with the existence of the house, and before any of them had their benefit nights, they have now no means of extricating themselves from their difficulties." Rowlandson etched a large design for the benefit of the suffering players.

The Reconciliation, or the Return from Scotland, is the sequel to an elopement scene, an important drawing which appeared at the recent Rowlandson Exhibition. Our artist made several designs treating of Gretna Green, and the run-away matches frequently performed there in his time. The traditional blacksmith does not figure in these scenes. It would seem there was a convenient clergyman at call for these hurried ceremonies, performed in the open air, with the grinning postboys, who had driven the romantic couples to the spot, impressed as witnesses for the occasion.

ROWLANDSON AND "WONDERFUL" EXHIBITIONS.

ROWLANDSON was evidently a frequenter of surprising exhibitions, if not a curiosity hunter. He has left versions of various prodigies, and has recorded in his sketches the advent of strange foreigners, like the troop of Laplanders, with their deer and sledges; the renowned redundant "Hottentot Venus," the "Polish Dwarf," the "Irish Giant," and similarly attractive arrivals for the delectation of sight-seers, who crowded Bullock's Museum in Piccadilly, which in its day was the headquarters of natural curiosities. Thither our artist was in the practice of betaking himself for pleasure or business. We find him pictorially chronicling all sorts of sensational novelties elsewhere, attending the lectures of notorious and fashionable quacks, like the celebrated and ingenious charlatan Dr. Graham's nonsensical lectures at the apocryphal "Temple of Health"; Rowlandson has turned the astute empiric's enterprises to satirical account, and has caricatured the lecturer, elegantly attired in a simple garment of fine lawn, much beruffled, which he sported when discoursing of his famed "Hot mud bath" cures while the attendants illustrated the harangue practically by gradually burying the enter-



FISCH DAM, PART OF THE FISH MARKET, WITH THE STADTHOUSE OF AMSTERDAM.
The original drawing the property of the Hon. Algernon Bourke.



THE ASSAULT, OR FENCING MATCH.

1787.

Which took place at Carlton House on the 9th April, 1787, between Mademoiselle La Chevalière d'Éon de Beaufort and Monsieur de Saint-George, in the presence of the Prince of Wales and many eminent fencing masters of London and Paris.

taining Doctor up to the neck in the precious curative earth, and the lecture was concluded by Graham obliging the company with a song, given under these unusual conditions.

Nor were his patients spared, for Rowlandson has produced spirited representations of the method in which the deluded frequenters, of both sexes, were plant-like potted out and stewed after a fashion which would cook cabbages, and all this in public; while the audience suggested a little rain would bring the curious plants on so nicely, the patients being meanwhile buried in earth up to their chins, and defenceless against practical jokes.

Borowlowski, the famous Polish Dwarf, whose height at the age of twenty was but two feet four inches, was another subject for Rowlandson's pencil, who has characteristically introduced this miniature edition of a man presented as a violin-player, favouring the Grand Seigneur and the somewhat Rubenesque beauties of his seraglio with a solo. In still stronger contrast to the erst world-famed Polish Dwarf, we are, by Rowlandson's pencil, introduced to the noble presence of the surprising Irish Giant, O'Brien, who in

1785 divided the patronage of the town with the mannikin. Curiously enough, both these astonishing freaks of nature happened, in spite of their abnormal and opposite conditions, to be perfectly well-proportioned, graceful, and prepossessing. Borowlowski was an elegant person, though in miniature, accomplished, and intellectual. The Irish Colossus was equally admired for his gigantic stature and the graceful proportions of his figure, as shown in Rowlandson's design, which we must accept as being faithful to facts. The spectators, who attended the *levées*, appeared reduced to pigmies. This circumstance is easily accounted for when it is remembered that O'Brien was nearly double the average height, standing eight feet ten inches. All this savours of showman's highly coloured exaggerated versions, but the skeleton of this prodigy was secured for the College of Surgeons by the famous John Hunter. The stature of the skeleton measures eight feet two inches; the heart, which was also phenomenally large, was also preserved. The Hunterian Museum did not secure this trophy without a struggle: every effort was made by the friends of the Irish Giant to smuggle away his corpse, but the surgeons, by their liberal offers, checkmated the exertions of O'Brien's



A FENCING MATCH

1788.



FISHING IN THE TAIL OF A MILL STREAM.

The original drawing the property of Thomas J. Barratt, Esq.

comrades to bury his body in the Thames, or to convey it out of the kingdom. The surgeons secured the huge remains for dissection through the customary ardour of the "body snatching" fraternity, who defeated all exertions on the part of the giant's friends to elude this fate, and we are told, after keeping the corpse fourteen days, they sold it to John Hunter for £100.

The exhibition of the "King of the Giants" was held in St. James's Street, where it would seem was also to be seen that accomplished paragon of all knowledge, the "Wonderful Learned Pig." On the wall of the apartment in which this erudite animal is displaying his gifts and acquirements to a large and entranced audience is hung one of the gigantic shoes which fitted the surprising Irish Colossus. In Rowlandson's version the individual characteristics of the spectators are capitally diversified. Accord-

ing to a placard adorning the wall of this abode of learning, we are assured, the surprising pig was announced as "well-versed in all languages, perfect arithmetician, mathematician, and composer of music," a galaxy of accomplishments, of which each individual item is equally entitled to credit.

Later on, in 1816, Rowlandson has favoured his admirers with another popular attraction at Bullock's once-famed Museum (now the Egyptian Hall)—the Napoleon relics, with "Bonaparte's carriage taken at Waterloo." Mr. Bullock having purchased this well-known trophy, it was announced, of Major von Keller, "by whom it was taken at the entrance of the small town Jenappe, at eleven o'clock on the night of June 18th, 1815. A full account of the carriage and its ingenious contents is to be found in the *Repository of Arts* for February 1816."



JOHN GILPIN'S RETURN TO LONDON.

1785.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels;
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They rais'd the hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
So they, and all that pass'd that way,
Soon joined in the pursuit.

ROWLANDSON'S VERSIONS OF NAVAL LIFE.



JOLLY JACK TARS CAROUSING AT A TAVERN—SMOKING A FRENCH BUCK.
The original drawing the property of Joseph Grego.

NELSON AND THE NAVY, AFTER THE BATTLE OF ABOUKIR BAY.

I say, my heart! why, here's your works!
The French have it now with the gravy;
Why, what between English and Turks,
They'll lose both their Army and Navy.
Bold Nelson went out with determinate view
To keep up our national glory,
So of thirteen large ships he left Mounseer two
To tell the Directory the story.

Then of England and England's brave tars let us sing,
As true as the keel to the Nelson,
Let's be loyal to honour and true to the King,
And drink to the Navy and Nelson.

To destroy, burn, and sink, his orders were,
And by heart so perfectly got 'em,
That some he took, some blow'd up in the air,
And some he sent to the bottom:
So, you see, the dispatches was easily stow'd,
'Twas no use with a history to charge 'em,
He'd occasion for only the old fashion mode,
"Taken, burnt, and destroy'd, as per margum."

So ship to ship, was next the word,
Master Boney, how sweet they did serve him!
For when a bold Briton sits down to his bird,
He pretty well knows how to carve him;
Thus with one of his precious limbs shot away,
Bold Nelson know'd well how to nick 'em,
So, as for the French, 'tis as much as to say,
We can tie up one hand and lick 'em.



A SNUG CABIN, OR PORT ADMIRAL.

1808.

Come Hurricane! Drink your wine. Here's to—
"The standing toast, that pleas'd the most,
The wind that blows,
The ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor!"

ADMIRAL NELSON RECREATING WITH HIS BRAVE
TARS AFTER THE GLORIOUS BATTLE OF THE NILE.
1ST AUGUST, 1798.

Dammy Jack, what a gig, what a true British whim,
See the fiddlers strike up on the Main!
What seaman would care for an eye or a limb,
To fight o'er the battle again?

Put the bumpers about and be gay,
To hear how our Doxies will smile!
Here's to Nelson for ever, Huzza!
And King George on the banks of the Nile!

See their tricolour'd rags, how they're doft,
To show that we're Lords of the Sea,
While the Standard of England is fly'ng aloft,
Come, my lads, let us cheer it with three!



October 1798

ADMIRAL NELSON RECREATING WITH HIS BRAVE TARS AFTER THE GLORIOUS BATTLE OF THE NILE.
The original drawing the property of Messrs. Pearson and Co.

Put the bumper about and be gay,
To see how our Doxies will smile;

Here's to Nelson for ever, Huzza!
And King George on the banks of the Nile.



A SAILOR'S FAMILY.

1787

BONNY KATE.

What now remains were easy told;
Tom comes, his pockets lined with gold;
Now rich enough no more to roam,
To serve his king he stays at home;
Recounts each toil, and shows each scar,
While Kitty and her constant tar
With rev'rence teach to bless their fates,
Young honest Toms and bonny Kates.

C. Dibdin.



A SAILOR'S RETURN FROM ACTIVE SERVICE.

The original drawing the property of Joseph Greg.

JACK'S CLAIM TO POLL.

Wouldst know, my lad, why every tar
Finds with his lass such cheer?
'Tis all because he nobly goes
And braves each boisterous gale that blows,
To fetch, from climates near and far,
Her messes and her gear;
For this around the world sails Jack,
While love his bosom warms:
For this, when from the wars come back,
Poll takes him in her arms.

C. Dibdin.

ROWLANDSON'S THEATRICAL SUBJECTS.



REHEARSING IN THE GREEN ROOM.

1789.

Mrs. Siddons, her Father, old Kemble, and Henderson.
The original drawing the property of William Wright, Esq., of Paris.

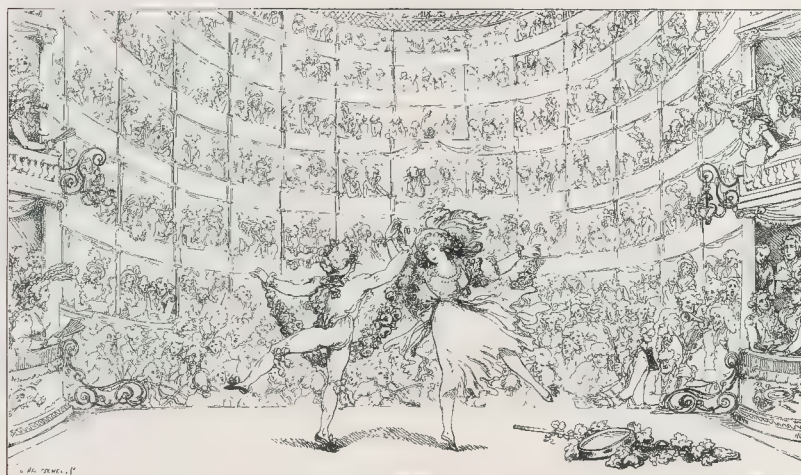


R. B. Sheridan.

1797.

A THEATRICAL CANDIDATE (vide "Kelley's Memoirs").

A candidate for the Stage lately applied to the Manager of Drury Lane Theatre (R. B. Sheridan) for an engagement. After he had exhibited specimens of his various talents, the following dialogue took place between the Manager and the theatrical aspirant: "Sir, you stutter."—"So did Mrs. Inchbald." "You are lame of a leg."—"So was Foote." "You are knock-kneed."—"So is Wroughton." "You have a d—d ugly face."—"So had Weston." "You are very short."—"So was Garrick." "You squint abominably."—"So does Lewis." "You are a mere monotonous mannerist."—"So is Kemble." "You are but a miserable copy of Kemble."—"So is Barrymore." "You have a perpetual whine."—"So has Pope." "In comedy you are quite a buffoon."—"So is Suett." "You sing as ill as you act."—"So does Kelly." "But you have all these defects combined."—"So much the more singular."



DIDELOT AND THEODORE AT THE PANTHEON IN THE BALLET OF "AMPHION AND THALIA."

January 13, 1791.

The prospect before us. Respectfully dedicated to those Singers, Dancers, and Musical Professors who are fortunately engaged with the proprietor of the King's Theatre at the Pantheon.



THE RECONCILIATION; OR, THE RETURN FROM SCOTLAND.

December 17, 1785.

ROWLANDSON'S SOCIAL CARICATURES.

ROWLANDSON has left us numerous animated versions of the "Miseries of London"—in fact, after the publication of *The Miseries of Human Life*, with fifty illustrative designs executed by our artist—"miseries" seem to have become popular themes, and remunerative withal. These subjects are made to cover every situation in life, and, as a rule, much amusement is sportively extracted from those misfortunes of others, which, a cynic has recorded, are improving food for the contemplative philosopher.

A long succession of drawings, of which some hundreds are published, etched by his own hand, were executed by Rowlandson, treating of social subjects and the passing incidents of the hour—experiences of the streets, Hackney coachmen, London cries, itinerant musicians, tax collectors—when imposts were heavy, and the income tax stood alone at ten per cent.—the dangers of crowded thoroughfares, the inconveniences of crowded drawing-rooms, the comforts of matrimony, the miseries of bachelorhood (the artist's lot was thrown in with the latter class of unfortunates), amusements of every description, and the numerous drawbacks to every pleasure; these themes enlisted his powers in almost endless variety, and the designs he has produced on these and kindred topics can only be described as legion.

ROWLANDSON'S POLITICAL SATIRES.

THE student of past times and manners will discover in Rowlandson's graphic versions of the episodes of contemporaneous existence, as viewed by the satirical chronicler in the days of the later Georgian monarchs, much that is curious, interesting, and instructive, if not exactly describable as "improving." For example, we have referred to the romantic popularity of Gretna Green marriages; beside the reproduction of the sequel of a runaway match, as shown on page 21, is given the reduced version of

a pictorial comment upon the last of the State Lotteries drawn in this country. From the date of the cartoon in question we are reminded that the British Government, after a lengthened recourse to this reprehensible expedient for raising money, finally came to the resolution, in 1823, of putting an end to the evils attending this direct encouragement of gambling. The sinister effects of inciting the public to neglect their legitimate concerns for the baneful excitement of this legalised form of gaming were so marked that the administrative powers, in the interests of public morality, had at last to decree the discontinuance of the practice. It will be remembered that the Lottery tickets were drawn from the "wheel of fortune" by Bluecoat boys, as figured in Rowlandson's study, Vansittart was the Chancellor of the Exchequer, herein represented as putting his extinguisher upon "Dame Fortune." Various satirical allusions illustrate that this measure was much criticised at the time; advertisements of "Races for the King's Cup" point to other forms of gambling left untouched; while a clergyman is denouncing horse-racing. Another aspect is disclosed from the circumstance that—taxes being already sufficiently onerous and unpopular—the representatives of various industries are chiefly eager that "little Van" should allow lotteries to be continued, and remove the particular imposts pressing on their respective trades. "Leave her alone!" urges a laundress: "take off the Soap Tax!" A cobbler is shouting, "Give us a Lottery, and no Leather Tax!" Another is denouncing the "Tax upon Tallow!"

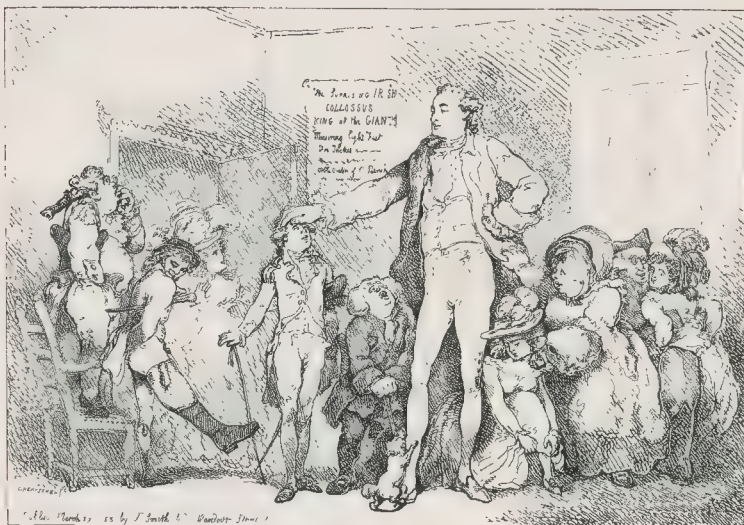
The expensive series of wars which England had for several years been waging against her French neighbours, in the prolonged conflicts with the French Republic, Directory, and the great Napoleon in succession, brought in their train no less extensive liabilities, which successive Ministries vainly strove to liquidate. Between Whig and Tory Chancellors of the Exchequer John Bull found himself in a bad way.¹ The Liberal

¹ Pitt had taxed light and salt.



THE "CHANSELLER" OF THE EXCHEQUER PUTTING AN EXTINGUISHER ON LOTTERIES.

September 18, 1823.



THE SURPRISING IRISH GIANT OF ST. JAMES'S STREET (O'BRIEN). March 27, 1785.
The Irish Colossus, King of the Giants, measuring eight feet ten inches; noble Order of St. Patrick.

administration had signalled its accession to office by introducing an Income Tax, started at Ten per Cent. The state of affairs in 1805 is pictured in Rowlandson's version, *Quarterly Duns, or Clamorous Tax-gatherers*, reproduced page 23. Windows are blocked up to evade the tax on light; there is a group of collectors demanding satisfaction. *The Budget opened, or how to raise the wind for the year 1805*, explains the missions of these unwelcome intruders. One functionary is collecting "Income Tax, Property Tax, Window Tax, House Tax," "Taxes upon Servants, Horses," &c., while another applicant represents the "Dog Tax," "Houses to let," "businesses to be disposed of," and similar announcements indicate the bankrupt situation of the overtaxed multitude.

As a political satirist, Rowlandson's tendencies were less incisive than those of his friendly rival, James Gillray, whose trenchant satires were unsparing, and at whose hands friends and foes suffered in turn impartially.

On five or six noteworthy occasions our artist, with excellent goodwill, was found as an active and industrious political cartoonist; his efforts, although spirited, varied, and sufficiently daring, always leant to the comic side, and were rarely severe. During the exciting parliamentary contest at Westminster in 1784, at what is historically described as "The Great Westminster Election," Rowlandson threw all his powers into the task of making capital out of the situation, and, with a dexterous expedition almost incredible, produced large and elaborated copper-plate versions in daily succession; satirising the opponents of the "Champion of the People," the Great Whig Chief, Charles James

Fox, in no measured fashion, and evidently revelling in his playful exertions. Although the majority of Rowlandson's sportive and effective cartoons on this particular incident were intended to bring into ridicule the exertions of Fox's ministerially supported opponents, he seems to have been equally ready to lend his graphic powers to the other side; and thus, from his numerous satires upon this event (at one time the cause of boundless excitement), and from the mass of his humorous pictorial commentaries upon the persons of the chief actors and the progress of the contest, we are enabled to gain an impartial view of the entire aspect of affairs.

In 1788 and 1789 our artist was again tempted to exert his talents upon another struggle—the Regency question, brought before the country, in an excited state, over the claims of the Heir-Apparent (Rowlandson's royal patron) to the regency of the Kingdom, by right of constitutional and natural succession, at the time that the hereditary malady of madness had disabled George III from exercising the responsible functions of reigning-sovereign. Feelings ran very high at this critical juncture; the Whigs, in opposition, were the supporters of the Prince's cause, and his rights to the succession; the Tory ministry, with William Pitt as leader, fought the question resolutely, though it may be questioned whether their contention was justifiable. Fortune favoured their boldness, and before anything serious occurred, while the vexed question was being fought over with no little acerbity on both sides, the King's recovery happily put an end to the struggle for the time being; the Tories carried the day, the Whig opposition was discomfited, and their prospects of coming into office indefinitely postponed. Rowlandson



THE WONDERFUL LEARNED PIG.

April 12, 1785.



June 4, 1814.
MISERIES OF LONDON; OR, A SURLY HACKNEY COACHMAN.



February 3, 1805
QUARTERLY DUNNS; OR, CLAMOROUS TAX-GATHERERS.

produced successive animated caricatures, making the most of both versions of the argument.

The impeachment of Pitt's friend Lord Melville brought on a fresh crop of political satires in 1806 and 1807, and Rowlandson came forward as a light skirmisher, irrespective of sides. It cannot be said that our artist was either a mercenary or a servile partisan of any side, or that he was, like Sayer and Gillray, in the pay of either political faction for the time being. With the true unconcern of a graphic satirist, who sought neither place, pension, nor personal advancement, but only kept his faculties alert to seize the humorous side of every situation, our artist extracted fun from the passing fray, spared neither of the antagonistic camps, and made satirical capital of both.

The once famous "Delicate Investigation" came in 1809 to provide extremely lively topics for Rowlandson's skill in this direction. "The Clarke Scandal," wherein "the

fair" figured extensively, afforded our artist congenial materials. During the investigations into the conduct of H.R.H. the Duke of York, before the House of Commons which kept the British public in a fervent of excitement, amazement, and amusement throughout the year 1809, the revelations concerning folly and wickedness in high places; the history of Royal York's amours, which had mixed themselves up with his administration of the responsible office of Commander-in-Chief; the vivacious Mary Ann Clarke's exposure of her former "protector," "the York Deserter," and her candid disclosures of their joint methods of raising money for the expenses of their establishment in Gloucester-place by the downright sale of the Duke's official patronage in the Army and also the Church, between 1803 and 1806, provided a succession of appetising scandals, which the public found vastly entertaining, and which our artist turned to the most humorous account, with characteristic ease and aptitude; a fresh caricature being



MISERIES OF LONDON.

February 1, 1807.

"In going out to dinner (already too late), your carriage delayed by a jam of coaches, which choke up the whole street, and allow you at least an hour or more than you require to sharpen your wits for table talk!"
"Breast against breast, with ruinous assault,
And deaf'ning shock they come."

designed, etched, and published daily during the height of the inquiry.

Wilberforce, the mover of the impeachment against Pitt's friend Lord Melville (for alleged corruption in his office, when First Lord of the Admiralty, as concerned misappropriation of the Navy Fund), led the attack against the more scandalous corruptions charged against the Commander-in-Chief in defrauding the Half Pay Fund for the support of his amours. In Wilberforce's diary is set down the following entry touching the Parliamentary Committee and the notorious "Delicate Investigation": "This melancholy business will do irreparable mischief to public morals by accustoming the public to bear, without emotion, shameless violations of decency. The House examining Mrs. Clarke for two hours, cross-examining her in the Old Bailey way, she, elegantly dressed, consummately impudent, and very clever, got clearly the better of the tussle."

Rowlandson's caricatures upon the rise, progress, and downfall of the dreaded Corsican Emperor Bonaparte—now admired as the great Napoleon—are numerous and spirited; they extend over the best part of twenty years, and, from a humorous point of view, necessarily exaggerated, chronicle pictorially the various incidents marking that hero's wondrous career.

ROWLANDSON'S BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS.

To one class of collectors more than any other the lovers of illustrated books, with designs coloured by hand—is the fame of Rowlandson most generally familiar. The lengthy series of works embellished with plates by our artist extends over a considerable period of his prolific career, and had he done nothing outside the walk of book illustration, or had restricted his powers solely to furnishing designs destined for the method of publication in question, his exertions would have entitled his name to extended recognition as an artist of exceptional fertility and variety. It is very evident his productions of this order were vastly popular in his day—the plates etched by himself, and frequently finished in aquatint, coloured by hand, and published in facsimile of the original drawings.

The sale was always increasing, and, as in the case of the plates to *Doctor Syntax*, the original coppers were worn out with the number of impressions, and had to be replaced with new ones. This popularity was not confined to his own generation; the supply—and editions were frequently reissued—does not seem to have outstripped the demand, and the prices which particular groups of books command have gradually risen to figures which have rendered the acquisition of works illustrated with Rowlandson's designs attainable only to the favoured few who command long purses, and whose ardour as collectors is not chilled by correspondingly long figures. There is no chance of fixing the prices to which favourite works of the character described may reach; for instance, ten and twelve guineas, for many years past, has been the figure commanded in sale-rooms for a fair copy of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, embellished with twenty-four plates executed after Rowlandson's designs. The list of publications the value of which is due to the collaboration of our artist is a lengthy affair, and it is sufficient for our purpose to allude to a few of those works which are most generally esteemed by collectors of the class already particularised.

The three *Tours of Doctor Syntax*—*In search of the Picturesque*, *in search of Consolation*, and *in search of a Wife*—are probably the best known of all Rowlandson's



BENEVOLENCE.

November 5, 1792.

productions in book form. *The English Dance of Death* is almost equally familiar. The success of these works suggested sequels. *The Dance of Life* followed the terrible *Dance of Death*, and *Johnny Quæ Genus* appeared as the founding of *Doctor Syntax*. *The World in Miniature*, a series of sketches for the use of Landscape Painters, is also pretty generally familiar, as are the *Vicar of Wakefield*, the *Views of the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge*, *An Excursion made to Brighthelmston in the year 1789*, *The Comforts of Bath*, *Remarks on a Tour to North and South Wales in the year 1797*, *Loyal Volunteers of London*, *Hungarian and Highland Broadsword Exercise*, illustrations to Fielding, Smollett, "Peter Pindar," Tom Brown, Sterne, and others; *The Caricature Magazine*, *The Pleasures of Human Life*, *The Miseries of Human Life*, *The Microcosm of London*, *Characteristic Sketches of the Lower Orders*, *The Poetical Magazine*, *Sketches from Nature*, *Poetical Beauties of Scarborough*, *Engelback's Letters from Italy and the Campagna Felice*, *New Sentimental Journey*, or *Travels in the Southern Provinces of France*, *Military Adventures of Johnny Newcome*, *Qui-Hi*, the *Grand Master in Hindostan*, and *Adventures of Johnny Newcome in the Navy*.

These are perhaps the best known of Rowlandson's book-plates. His contributions to this field are very considerable, and outside our present purpose.



THE MARRIED MAN.

1786.

When Hymen joins the Lover and the Fair,
Love spreads his guardian pinions o'er the pair;

The smiles of sweet contentment cheer his dome,
And all the pleasures make his House their Home.



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British Naval Achievements under the Heroic Nelson.



George Cruikshank,
HORATIO NELSON.

AT the present moment, when the vital question of raising the desired efficiency of the British Navy to the standard of our national requirements is, for once, decidedly engaging the public attention, the proprietors of PEAR'S PICTORIAL feel that a seasonable contribution to the illustrated literature of this most important subject will be popularly acceptable. The lessons of the past, properly appreciated, shed their experiences over the present, and their practical influences over the future. Nelson, the most honoured name in the annals of the British Navy, was only an individual unit of the band of heroic sons of England whose indomitable prowess has sustained the tradition that Britannia is mistress of the ocean. That mastery once shattered, it is painfully self-evident that Britannia, as such, can exist no more. On every critical question of national expediency there has arisen a conflict of counsels, and, as the outcome of subsequent events has painfully demonstrated, wisdom has frequently been absent from the course pursued; for righting these deplorable errors of policy England has hitherto relied with unfailing success upon her undoubted supremacy at sea. On this point divided counsels would be fatal, for, from Great Britain's peculiar position among nations, her navy must ever be relied upon, not only as "her first line of national defence," but as the last also, for when her power is finally broken at sea there is neither saving clause nor middle course.

In considering the brilliant succession of naval triumphs, under the guidance of the heroic Nelson, recapitulated in the present retrospective summary of our arms at sea, the sober reflection arises that, had the results of any of the actions recorded ended ingloriously, and our supremacy on the ocean been rudely shaken, where now would be our advanced position amongst nationalities, and where Great Britain's prolonged interval of marvellous commercial and colonial expansion? After Nelson's signal conquest of the French Fleet in Aboukir Bay, nearly a century back, the great Napoleon issued a remarkable document upon the bearings of the disastrous check which his prowess had thus sustained: "The Destinies," wrote Buonaparte, "have wished to prove by this event, as by all others, that if they have assigned us a great preponderance on the Continent, they have given the Empire of the Seas to our rivals."

This empire, so nobly maintained by Nelson and his brave sailors, is the national legacy we, with our successors, have the obligation of continuing, and of handing down—intact and unimpaired—as long as British patriotism survives.

BRITISH NAVAL ACHIEVEMENTS



Under the Heroic NELSON.

NELSON GOES TO SEA AT THE AGE OF TWELVE.

HORATIO, son of Edmund and Catherine Nelson, was born September 29, 1758, in the parsonage house of Buraham Thorpe, a village in the county of Norfolk, of which his father was rector. The maiden name of his mother was Suckling; her grandmother was an elder sister of Sir Robert Walpole, and this child was named after his godfather, the first Lord Walpole. Mrs. Nelson died in 1767, leaving eight out of eleven children. Her brother, Captain Maurice Suckling, of the navy, visited the widower upon this event, and promised to take care of one of the boys. Three years afterwards, when Horatio was only twelve years of age, being at home during the Christmas holidays, he read in the county newspaper that his uncle was appointed to the *Raisonable*, of 64 guns. "Do, William," said he to a brother who was a year and a half older than himself, "write to my father, and tell him that I should like to go to sea with Uncle Maurice." Mr. Nelson was then at Bath, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health; his circumstances were straitened, and he had no prospect of ever seeing them bettered; he knew that it was the wish of providing for himself by which Horatio was chiefly actuated, and did not oppose his resolution; he understood also the boy's character, and had always said, that in whatever station he might be placed, he would climb, if possible, to the very top of the tree. Accordingly Captain Suckling was written to. "What," said he in his answer, "has poor Horatio done, who is so weak, that he, above all the rest, should be sent to rough it out at sea? But let him come, and the first time we go into action a cannon-ball may knock off his head, and provide for him at once."

It is manifest from these words, that Horatio was not the boy whom his uncle would have chosen to bring up in his own profession. He was never of a strong body; and the ague, which at that time was one of the most common diseases in England, had greatly reduced his strength; yet he had already given proofs of that resolute heart and nobleness of mind, which, during his whole career of labour and of glory, so eminently distinguished him.

EARLY EXPERIENCES OF SEAFARING.

The anticipated rupture with Spain was smoothed over, the *Raisonable* was paid off, and Captain Suckling was removed to the *Triumph*, 74, then stationed as guardship in the Thames. His uncle now judged that more active service would be desirable and

necessary to give Nelson a knowledge of his profession. He therefore sent his nephew on a voyage to the West Indies, in a merchant ship commanded by Captain Rathbone, an excellent seaman who had served under Captain Suckling in the *Dreadnought*.



George Cruikshank.

NELSON'S HAND-TO-HAND CONFLICT WITH THE SPANISH LAUNCH IN THE BAY OF CADIZ.

ATTACHED TO AN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Shortly after his return to the *Triumph*, Nelson solicited to be taken with the *Seahorse* and *Carcase*, bombs, at that time fitted out, under the Hon. Constantine Phipps, on a voyage of discovery to the North Pole; by his uncle's interest he was admitted as coxswain, under Captain Lutwidge, second in command.

While the ships of the exploring expedition were blocked up and hemmed in by ice, Nelson gave a signal proof of his indifference to danger. His situation and surroundings but braced up his mind to deeds of daring, and it was here that happened his famous encounter with the polar bear. One night, taking advantage of a rising fog, during the midwatch, he, with a comrade, stole from the ship, and set off across the ice, filled with the dauntless spirit of adventure, in pursuit of a bear. It happened that the absence of the youths was shortly discovered, the fog thickened, and Captain Lutwidge and his officers became exceedingly alarmed for their safety. Between three and four in the morning the weather cleared, and the two adventurers were seen at a considerable distance from the ship, attacking a huge bear. The signal for them to return was immediately made; Nelson's comrade called upon him to obey it, but in vain; his musket had flashed in

FROM DESPONDENCY TO EXALTATION.

Long afterwards, when the name of Nelson was known as widely as that of England itself, he spoke of the feelings which he at this time endured. "I felt impressed," said he, "with a feeling that I should never rise in my profession. My mind was staggered with a view of the difficulties I had to surmount, and the little interest I possessed. I could discover no means of reaching the object of my ambition. After a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within me, and presented my king and country as my patron. 'Well, then,' I exclaimed, 'I will be a hero! and, confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger!'" Long afterwards Nelson loved to speak of the feeling of that moment: and from that time, he often said, a radiant orb was suspended in his mind's eye, which urged him onward to renown. The enthusiasm of Nelson's nature had taken a fresh direction, he knew to what the previous state of dejection was to be attributed; that an enfeebled body, and a mind depressed, had cast this shade over his soul; but he always seemed willing to believe that the sunshine which succeeded bore with it a prophetic glory, and that the light which led him on was "light from Heaven."



NELSON'S CONFLICT WITH A BEAR, JULY, 1773.
From the picture by Richard Westall, R.A., Greenwich Collage.

the pan; their ammunition was expended; and a chasm in the ice, which divided him from the bear, probably preserved his life. "Never mind," he cried; "do but let me get a blow at this devil with the butt-end of my musket, and we shall have him." Captain Lutwidge, however, seeing his danger, fired a gun, which had the desired effect of frightening the beast; and the boy then returned, somewhat afraid of the consequences of his trespass. The captain reprimanded him sternly for conduct so unworthy of the office which he filled, and desired to know what motive he could have for hunting a bear. "Sir," said he, pouting his lip, as he was wont to do when agitated, "I wished to kill the bear, that I might carry the skin to my father."

DESPATCHED TO THE EAST INDIES.

After encountering the customary hardships which attend Arctic explorations, the expedition returned to England and the ships were paid off. Nelson was then sent from his recent experiences of the frigid zone to support the other extreme of tropical heat. His uncle obtained for him employment with Captain Farmer in the *Seahorse*, of 20 guns, then joined to the squadron going out to the East Indies under Sir Edward Hughes. He was stationed in the foretop at watch and watch. His conduct attracted the attention of the Master (afterwards Captain Surridge), in whose watch he was; and, upon his recommendation, the captain rated him as midshipman. At this time his countenance was florid, and his appearance rather stout and athletic; but, when he had been about eighteen months in India, he felt the effects of that climate, so perilous to European constitutions. The disease baffled all power of medicine; he was reduced almost to a skeleton; the use of his limbs was for some time entirely lost; and the only hope that remained was from a voyage home. Accordingly he was brought home by Captain Pigot, in the *Dolphin*; and had it not been for the attentive and careful kindness of that officer on the way, Nelson would never have lived to reach his native shores. He had formed acquaintance with Sir Charles Pole, Sir Thomas Troubridge, and other distinguished officers, then, like himself, beginning their careers: he had left them pursuing that career in full enjoyment of health and hope, and was returning from a country in which all things were to him new and interesting, with a body broken down by sickness, and spirits which had sunk with his strength.

OBTAINS A LIEUTENANCY.

His interest, however, was far better than he imagined. During his absence Captain Suckling had been made Comptroller of the Navy; Nelson's health had materially improved upon the voyage; and, as soon as the *Dolphin* was paid off, he was appointed



April 9, 1780. George Cruikshank.
NELSON "BOARDING" AN OUTPOST, SAN JUAN, HONDURAS.



LIEUTENANT HORATIO NELSON VOLUNTEERING TO BOARD A PRIZE—AN AMERICAN LETTER BOAT CAPTURED IN A VIOLENT GALE WITHIN CANTABRIA AND CALLED NOLAN. A. NUMBER 20, 1857.

Illustration by J. H. Stoddard, F.R.S., and G. C. Jones.

Lieutenant in the *Worcester*, 64, Captain Mordaunt, was sent to Gibraltar. Soon after his return, on the examination for a lieutenantcy, Captain Suckling expressed their wonder that he had not informed them that he did not wish the younger to pass the examination, and he had not been his commission as second lieutenant of the *Worcester*, then fitting out for service.

NELSON VOLUNTEERING TO BOARD A PRIZE IN A HEAVY GALE

Lieutenant Nelson, in the *Worcester*, 64, was sent to Gibraltar, his adventures in the Mediterranean were well known, and he was highly valued for his temperment. Nelson was in command in one of the ships of the fleet on a cruise this year, and was successful in capturing a vessel. The sea was blowing, and the vessel was running hard. The boat was swamped. The first lieutenant had been killed, and the captain, seeing the privateer would founder in the interval, exclaimed, "Have I no officer in the

ship who can board the prize?" Nelson, with a sense of propriety, had awaited the return of his senior officer, but on hearing the master volunteer, he jumped into the boat, saying:—"It is my turn now, and, if I come back, it is yours." The American privateer was so completely water-logged that the *Lowestoffe's* boat went on deck, and out again by the scud. When he at length got on board he was long separated from the *Lowestoffe* by the gale, and for some time Captain Locker felt very uneasy as to the safety of his daring lieutenant.

A DREAM OF EMPIRE, SOUTH AMERICA.

This project, which had been formed against the Spanish Colonies, had for its starting point the design of securing possession of Fort San Juan, on the river of that name, which flows from Lake Nicaragua into the Atlantic; obtaining mastery of the lake itself, and of the cities of Granada and Leon; and thus cut off the communication of the Spaniards between their northern and southern possessions in America. Here it is that a canal between the two seas may most easily be formed—a work more important in its consequences than any which has ever yet been effected by human power. Lord George Germaine, at that time Secretary of State for the American department, approved the plan; and as discontent at that time was known to prevail in the Nuevo Reyno, in Popayan, and in Peru, the more sanguine part of the English began to dream of acquiring an empire in one part of America more extensive than that which they were on the point of losing in another. General Dalling's plans were well formed; but the history and the nature of the country had not been studied as accurately as its geography. The difficulties which occurred in fitting out the expedition delayed it till the season was too far advanced; and the men were thus sent to adventure themselves, not so much against an enemy whom they would have beaten, as against a climate which would do the enemy's work.

Early in the year 1780, five hundred men, destined for this service, were conveyed by Nelson from Port Royal to Cape Gracias-a-Dios, in Honduras.

NELSON "BOARDING A BATTERY."

On the 9th of April they reached an Island in the river called St. Bartolomeo, which the Spaniards had fortified as an outpost, with a small semi-circular battery, mounting nine or ten swivels, and manned with sixteen or eighteen men. It commanded the river in a rapid and difficult part of the navigation. Nelson, at the head of a few of his seamen, leaped upon the beach. The ground upon which he sprang was so muddy that he had some difficulty in extricating himself, and lost his shoes; barefooted, however, he



SCUD HILL, 1793.

George Cruikshank.

The Gallant TARS, who had successfully stormed the breach at Toulon, had been arrested by their military comrades, and required, at the point of the bayonet, to disgorge the plunder they were carrying off. They were rescued by Admiral Nelson from their critical position; the valiant hero pledging his sailors to us! "Here's better times to us!"

advanced, and, in his own phrase, boarded the battery. In this resolute attempt he was bravely supported by Despard, who was at that time a captain in the army, and whose after fate was so disastrous. The castle of St. Juan is situated about sixteen miles higher up; the stores and ammunition, however, were landed a few miles below the castle, and the men had to march through woods almost impassable. One of the men was bitten under the eye by a snake, which darted upon him from the bough of a tree. He was unable to proceed for the violence of the pain; and when, after a short while, some of his comrades were sent back to assist him, he was dead, and the body already putrid. Nelson himself narrowly escaped a similar fate. He had ordered his hammock to be slung under some trees, being excessively fatigued, and was sleeping when a montory lizard passed across his face. The Indians happily observed the reptile, and knowing what it indicated, awoke him. He started up, and found one of the deadliest serpents of the country coiled up at his feet. He suffered from poison of another kind; for, drinking at a spring in which some boughs of the manchineel (the berries used by the Indians for poisoning their arrows), had been thrown, the effects were so severe, as, in the opinion of some of his friends, to inflict a lasting injury upon his constitution.

THE PRESS-GANG.

A striking feature of Nelson's day, one by which, it is curious to see, British supremacy as a naval power was maintained, was the press-gang. In spite of striking injustice, the violation of all acknowledged rights of the subject, and oppressive hardships, it was recognised that impressment was a necessary evil, and, although its horrors weighed heavily upon the individual, the "true salts" and "sea-dogs," whose maritime prowess made our annals glorious, probably regarded its evils with toleration, if not complacency.

The victims of these high-handed proceedings evidently made the best of this rough method of manning the fleet, and their sentiments on the subject, if we may trust the expressions put into their mouths by the writers of "sea-songs," were tempered by the spirit of nautical philosophy. To quote Dibdin's version of the adventures of "Sam Splicem," as a case in point:

"Sam sail'd to the Indies and safely came back,
After braving hard knocks and foul weather,
Of rupees in his chest he had more than a lace,
And his heart was as light as a feather;
While himself and his treasure were hoisting on shore
A press-gang prevented his reaching the land,
And his chest of rupees he set eyes on no more,
For the rogues knew the value of what they'd in hand;
Yet it cost honest Sam little more than a sigh,
'For,' says he, 'all this will rub out when it's dry.'"

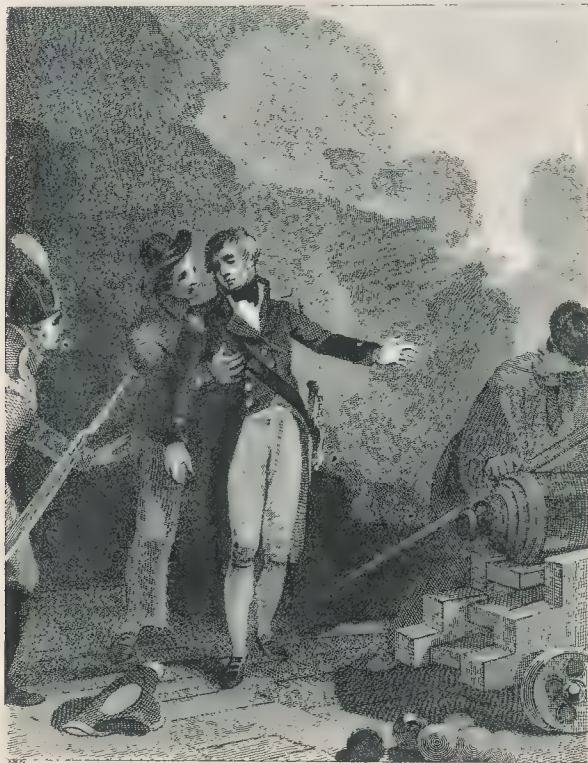
One of the earliest pictures of the press-gang was published in the *Oxford Magazine*, in 1770; a correspondent forwarded to the editor a sketch of the scene he had witnessed, of everyday occurrence in time of war, with the following contribution on the vexed question of impressment:—

"Herewith I send you a real representation of what I was an eye-witness of. It is shocking to humanity, especially in a country that boasts of its liberty, to see a man, who cannot be charged with having committed any kind of offence, pursued by a set of lawless wretches armed with bludgeons, who without any kind of apology, even proceed so far as to knock down the object they are in pursuit of if he dares presume to make the least resistance. And all this they can do with impunity.

"In vain does the wretched victim plead that he has a wife and tender infants to support—in vain does he allege the cruelty of forcing away an affectionate son from an aged parent who is supported by his industry. Deaf to every cry of humanity, and dead to all the feelings which distinguish mankind from the brute creation, they haul him away to that worst of prisons, a Tender, prepared for their reception, where many of them are suffocated for want of air, or perishing for want of sustenance.

"This is the more to be lamented, because there are men enough who would be willing to enter voluntarily were the bounty-money a little enlarged; and I will venture to affirm that the expenses attending that most degrading method of supporting press-gangs, &c., will be considerably more than would afford such a bounty as immediately to induce a sufficient number of men to offer themselves to answer all the purposes of government."

George Morland has emphasised the pathos of the situation in his pair of paintings, *The Contented Waterman*, blessed in the society of his young wife



THE INJURY TO NELSON'S EYE, SIEGE OF CALVI, CORSICA, JUNE, 1794
After the picture by W. Bromley.



AN INCIDENT IN THE WORKING OF THE PRESS-GANG.
Lent by the Proprietors of "The Graphic."

Charles Green, R.I.

and infant, and its terrifying sequel *Jack in the Bilboes*, the erst happy waterman "boarded" by the press-gang at Tower Stairs, and in spite of protestations, violently forced away from all that made his life sweet.



THE PRESS-GANG, OR ENGLISH LIBERTY DISPLAYED—1770.

Press'd Man.—"For God's sake, Gentlemen, don't drag me like a thief!"
His Wife.—"For Goodness sake, dear your Honour, set him free; he maintains his Father, Mother, Sister, and Wife!"
Captain.—"Let them starve and be damn'd! The King wants men! Haul him on board, you dogs."—*The Oxford Magazine*, 1770.

A characteristic sketch of the proceedings of a press-gang is given by Douglas Jerrold a writer who had the advantage of some personal experiences of seafaring life, and who thus was enabled to describe the incidents in his fictions from actual studies of life. In the typical history of "Jack Runnymede," "the man who blessed his stars that he was a Briton," we are introduced to the grimly practical humours of "impressment," by which England's supremacy of the seas was alone sustained, as the hero in person ultimately decided, and we are also admitted to a sight of those cruel injustices which this forcible method of abduction brought in its train.

In endeavouring to right one crying injustice, the author shows his hero made the victim of another: Jack was, in short, appealing to his fellow citizens on the topic of the "glorious boon of Magna Charta," its provisions violated in his person, and was pouring forth a stream of eloquence to the hoped-for multitude. Twenty times had he dwelt upon "the liberty of the subject." Again he touched upon the glorious theme—"I say, gentlemen, the liberty of the subject cannot be violated! I say that—thanks to the blessings of Magna Charta! the liberty of an Englishman is inviolable! Neither Kings, Lords, nor Commons, can lay a finger upon an Englishman if —"

Jack had not breath to finish the sentence, for a huge hand grasped him by the collar, and a voice, harsh and deep as if the speaker had availed himself of a trumpet, exclaimed—"Messmate, we want you."

Jack Runnymede, convinced of the inviolability of the person of an Englishman, indignantly screwed himself round, when he beheld a man in a hairy cap and rough coat, not too closely buttoned to hide a cutlass and a pair of pistols. The man, however, was not in a sanguinary mood, as he held in his right hand nothing more than a short, knotted cudgel no thicker than his arm. Besides, he was evidently a good-tempered person if not too much put upon; for he met the burning glances of Runnymede with a smile and a nod, and the heartiest assurance that "he would be nicely provided for." "My good men," said Runnymede, "you mistake the person—you do indeed."

"Mistake! I ax your pardon—we've been arter you this week," said the leader in the hairy cap.

Jack fought desperately. A hundred times he wished for a sword, a pistol, a poker, any deadly weapon. "The law, thank God!—the law was on his side, and he might with impunity murder any number of his assailants." "What a smart hand he'll make in a boarding party!" was the derisive eulogy of one of the gang, as Jack, having seized a bludgeon from one of his enemies, cleared a circle about him, and then retreated with his back to the wall.

"It's illegal—you can't do it—you have violated the rights of the subject," cried Jack, foaming; and with his clothes torn to tatters in the struggle, he found himself in the floating prison known as the Tower Tender.

Here Jack met with companions in misery, and was for the time stupefied by the scene around him. One roared a song in utter desperation; another blasphemed; a third hallooed; and more than one groaned in bitterness and sobs, as from a bursting heart, told the deep torture of the sufferer.

Jack, touched by the intense agony of one man, forgot the acuteness of his own suffering. The poor fellow was gathered in a ball in the corner, his trembling hands covered his face; tears trickled through his fingers; and his whole body heaved and quivered, as



A Press-gang

A PRESS-GANG.—THE LIBERTY OF THE SUBJECT.

Rowlandson 1820
Rowlandson, 1820

If he struggled with some burning poison. He fought against his grief, and yet, at intervals, he could not master it. I would burst forth in querulous moaning.

"I'd been five years at sea. I'd come home—my wife"—and here the sailor grasped his throat with his hand and paused—"my wife, with our little girl—I hadn't seen the child"—the man writhed with anguish—"I hadn't seen her since she was a babe. My wife and child met me—there was her old father, too well, they met me at the Docks—we went on—I was going home—I'd forgot something I'd left aboard—I told them to wait at the Black Dog—I went out, turned the street, the gang boarded me, and—and—the man dashed his fist against his skull like one frantic.

"And your wife, my friend—your wife?" said Runnymede.

"She's waiting for me—waiting for me—and I'm in the Tower Tender." On this, the sailor laughed like a demon. "Waiting for me! ha! ha!"

"And how, my good friend—how was it that you fell into their hands?" asked Jack of a melancholy new-comer.

"I was torn from my bed;" answered the man, "the gang had heard that I had been to sea—they got in at the window—and—"

"And didn't you resist?" inquired Runnymede.

"I maimed one of 'em, I think—but 'twas no use; I was hauled off—my wife screaming—the children, in their bedclothes, crying—my old mother kneeling and cursing the gang,—and—there, mate, don't talk of it."

LOSS OF NELSON'S EYE AT THE SIEGE OF CALVI, JULY 13, 1794.

On the outbreak of hostilities against the Jacobins, Nelson, who had repeatedly represented to the Admiralty his desire for active employment, once more offered his services, earnestly requesting a ship, and adding, "if their lordships should be pleased to appoint him to a cockle-boat he would be satisfied." After repeated disappointments and mortifications, Nelson was on January 30th, 1793, appointed to the *Agamemnon*, 64 guns, through the joint interest of the Duke of Clarence and Lord Hood, his staunch friends.

The siege of Bastia being successfully undertaken, the *Agamemnon* was then despatched to co-operate at the siege of Calvi with General Sir Charles Stuart; an officer who, unfortunately for his country, never had an adequate field allotted him for the display of those eminent talents which were, to all who knew him, so conspicuous. Nelson had less responsibility here than at Bastia; and was acting with a man after his own heart, who was never sparing of himself and slept every night in the advanced battery. But the service was not less hard than that of the former siege. "We will fag ourselves to death," said he to Lord Hood, "before any blame shall lie at our doors. I trust it will not be forgotten that 25 pieces of heavy ordnance have been dragged to the different batteries, mounted, and, all but three, fought by seamen, except one artilleryman to point the guns." The climate proved more destructive than the service; for this was during the lion sun, as they there call our season of the dog-days. Of 2,000 men above half were sick, and the rest like so many phantoms. Nelson described himself as the reed among the oaks, howing before the storm when they were laid low by it. "All the prevailing disorders have attacked me," said he, "but I have not strength enough for them to fasten on." The loss from the enemy was not great; but Nelson received a serious injury; a shot struck the ground near him, and drove the sand and small gravel into one of his eyes. He spoke of it slightly at the time: writing the same day to Lord Hood, he only said that he got a little hurt that morning, not much; and the next day he said he should be able to attend his duty in the evening. In fact, he suffered it to confine him only one day; but the sight was lost.

After the fall of Calvi, his services were, by a strange omission, altogether overlooked; and his name was not even mentioned in the list of wounded. This was no ways imputable to the admiral, for he sent home to Government Nelson's journal of the siege, that they might fully understand the nature of his indefatigable and unequalled exertions. If those exertions were not rewarded in the conspicuous manner which they deserved, the fault was in the administration of the day, not in Lord Hood. Nelson felt himself neglected. "One hundred and ten days," said he, "I have been actually engaged, at sea, on shore, against the enemy; three actions against ships, two against Bastia in my ship, four boat actions, and two villages taken, and twelve sail of vessels burnt. I do not know that any one has done more. I have had the comfort to be always applauded by my commander-in-chief, but never to be rewarded; and, what is more mortifying, for services in which I have been wounded, others have been praised, who, at the same time, were actually in bed, far from the scene of action. They have not done me justice. But, never mind, I'll have a gazette of my own." How amply was this second-sight of glory realised!

THE BATTLE OF ST. VINCENT, 14TH FEBRUARY, 1797.

On his way to join Sir John Jervis, who then commanded the Mediterranean fleet, Nelson came up with the Spanish fleet at the mouth of the Straits, and on February 13th, 1797, he was able to report this intelligence to the Admiral off Cape St. Vincent. By

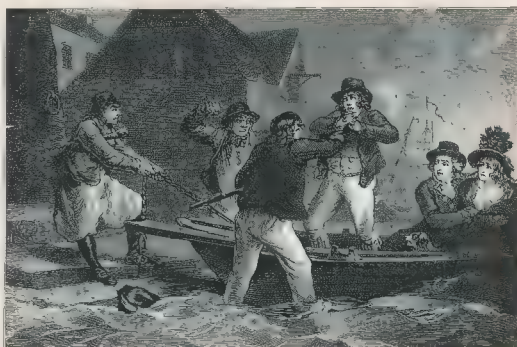
daybreak the following morning the hostile fleet was sighted. The British force in all consisted of fifteen ships of the line, four frigates, a sloop, and a cutter. The Spanish ships much exceeded our own in weight of metal; they had one four-decker of 136 guns, six three-deckers of 112, two eighty-fours, eighteen seventy-fours—in all, twenty-seven ships of the line, with ten frigates and a brig—a proportion of about double the British force. The Spanish Admiral, Don Joseph de Cordova, had learnt from an American vessel that the English had but nine ships, which was actually the case when his informant had met their fleet; in the interval a reinforcement of five ships from England, under Admiral Parker, had joined the main body, and the *Culloden* had come up with her consorts. Instead of going to Cadix, as originally intended, the Spanish commander evidently resolved to attack a force thus inferior to his own.

Sir John Jervis, with masterly tactics, at once put into practice the design of dividing the enemy's forces, and attacking them in detail before they could form in line of battle; by carrying a press of sail Admiral Jervis's division came up with the Spanish fleet, passed through their ranks before they could get into regular order, then tacked, and thus cut off nine of their ships from the main body, which was still superior in point of numbers, and much more so in weight of guns, to his whole fleet. Sir John Jervis then signalled for his forces to tack in succession.

Nelson, on board the *Captain*, was stationed in the rear of the British line. He perceived that the enemy's forces were bearing up before the wind with the intention of reforming their line, going large, and rejoining the separated ships, which had at the commencement, on attempting to rejoin the main body, been put to flight by the warmth of the British broadsides. To prevent this manoeuvre on the part of the enemy, and to frustrate their possible intention of getting off without risking a close engagement, Nelson at once ordered his ship to be wore, though directly contrary to the signal given by his chief, and this brought the *Captain* into the thick of the fire of the heaviest armed of the Spanish first-rates. The action commenced simultaneously with the *Santissima Trinidad* (136 guns), the *San Josef* (112), the *Salvador del Mundo* (112), the *San Nicolas* (80), the *San Isidro* (74), another seventy-four, and another first-rate. These terribly disproportionate odds immediately brought Trowbridge to Nelson's support, and for nearly an hour these two gallant comrades maintained in the *Captain* and the *Culloden* what Nelson described as "this apparently but really not unequal contest"; such was the confidence inspired by coolness, skill, and discipline, with the reliance reposed by brave men in their intrepid commanders. The *Blenheim* then passed between the opponents and poured her fire upon the ships of the Spanish line there engaged, while the *Salvador del Mundo* and *San Isidro*, dropping astern, were fired into in fine style by the *Excellent*, under the command of the gallant Collingwood. The *San Isidro* now struck, and according to Nelson's belief, the *Salvador* followed suit; this left the *Excellent* free to push on for the support of the over-matched *Commodore*, whose ship, the *Captain*, was already a partial wreck from the effects of the tremendous fire to which her situation had exposed Nelson's ship from the first opening of the action. She was described as incapable of further service in line or chase, her rigging all dismantled, not a sail, shroud, or rope standing, and her wheel shot away. Well might the *Commodore's* chosen comrades—without losing time in boarding possible prizes—hasten to support their chief at this juncture. As Nelson has recorded—"Collingwood disdained the parade of taking possession of beaten enemies, most gallantly pushed up with every sail set, to save his old friend and messmate, who was to every appearance in a critical situation," for the *Captain* remained at this time under the fire of three first-rates, while the *San Nicolas* was at still closer quarters, and a seventy-four was pouring in destruction within pistol-range of the hardly-pressed *Captain*. The *Blenheim* was ahead, the *Culloden*, also badly crippled, was astern, when Collingwood ranged up, and hauling up his mainsail just astern, passed within ten feet of the *San Nicolas*, giving her a most tremendous fire, then pushed on for the *Santissima Trinidad*. The *San Nicolas* luffing up, the *San Josef* fell on board of her, and Nelson's ship was again found abreast of both, and close alongside. The *Captain* being now useless for practical offence, Nelson and his brave crew turned their endeavours to boarding those hostile ships within reach; the helm was put a-starboard, and the ship run into her neighbour, the *San Nicolas*.

NELSON BOARDING THE SAN NICOLAS AND THE SAN JOSEF.

The next series of subjects, in point of date, in our selection, deals with the brilliant deeds which marked *Commodore Nelson's* command at the battle off Cape St. Vincent. His valiant conduct on this occasion has inspired several artists to perpetuate the incidents on canvas. Among several other examples there is a reproduction of Orme's version,

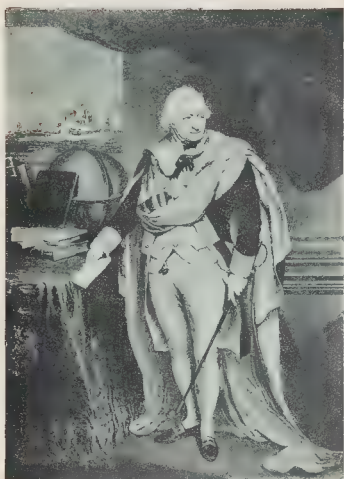


George Morland.

THE PRESS-GANG, OR JACK IN THE BILBOES.

From Dibdin's celebrated song "My Poll and my Partner Joe."

"Folks far and near caress'd me,
"Till, woe is me! so lubberly,
The press-gang came and pressed me."



Sir W. Beechey, R.A.
JOHN JERVIS, EARL OF ST. VINCENT, G.C.B.
1735-1823.

Admiral, 1795, and Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean. Obtained a brilliant victory over the Spanish Fleet off Cape St. Vincent, Feb. 17, 1797. Created an Earl, with a pension of £3,000 a year. First Lord of the Admiralty, 1801-4; Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Fleet, 1806-7; Admiral of the Fleet, 1811.

tures. Captain Berry first leaped into the mizzen chains of the *San Nicolas*; he was supported with spirit by a rush of eager followers from the spritsail-yard, which locked in the enemy's main rigging. The upper quarter-gallery window was stove in by a soldier of the 60th Regiment; the Commodore thereon threw himself into the cabin, closely followed by his devoted band. They found themselves, for the time, prisoners in the cabin, the doors being secured, and the Spaniards kept up a pistol fire upon them through the windows. The cabin doors were soon forced, and the Spanish brigadier fell while retreating to the quarterdeck. Berry was already master of the poop, and his boarders were hauling down the Spanish ensign, when Nelson fought his way forwards to join forces; he then passed on to the fore-castle, where he was met by two or three Spanish officers, who surrendered to him their swords in sign of submission.

NELSON ON BOARD THE *SAN JOSEF*.

After making himself master of the *San Nicolas*, Nelson, followed by Captain Berry, Lieutenant Pearson, of the 60th Regiment, his coxswain, John Sykes, and a band of brave supporters, gained the *San Josef*, and quickly took possession of the ship. The story of this feat is best related in Nelson's own words:—"On the quarter-deck of a Spanish first-

rate, painted under the immediate suggestions offered by Nelson himself and the officers of his ship, the *Captain*; the painting of the main incidents by Sir William Allen; the boarding episode treated by George Jones, R.A.; the surrender of the Spanish Admiral's sword represented by Orme, by R. Westall, R.A., by Barker; and, of more recent days, the spirited version of the boarding of the *San Nicolas*, entitled *Nelson at the Battle of St. Vincent*, painted by Frank Baden-Powell, which appeared in the *Graphic*. After engaging the four-decker, *Santisima Trinidad*, and her consorts, as described, Nelson, whose ship, the *Captain*, was in the thick of the fire and disabled, ordered her to be run into the starboard quarter of the *San Nicolas*, already entangled with the *San Josef*. The chief episodes of this desperate adventure form the motives of the artists' realistic pic-

rate, extravagant as the story may seem, did I receive the swords of the vanquished Spaniards; which, as I received, I gave to William Fearnay, one of my bargemen, who put them, with the greatest *sang froid*, under his arm." "Bundling them up," as the gallant Collingwood expressed it, "with as much composure as he would have made a faggot, though twenty-two sail of the Spanish line were still within gun-shot." The Commodore was supported, as he has described, by "old Agamemnon" and "several other brave men, seamen, and soldiers. Thus fell these ships. In boarding the *San Nicolas* I believe we lost about seven killed and ten wounded, and about twenty Spaniards lost their lives by a foolish resistance; none were, I believe, lost in boarding the *San Josef*. There is a saying in the Fleet too flattering for me to omit telling, viz., 'Nelson's patent bridge for boarding first-rates,' alluding to my passage over an enemy's 80-gun ship." This occurred February 14th, 1797.

THE SWORD OF THE SPANISH REAR-ADMIRAL SURRENDERED TO NELSON AT THE BATTLE OF ST. VINCENT.

The sword of the Spanish Rear-Admiral, Don Xavier Winthuyzen, who was dying of his wounds on board the *San Josef* at the moment when his captain surrendered this weapon to Nelson, was, by Sir John Jervis's express desire, retained by Nelson. This memorial Nelson presented to the Mayor and Corporation of Norwich, saying "that he knew no place where it could give him or his family more pleasure to have it kept than the capital city of the county where he was born." The freedom of the city of Norwich was voted to him on that occasion.

This particular weapon, which will be remembered as one of the most interesting relics of this character in the Royal Naval Exhibition of 1891, has been carefully preserved. It is enclosed in a glazed case, and mounted at the base of a trophy of pyramidal form. The names and insignia of subsequent victories, such as the Nile and Trafalgar, added later to the trophy, produce a confused notion in the mind of the spectator, at the first glance, as to the actual event commemorated. On the monument proper is the following inscription:—"The sword of the Spanish Admiral Don Xavier Winthuyzen, who died of the wounds he received in an engagement with the British Fleet, under the command of Admiral Earl St. Vincent, 14th February, 1797, which ended in the most brilliant victory ever obtained in this country over the enemy at sea,



COMMODORE NELSON BOARDING THE SPANISH FIRST-RATE *SAN JOSEF*, IN THE ACTION OFF CAPE ST. VINCENT, FEBRUARY 14, 1797.

From the picture by George Jones, R.A., in the Painted Hall, Greenwich College.

wherein the heroic valour and cool determined courage of Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, K.B., had ample scope for their display. He being a native of Norfolk, honoured the city by presenting this sword, surrendered to him in that action."

NELSON'S HAND-TO-HAND ENGAGEMENT WITH A SPANISH LAUNCH.

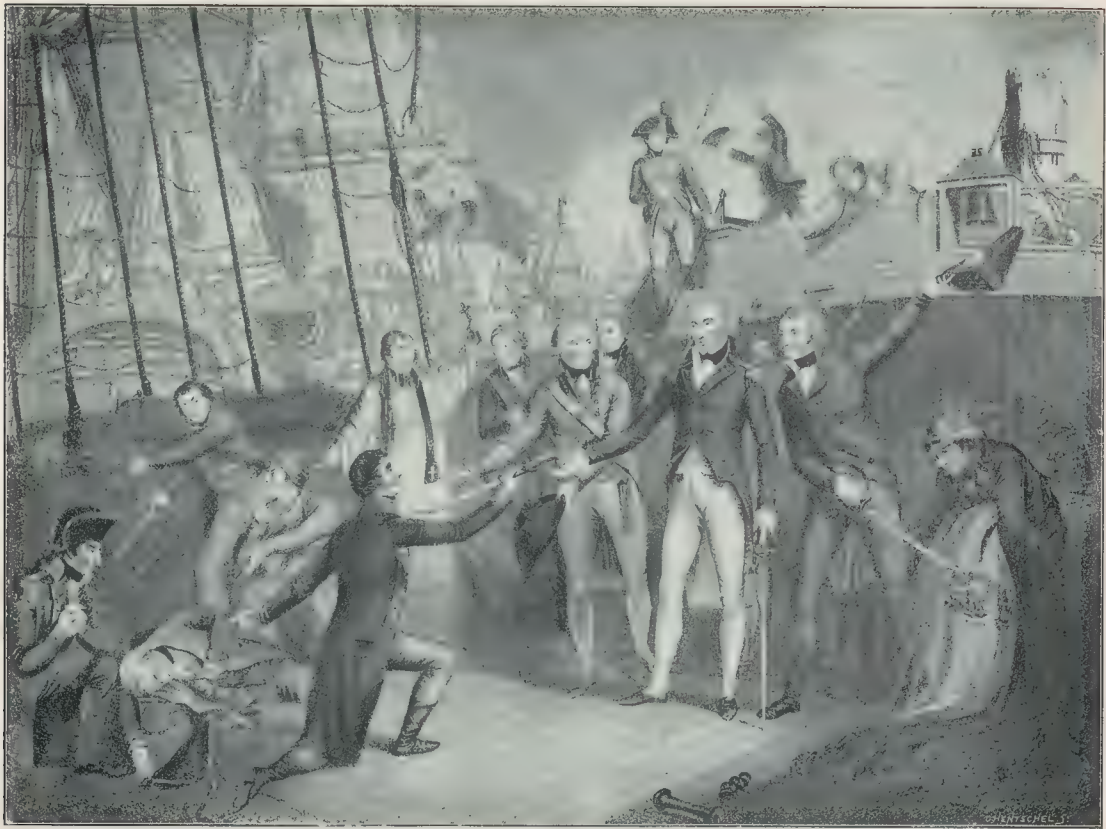
A few months subsequent to his gallant services at the battle of St. Vincent, while, as Rear-Admiral, Sir Horatio Nelson hoisted his flag on the *Theseus*, and he was employed in the command of the inner squadron at the blockade of Cadiz, occurred what Nelson himself held to be the most perilous action in which he had engaged. During a night attack, July 3rd, 1797, on the Spanish gunboats, the Admiral's barge was attacked by a Spanish launch carrying twenty-six men; Nelson had only his ten bargemen, Captain Freemantle, and his faithful coxswain, John Sykes, who twice saved the life of his chief by parrying the blows aimed at the Admiral's person, and at length, being unable by other means to parry the thrust of a Spanish sabre, interposed his head to avert the blow, "thus dearly was Nelson beloved!" In this hand-to-hand and desperate encounter, Nelson always considered his own personal courage was more conspicuously displayed than on any similar occasion during his experience.

NELSON WOUNDED AT SANTA CRUZ BAY, TENERIFFE.

Twelve days after his memorable *rencontre* with a Spanish launch, Nelson headed an expedition against Teneriffe, the object being to capture the forts at Santa Cruz Bay. It was intended to take the Spaniards by surprise in a night attack, but thirty or forty pieces of cannon opened fire on the invaders; although, in the darkness, but few boats were able to make the mole, nothing could withstand the intrepidity of their advance.



George Cruikshank.
ON BOARD THE *SAN JOSEF*.
Nelson receiving the swords of the Spanish Officers, and handing them to William Fearnay.



THE VICTORY OF ST. VINCENT, FEBRUARY 14, 1797.

Rear-Admiral Nelson boarding the two Spanish ships, the *San Nicolas* and the *San Josef*. The sword of the Spanish Admiral Don Xavier Winthuyzen surrendered to Nelson on the deck of the *San Josef* (112 guns.)

Painted by D. Orme, under the direction of Lord Nelson, and the Officers of H.M.S. "The Captain" (Nelson's Flagship).

Key to the Large Print & Picture of ADMIRAL NELSON'S Boarding the Spanish Ship, &c.

L^{td} S^{td} VINCENT'S Victory



1. Lord Nelson
2. Capt. Boscawen
3. Capt. Mordaunt
4. Capt. Thomas
5. Capt. Mordaunt
6. Capt. Thomas
7. Capt. Mordaunt
8. Capt. Thomas
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96. Capt. Thomas
97. Capt. Mordaunt
98. Capt. Thomas
99. Capt. Mordaunt
100. Capt. Thomas

Of the above are mentioned as distinguished names, viz. 1. Lord Nelson, 2. Capt. Boscawen, 3. Capt. Mordaunt, 4. Capt. Thomas, 5. Capt. Mordaunt, 6. Capt. Thomas, 7. Capt. Mordaunt, 8. Capt. Thomas, 9. Capt. Mordaunt, 10. Capt. Thomas, 11. Capt. Mordaunt, 12. Capt. Thomas, 13. Capt. Mordaunt, 14. Capt. Thomas, 15. Capt. Mordaunt, 16. Capt. Thomas, 17. Capt. Mordaunt, 18. Capt. Thomas, 19. Capt. Mordaunt, 20. Capt. Thomas, 21. Capt. Mordaunt, 22. Capt. Thomas, 23. Capt. Mordaunt, 24. Capt. Thomas, 25. Capt. Mordaunt, 26. Capt. Thomas, 27. Capt. Mordaunt, 28. Capt. Thomas, 29. Capt. Mordaunt, 30. Capt. Thomas, 31. Capt. Mordaunt, 32. Capt. Thomas, 33. Capt. Mordaunt, 34. Capt. Thomas, 35. Capt. Mordaunt, 36. Capt. Thomas, 37. Capt. Mordaunt, 38. Capt. Thomas, 39. Capt. Mordaunt, 40. Capt. Thomas, 41. Capt. Mordaunt, 42. Capt. Thomas, 43. Capt. Mordaunt, 44. Capt. Thomas, 45. Capt. Mordaunt, 46. Capt. Thomas, 47. Capt. Mordaunt, 48. Capt. Thomas, 49. Capt. Mordaunt, 50. Capt. Thomas, 51. Capt. Mordaunt, 52. Capt. Thomas, 53. Capt. Mordaunt, 54. Capt. Thomas, 55. Capt. Mordaunt, 56. Capt. Thomas, 57. Capt. Mordaunt, 58. Capt. Thomas, 59. Capt. Mordaunt, 60. Capt. Thomas, 61. Capt. Mordaunt, 62. Capt. Thomas, 63. Capt. Mordaunt, 64. Capt. Thomas, 65. Capt. Mordaunt, 66. Capt. Thomas, 67. Capt. Mordaunt, 68. Capt. Thomas, 69. Capt. Mordaunt, 70. Capt. Thomas, 71. Capt. Mordaunt, 72. Capt. Thomas, 73. Capt. Mordaunt, 74. Capt. Thomas, 75. Capt. Mordaunt, 76. Capt. Thomas, 77. Capt. Mordaunt, 78. Capt. Thomas, 79. Capt. Mordaunt, 80. Capt. Thomas, 81. Capt. Mordaunt, 82. Capt. Thomas, 83. Capt. Mordaunt, 84. Capt. Thomas, 85. Capt. Mordaunt, 86. Capt. Thomas, 87. Capt. Mordaunt, 88. Capt. Thomas, 89. Capt. Mordaunt, 90. Capt. Thomas, 91. Capt. Mordaunt, 92. Capt. Thomas, 93. Capt. Mordaunt, 94. Capt. Thomas, 95. Capt. Mordaunt, 96. Capt. Thomas, 97. Capt. Mordaunt, 98. Capt. Thomas, 99. Capt. Mordaunt, 100. Capt. Thomas



TROPHY CONTAINING THE SWORD OF THE SPANISH ADMIRAL TAKEN AT THE BATTLE OF CAPE ST. VINCENT, AND PRESENTED BY LORD NELSON TO THE TOWN OF NORWICH.



THE SAN JOSEF (112 GUNS), AND THE SAN NICOLAS (80 GUNS), CARRIED BY BOARDING, FEBRUARY 14, 1797.

After the picture by Richard Westall, R.A. Greenwich College.

Nelson, Freemantle, Thomson, Bowen, and others instantly stormed the mole and carried it, though defended by four or five hundred men; the guns were spiked, but so murderous a fire of musketry and grape was maintained from the citadel and buildings at the head of the mole, that the assailants were swept back, and nearly all engaged in the desperate enterprise were killed or wounded.

THE LOSS OF NELSON'S RIGHT ARM.

Before entering on this desperate adventure at Teneriffe, Nelson had not underrated the deadly risks he was encountering; and the night before this bold attempt he had written to the First Lord of the Admiralty, Earl St. Vincent, recommending to his country, in the event of his death, his step-son Josiah Nisbet; "to-morrow," he

concluded, "my head will be either crowned with laurel or cypress." But for the presence of his step-son, Nelson's career would, in all probability, have finished at Santa Cruz. In the act of stepping out of his boat, in a shower of grape and shot, Nelson received a ball through the right elbow, badly shattering the bones; in falling when thus suddenly struck down, he had the presence of mind to catch in his left hand the sword he had just drawn; he was resolved not to part with this weapon while life remained; it had belonged to his gallant uncle, Captain Suckling, and was by Nelson regarded with peculiar reverence. Nisbet, who had insisted on following Nelson, much against the inclinations of his step-father, was happily at hand, and able to render assistance at the moment his chief fell. On placing the wounded Admiral at the bottom of the boat, he examined the wound from which Nelson's life blood was rapidly flowing, and he at once bound up the lacerated blood vessels with silk handkerchiefs; but for this prompt attention the Admiral must have perished. Meanwhile they were surrounded with



REAR-ADMIRAL SIR HORATIO NELSON'S HAND-TO-HAND CONFLICT WITH A SPANISH LAUNCH OFF CADIZ, JULY 3, 1797.

From the picture by Richard Westall, R.A., Greenwich College.

dangers, their boat was grounded, and in the thick of the firing. They managed to float the boat, and by steering close under the guns of the battery the balls passed over their heads. While in this critical situation, the *Fox* received a shot through her hull and went down with all her crew. Ninety-seven men were immersed, and eighty-three were saved, many by Nelson himself, unmindful of his disabled condition in the face of the emergency. His exertions greatly increased the agony and danger of his wound. On reaching his ship, the *Theseus*, Nelson desired a rope to be thrown over the side, and, refusing all assistance, twisted this round his left hand, saying:—"Let me alone! I have yet my legs left and one arm. Tell the surgeon to make haste and get his instruments. I know I must lose my right arm, so the sooner it is off the better." He displayed astonishing spirit in springing up the ship's side. In his despatches Nelson made no mention of the loss of his arm, but in writing to Lord St. Vincent he alluded to his own disabled condition, and despondently hinting that his serviceable life was over, he again expressed his keen anxiety regarding the promotion of his step-son, Josiah

Nisbet. "The boy is under obligations to me, but he repaid me by bringing me from the mole at Santa Cruz." In a similar spirit he wrote to Lady Nelson:—"It was the chance of war, and I have great reason to be thankful; I know it will add much to your pleasure to find that Josiah, under God's providence, was principally instrumental in saving my life."

NELSON SURPRISES THE FRENCH FLEET IN ABOUKIR BAY.

Nelson's loss of his right arm, by the disaster at Teneriffe, than he was again engaged in active service; his flag was hoisted in the *Vanguard*, a ship destined to be made famous in our naval annals by its association with one of Nelson's most illustrious achievements. Early in 1798 the portion of the Mediterranean fleet under Nelson's command was employed to defeat, if possible, the great French armament under Bonaparte, fitting out at Toulon. This



THE VICTORY OF SIR HORATIO NELSON OVER THE FRENCH FLEET IN ABOUKIR BAY, AUGUST 1, 1798.

The French Fleet, commanded by Admiral Brucey, consisted of thirteen line-of-battle ships, four frigates, and two brigs. Nelson's fleet was composed of thirteen, seventy-four, and two smaller vessels. The Admiral surprised the French Fleet anchored in Aboukir Bay. The action commenced at nightfall. At ten o'clock the French Admiral's ship *L'Orient* (120 guns), blew up. The action continued with the greatest bravery on both sides. Nelson himself was badly wounded. Eventually the entire French Fleet was taken or destroyed, with the exception of two line of battle ships and two frigates. The victory was fatal to the French in Egypt; and for this important service Nelson was created Baron Nelson of the Nile.

can." "The moment he perceived the position of the French, that intuitive genius with which Nelson was endowed displayed itself, and it instantly struck him that where there was room for an enemy's ship to swing, there was room for one of ours to anchor. The plan which he intended to pursue, therefore, was to keep entirely on the outer side of the French line, and station his ships, as far as he was able, one on the outer bow, and another on the outer quarter of each of the enemy's ships. This plan of doubling was, in the first instance, projected by Lord Hood, and Nelson at once acknowledged his obligations to his old and excellent Commander. Struck with the scope of this design, Captain Berry exclaimed:—"If we succeed, what will the world say?" To these transports Nelson replied:—"There is no *if* in the case. That we shall succeed is certain; who may live to tell the story is a very different question!"

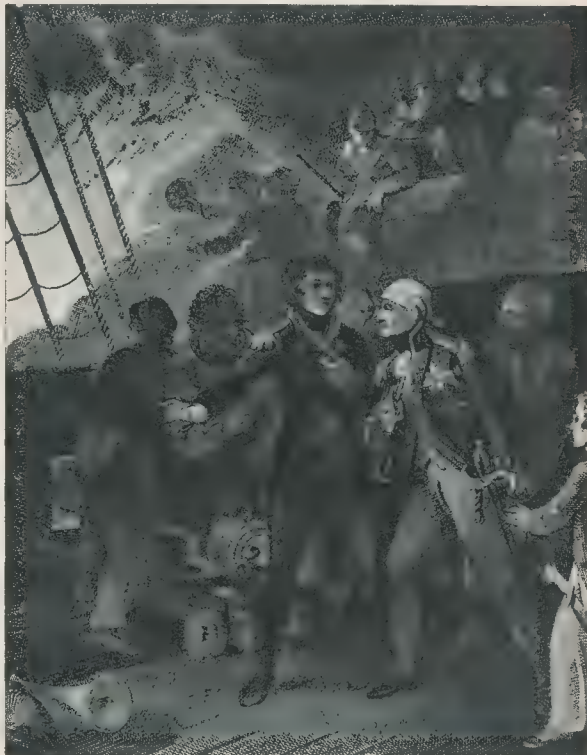
THE BATTLE OF THE NILE, 1st AUGUST, 1798.

Admiral Brucey, an able and brave commander, had taken the precaution to moor his ships in Aboukir Bay in a strong and compact line of battle, the headmost vessel being as close as possible to a shoal on the N.W., and the remainder of the fleet ranged in a crescent-like formation along the line of deep water, so as not to be turned by any means in the S.W. The action commenced at half-past six at night. The British squadron steadily advanced unmoved in the midst of a shower of shot and shell from the batteries on the island, nor was their order disturbed by the heavy fire opened on the starboard side by the whole French line of battle, discharged within half gun-shot distance, the shot falling into the bows of our van ships. This attack was received in silence, and without response; our men were engaged aloft furling sails, and below tending the braces and making ready for anchoring. The *Goliath* led. Captain Foley had long conceived that if the enemy were moored in line of battle as with the land, the best plan of attack would be to lead between them and the shore, it being presumable that the French guns on that side were, in all probability, neither manned nor ready for action. Having opened fire on the *Guerrier*, the *Goliath*, whose anchor swung, drifted on to the second ship, the *Conquerant*, and anchored by the stern inside of her, and in ten minutes, shot away her mast. Hood, in the *Zealous*, took up the position the *Goliath* had intended to secure by the first ship, and totally disabled the *Guerrier* in twelve minutes. The third ship of the British line, the *Orion*, under Sir J. Saumarez, next doubled the enemy's van; she opened her larboard guns on the *Guerrier*, passed inside the *Goliath*, sunk a frigate which was taking the offensive, hauled round, and anchored between the fifth and sixth ships of the French line, on the larboard bow of the *Franklin* and the quarter of the *Peuple Souverain*, receiving and returning the fire of both. The day was drawing to a close and darkness was coming on; Captain Gould, in the *Audacious*, next bore down in destructive style, pouring a heavy fire into the unfortunate *Guerrier* as he passed the first ship; he then sent a broadside into the *Conquerant*, stationed himself on the larboard of the latter, and when that ship struck passed on to the *Peuple Souverain*. The *Theseus*, Captain Miller, on coming into action, by a well-directed fire brought down the *Guerrier's* remaining main and mizen masts, and anchored inside the *Spartiate*, the third ship of Brucey's line.

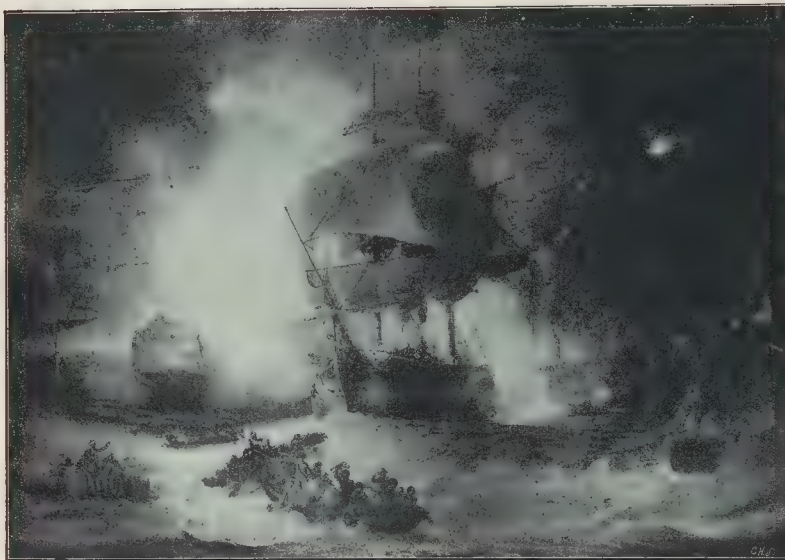
As the advance ships successfully doubled the French line and anchored on the inside, the detachment, headed by Nelson's flag-ship, the *Vanguard*, bore down on the outer side of the enemy's line, the *Vanguard* anchoring within half-pistol shot of their third ship, the *Spartiate*, instantly opening a tremendous fire, under cover of which four ships of the Admiral's division, the *Minotaur*, *Bellerophon*, *Defence*, and *Majestic*, sailed on ahead to their respective stations. Meanwhile the destruction on board the *Vanguard* was terrific; the first six guns in the fore-part of Nelson's ship were three times cleared, in each instance all the men working them being killed or wounded. The *Minotaur* anchored next to the Admiral, taking off the fire of the *Aquilon*; the *Bellerophon*, Captain Darby, dropped her stern anchor on the larboard bow of the huge *L'Orient*; the *Defence*, Captain Peyton, took her station ahead of the *Minotaur*, and engaged the *Franklin*. The *Majestic*, Captain Westcott (the only English Captain who fell in the action), in being down got her rigging entangled with that of one of the ships astern of *L'Orient*, and, until she swung clear, suffered terribly from the great four-decker's fire; she then engaged both

the *Houarou* and the *Tonnant*, the ninth and eighth ships of the French line. The most unequal contest was that of the *Bellerophon*, matched against the French flag-ship, *L'Orient*, with 120 guns, the proportion of force being in the ratio of seven to three in favour of Brucey's ship; the *Bellerophon* suffered fearfully, two hundred of her crew were killed or wounded, and all her masts and cables were shot away, causing her to drift out of the line towards the lee side of the bay. Meanwhile four ships of the British squadron, detached previous to the discovery of the hostile fleet, were coming up. Unfortunately the *Culloden*, Captain Trowbridge, owing to the darkness increasing the difficulty of navigating the reef, suddenly, in spite of careful soundings, ran aground, nor could the assistance of the *Leander* get this important ship off in time to be of service—a severe mortification to her gallant captain; however, but for the circumstance of the *Culloden* serving as a beacon, the *Alexander* and *Swiftsure*, from the course they were steering, must inevitably have gone farther on the reef and been wrecked. On bearing down, Captain Hallowell, in the *Swiftsure*, came upon the *Bellerophon* adrift and overpowered by the gigantic *L'Orient*, and at once stationed his ship in her late place, opening fire on the quarter of the *Franklin* and the bows of Admiral Brucey's vessel. Simultaneously Captain Ball, in the *Alexander*, passed under the stern and anchored on the larboard of *L'Orient*; Captain Thompson, of the *Leander*, finding the *Culloden* could not be got off in time to take part in the engagement, under existing circumstances, brought his ship into action, and took his station athwart-hawse of the *Franklin*, in a position to rake both this ship and *L'Orient*. By half-past eight the first five ships of the French line were in the hands of our fleet.

In the heat of the action, when the *Vanguard* was in the thick of the fire, Nelson unfortunately received a severe wound from a fragment of a language shot. This struck him on the forehead and brought away the flesh from his temple to the bone, the flesh overhanging his remaining eye. The Admiral was much distressed; from the violence of the concussion he had reason to believe that his skull was fractured totally blinded for the time being; there was a great effusion of blood from the wound, and Nelson set about making his final dispositions. Although it was feared his injury was mortal, the Admiral insisted that he should await his turn with his brave fellows, who were down before him, the cockpit being filled with wounded men. When the surgeon in due time reached Nelson's case (for it was useless attempting to induce the Admiral to let his injury be examined sooner), the greatest exultation was displayed by the wounded and all throughout

NELSON WOUNDED APPEARING ON THE DECK OF HIS SHIP THE *VANGUARD*, DURING THE CONFLAGRATION OF THE *L'ORIENT*, BATTLE OF THE NILE.

After the picture by W. Bromley.



VICTORY OF SIR HORATIO NELSON OVER THE FRENCH FLEET IN ABOUKIR BAY, AUGUST 1, 1798.
The explosion of the *L'Orient*.

From the picture by George Arnald, A.R.A., in the Painted Hall, Greenwich College.

the ship when the assurance was given that his life was not in any deadly peril, although from the nature of the blow, and the agonising pains he suffered in the head, it was some time before Nelson could realise that his skull was not fractured. No sooner out of the surgeon's hands, he set about tracing on paper his devout sense of the victory which had so far crowned the British arms. At this moment a cry was raised that *L'Orient* was on fire; all rushed up on deck, and on the quarter-deck Nelson was discovered giving orders as to sending boats to relieve the enemy in their fearful emergency. The valiant French Admiral had died at his post, and the flames were mastering his ship, which, as it happened, was being repaired when Nelson's fleet surprised the enemy. The oil jars and paint buckets were lying on the poop. By the lurid light of this conflagration, the situation of the two fleets was clearly distinguishable; the greater part of the crew held to their ship to the last, continuing to fire from the lower deck. About ten o'clock *L'Orient* blew up with a shock that was felt to the very bottom of every vessel, and, for an interval, the guns on both sides ceased to fire. The action was resumed after the catastrophe of *L'Orient*, and continued until three in the morning. At daybreak but two French ships of the line had their colours flying—the *Guillaume Tell* and the *Généreux*, the two rear vessels of the enemy's line which had not been engaged; they cut their cables and stood out to sea, two frigates being with them. The *Zealous* pursued, but no ship was in a condition to support Captain Hood, and the *Zealous*, which had been in action since the commencement, was recalled. Nelson felt so severely the absence of small craft that he wrote to the Admiralty, "Were I to die this moment *want of frigates* would be found stamped on my heart."

It was generally believed throughout the fleet that if Nelson had not been so severely wounded in the head as to be stunned and disabled early in the action, and the *Castellan* had come up instead of grounding, not a ship of the hostile fleet would have left Aboukir Bay. Of thirteen sail of the line, nine were taken and two burnt; of four frigates, one was sunk and another bred by her captain after striking his colours. "Victory," Nelson averred, "is not a name strong enough for such a scene"; he called it a conquest.

For this important service, honours in profusion were showered upon the victorious Admiral, both from the Sultan and the Neapolitan Court, and his own delighted country. He was created Baron Nelson of the Nile and of Burnham Thorpe, with a pension of £2,000 a year for his own life and the lives of his two immediate successors.

SWORD OF HONOUR PRESENTED TO LORD NELSON BY FERDINAND OF NAPLES.

Among all the numerous interesting and valuable presentation swords which constituted noteworthy features of the Royal Naval Exhibition, 1891, specially memorable was the "Sword of Honour," studded with fine diamonds of great price, which Lord Nelson was reluctantly persuaded to accept from Ferdinand Bourbon, King of the Two Sicilies, in recognition of the important services the English Admiral had conferred upon the Royal Family in expelling the French invaders, and suppressing the rebellion of disaffected subjects who had joined the enemy. The relic is in itself an attractive object, both on account of its intrinsic value and as an historical memorial.

Lord Nelson for some time refused those rewards the King and Queen of Naples were eager to shower upon him. The Dukedom of Bronte, with a domain, the revenues of which were nominally estimated at some £3,000 a year, were to a hero—whose liberality and disinterestedness had left him poor for his station—prizes more than ordinarily tempting; yet it required the insistence of the queen, backed by the solicitations of Lady Hamilton, to induce Nelson to accept these proofs of royal gratitude. It was represented, "he considered his own honour too much to he persisted in refusing what the king and queen felt to be absolutely necessary for the preservation of their own." Ferdinand speciously urged, probably prompted by the counsels of the queen, who was recognised by Napoleon himself as "an arch feminine diplomatist," that Nelson could not insist on handing them down to posterity as ingrates, and that his own name alone should be mentioned with honour.

When the dukedom, with the Sicilian high-sounding title, equivalent to the "Duke of Thunder," was accepted by Nelson, Ferdinand added the diamond-hilted sword of honour—as far as value is concerned, among the most important of all the numerous similar testimonials conferred upon Nelson. It is related that the Bourbon prince esteemed this costly memento from personal associations; it having been presented to him by his father, Charles III. of Spain, on his accession to the throne of the Two Sicilies.

In the "List of Presents," (received by Nelson for his services in the Mediterranean between October 1st, 1798, and October 1st, 1799), as drawn up by his own hand, and subjoined to his "Memoir," transmitted from Port Mahon, October 15th, 1799, is the following item:—

"From the King of the Two Sicilies, a sword richly ornamented with diamonds, valued at £5,000, and a most elegant and kind letter; and the Dukedom of Bronte, with an estate supposed worth £3,000 per annum."

THE KING OF THE TWO SICILIES LETTER TO NELSON.

"My Dear Lord: The expressions that are generally used to denote real gratitude by no means correspond with or satisfy the exclusive sense which I feel of how much ought to be—and I know, is—engraved on my mind. The service which you have doubly rendered to me and the Two Sicilies can never be equalled. In the month of August, you were last year their sole preserver, as also during the present one, by organising a most judicious defence for these kingdoms, with an active and imposing force; preserving for me and my family, after so many disasters, the possession of both countries; your powerful co-operation having rendered the force of my faithful soldiers efficacious, as well as that of my allies who are united with them."

"In thus repeating to you those services, of which at this moment I feel so sensible, permit that some lasting marks of my gratitude may be presented to your Lordship in my name, which cannot hurt your elevated and just delicacy; but on that subject I will be silent."

"When my august Father took leave of me, he gave me, with these Kingdoms, a sword, as a symbol to preserve what he had entrusted to me. To you, my Lord, I send it in memory of the obligation I then contracted, and which you have given me and your brave followers who have liberated

an opportunity of fulfilling, since it was you and your brave followers who have liberated Naples and its coasts from the enemy who had gained possession of them, and you who have supported my steps by the establishment of quiet and order. To your magnanimous Sovereign, my best ally, to your generous nation, I owe an avowal of my immense gratitude; and rest assured, my Lord, that this gratitude will never cease, but with your affectionate FERDINANDO."

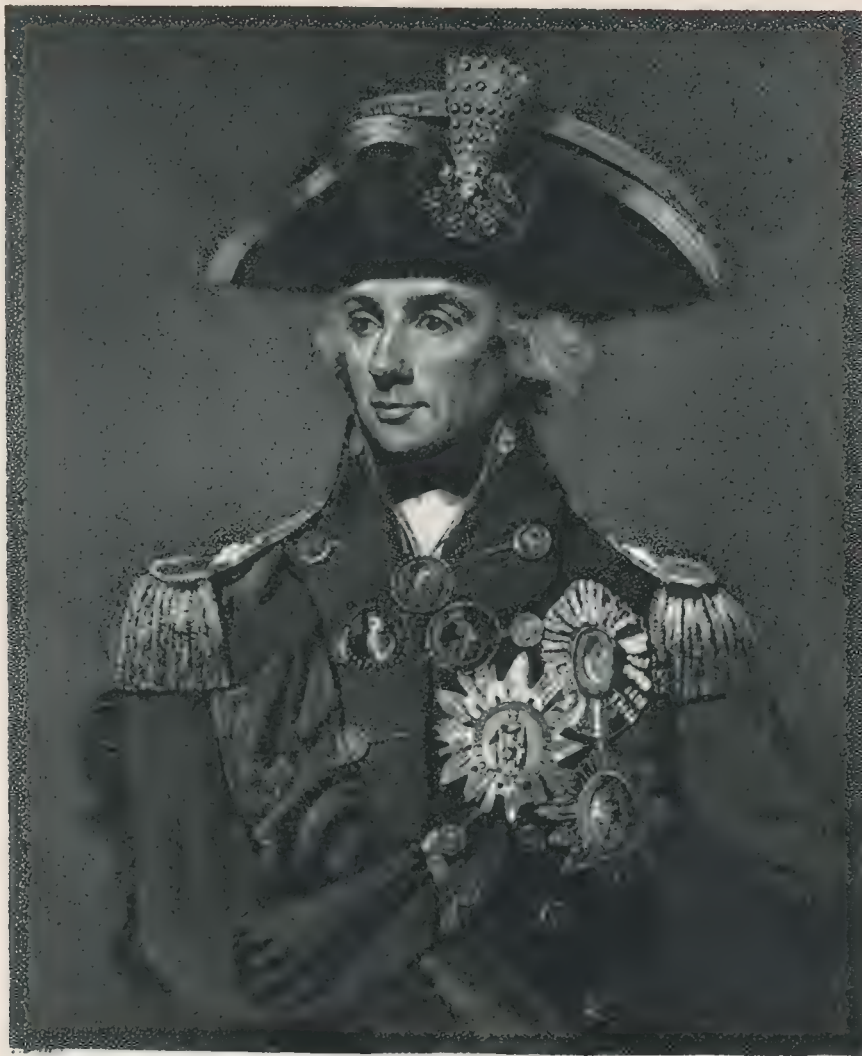
EVEN MORE GRATIFYING TESTIMONIALS.

Of the spirit in which Nelson was regarded under corresponding circumstances, the offering he was gratified to accept from the inhabitants of Zante may serve as an instance. The little Greek community sent him a gold-hilted sword and a truncheon; round the latter, set in a single row, were all the diamonds the isle could furnish. Nelson's deeper feelings were affected by the motives which inspired this offering—an unexpected and

Key to M. C. B. R. P. of Lord Nelson's Victory off the Nile in the Glorious first of August 1798



1. Lord Nelson
2. Sir John Jervis
3. Adm. Sir John Jervis, Son of L. Cap. Jervis
4. Sir John Jervis
5. Adm. Sir John Jervis
6. Adm. Sir John Jervis
7. Adm. Sir John Jervis
8. Adm. Sir John Jervis
9. Adm. Sir John Jervis
10. Adm. Sir John Jervis
11. Adm. Sir John Jervis



REAR-ADMIRAL HORATIO LORD NELSON, K.B., 1798.
From the painting by Francis Lemuel Abbott.

spontaneous testimonial "for having, by his victory, preserved that part of Greece from the horrors of anarchy, and praying that his exploits might accelerate the day in which, amidst the glory and peace of thrones, the miseries of the human race should cease." Nelson's heart was touched by this unaffected tribute. "No officer," he said, "had ever received from any country a higher acknowledgment of his services."

The sentiment which moved his mind under these splendid distinctions was worthy of the heroic commander. Speaking of the rewards showered upon him at this period of his career, Nelson averred—"These presents, rich as they are, do not elevate me. My pride is, that at Constantinople, from the Grand Seigneur to the lowest Turk, the name of Nelson is familiar in their mouths; and in this country (the Two Sicilies) I am everything which a grateful monarch and people can call me."

NELSON'S INTRODUCTION TO SIR WILLIAM AND LADY HAMILTON.

Before the British fleet entered Toulon in 1793, Nelson was sent in the *Agamemnon* with despatches to Sir William Hamilton, our Envoy to the court of Naples. Sir William, after his first interview with him, told Lady Hamilton he was about to introduce a little man to her, who could not boast of being very handsome, but such a man as, he believed, would one day astonish the world. "I have never before," he continued, "entertained an officer at my house; but I am determined to bring him here. Let him be put in the room prepared for Prince Augustus." Thus that acquaintance began which ended in the destruction of Nelson's domestic happiness. It seemed to threaten no such consequences at its commencement. He spoke of Lady Hamilton, in a letter to his wife, as a young woman of amiable manners, who did honour to the station to which she had been raised; and he remarked that she had been exceedingly kind to her son Josiah Nisbet. The activity with which the Envoy exerted himself in procuring troops from Naples to assist in garrisoning Toulon, so delighted him, that he is said to have exclaimed: "Sir William, you are a man after my own heart!—you do business in my own way"; and then to have added, "I am now only a captain; but I will, if I live, be at the top of the tree."

LADY HAMILTON'S POLITICAL INFLUENCE.

It was in 1798, when baffled in his pursuit of the French expedition bound for Egypt, Nelson, worn out with anxiety and months of incessant work, returned to Sicily for water and necessary supplies at a critical juncture, that the wife of the English Ambassador was enabled to forward his designs in a method which strongly impressed his sensibilities. The Neapolitan ministry had determined to give his squadron no assistance, being resolved to do nothing which could possibly endanger their peace with the French Directory. By means, however, of Lady Hamilton's influence at court, he procured secret orders to the Sicilian governors; and, under those orders, obtained everything which he wanted at Syracuse—a timely supply; without which, he always said, he could not have recommenced his pursuit with any hope of success. "It is an old saying," said he in his letter, "that 'the devil's children have the devil's luck.' I cannot to this moment learn, beyond vague conjecture, where the French fleet are gone to; and having gone a round of six hundred leagues at this season of the year, with an expedition incredible, here I am, as ignorant of the situation of the enemy as I was twenty-seven days ago. Every moment I have to regret the frigates having left me; had one-half of them been with me, I could not have wanted information. Should the French be so strongly secured in port that I cannot get at them, I shall immediately shift my flag into some other ship, and send the *Vanguard* to Naples to be refitted, for hardly any person but myself would have continued on



SWORD OF HONOUR, the hilt encrusted with fine diamonds, presented to Rear-Admiral Lord Nelson by the King of Naples in acknowledgment of his services to the Royal family of the Two Sicilies. At the same time Lord Nelson, after some persuasion on the part of the Queen and Lady Hamilton, was induced by the King to accept the estate and title of Duke of Bronté in Sicily.



EMMA, LADY HAMILTON.
After the painting by George Romney.

service so long in such a wretched state." Vexed, however, and disappointed as he was, Nelson, with the true spirit of a hero, was still full of hope. "Thanks to your exertions," said he, writing to Sir W. and Lady Hamilton, "we have victualled and watered; and surely watering at the fountain of Arethusa, we must have victory. We shall sail with the first breeze; and be assured I will return either crowned with laurel or covered with cypress." Earl St. Vincent he assured, that if the French were above water he would find them out—he still held his opinion that they were bound for Egypt: "but," said he to the First Lord of the Admiralty, "be they bound to the Antipodes, your Lordship may rely that I will not lose a moment in bringing them to action."

NELSON'S RETURN FROM THE NILE.

The part enacted by Lady Hamilton in some of the most critical and triumphant episodes of Nelson's remarkable career, seemed predesigned to affect his impressionable mind; these two individuals were evidently thrown together by fate, without deliberate intention on the part of either. The stories of both their respective lives are so exceptional that the ordinary methods of judging humanity cannot be applied with fairness. Both were uniformly idolised by their fellow creatures: Nelson himself was necessarily regarded, almost universally, as a hero of romance, little short of a demigod; and, to his susceptible nature, Lady Hamilton appealed with the charms of a goddess, and exercised, moreover, the spells of a veritable syren, unspoiled by the admiration spontaneously offered at her shrine. Though under the fascination of charms and attractions, which, to the hero's nature were sweet and irresistible, Nelson made no secret of the feelings his "divine lady" had inspired in his breast. Returning from the glorious victory of the Nile, elated with conquest, and the momentous consequences of that triumph, the all-subjugating Commander was drawn to Naples, where the allurement of the captivating reception which awaited the hero of the situation, was of so entrancing an order that no more mortal could be expected to partake of such enthusiastic adulation unmoved.

HIS RECEPTION AT NAPLES.

It was Nelson's hand which conveyed to Lady Nelson the details of the temptations with which he was surrounded, and from this circumstance it may be assumed that his affections for his absent spouse were still unchanged, and that at the time, neither his heart was estranged nor his head turned by the seductive flatteries lavished on all sides. Writing from Naples to his wife, Nelson has recorded:—"The poor *Vanguard* arrived here on the 22nd September. I must endeavour to convey to you something of what passed; but, if it were so affecting to those only who were united to me by bonds of friendship, what must it be to my dearest wife, my friend, my everything which is most dear to me in this world? Sir William and Lady Hamilton came out to sea, attended by numerous boats, with emblems, &c. They, my most respectable friends, had really been laid up and seriously ill; first from anxiety, and then from joy. It was imprudently told Lady Hamilton in a moment, and the effect was like a shot; she fell apparently dead, and is not yet perfectly recovered from severe bruises. Alongside came my honoured friends, the scene in the boat was terribly affecting; up flew her Ladyship, and exclaiming, 'O God, is it possible!' She fell into my arms more dead than alive. Tears, however, soon set matters to rights; when alongside came the king. The scene was in its way as interesting; he took me by the hand, calling me his deliverer and preserver, with every other expression of kindness. In short, all Naples calls me *Nostra Libertate*; my greeting from the lower classes was truly affecting. I hope some day to have the pleasure of introducing you to Lady Hamilton, she is one of the very best women in the world; she is an honour to her sex. Her kindness, with Sir William's, to me, is more than I can express: I am in their house, and I may now tell you it required all the kinness of my friends to set me up. Lady Hamilton intends writing to you. May God Almighty bless you, and give us, in due time, a happy meeting."

KEEPING NELSON'S BIRTHDAY.

Writing to Lord St. Vincent on his birthday, September 29th, 1798, Nelson continued:—"This being my birthday, Lady Hamilton gives a *fête*. The King has directed the Court morning to cease for the day; but none of my brave companions can join the festive scene. I am better, certainly; but truly stand some chance of being killed with kindness." In continuation, to Lady Nelson (September 28th):—"The preparations of Lady Hamilton for celebrating my birthday to-morrow are enough to fill me with vanity; every ribbon, every button, has Nelson, &c. The whole service is marked, '*H.N. Glorious, 1st of August*.' Songs and sonnets are numerous beyond what I ever could deserve. I send the additional verse to *God Save the King*, as I know you will sing it with pleasure. I cannot move on foot, or in a carriage, for the kindness of the populace; but good Lady Hamilton preserves all the papers as the highest treat for you. The Queen yesterday, being still ill, sent her favourite son to visit and bring me a letter from her of gratitude and thanks. The more I think, the more I hear, the greater is my astonishment at the extent and good consequences of our victory."

Again addressing Earl St. Vincent, Nelson playfully discloses his situation as the guest of Sir William:—"I am writing opposite Lady Hamilton, therefore you will not be surprised at the glorious jumble of this letter. Were your Lordship in my place, I much doubt if you could write so well; our hearts and our hands must be all in a flutter. Naples is a dangerous place, and we must keep clear of it." Never was hero surrounded with more ardent admiration. In another letter to Lady Nelson from Naples, dated October 6, the noble Admiral described the feelings of his affectionate and too grateful heart:—"Our time here is actively employed, and, between business and what is called pleasure, I am not my own master for five minutes. The continued kind attention of Sir William and Lady Hamilton must ever make you and I love them, and they are deserving the love and admiration of all the world. The Grand Seigneur has ordered me a valuable diamond; if it were worth a million, my pleasure would be to see it in your possession. My pride is being your husband, the son of my dear father, and in having Sir William and Lady Hamilton for my friends. While these approve of my conduct, I shall not feel or regard the envy of thousands. Could I, my dearest Fanny, tell you half the honours that are shown me here, not a ream of paper would hold it. On my birthday eighty people dined at Sir William Hamilton's; one thousand seven hundred and forty came to a ball, where eight hundred supped. A rostral column is erected under a magnificent canopy, never, Lady Hamilton says, to come down while they remain at Naples." The bust of the victorious Nelson was raised on a column, and



P. J. de Louthebourg, h. l.
CUTTING OUT THE FRENCH CORVETTE *LA CHEVRETTE* FROM THE BAY OF CAMARET, UNDER-NEATH THE FORTS AND BATTERIES, BY A DETACHMENT OF BRITISH BOATS BELONGING TO THE SQUADRON COMMANDED BY THE HON. W. CORNWALLIS ON THE NIGHT OF JULY 21, 1801.

This exploit was recognised as a typical instance of British enterprise and valour, regardless of odds or dangers, and was thus specially referred to by Admiral Cornwallis in his despatch to the Lords of the Admiralty, when forwarding a letter from Captain Brisbane, of the *Levi*, who was in command of the frigates employed in watching the enemy's fleet at the entrance of West Harbour:—"This daring exploit appears to me to stand as high in point of credit to His Majesty's arms and glory to those brave officers and men who have so nobly achieved it as any of the kind ever performed."

during the entertainment amid the warmest acclamations, by Lady Hamilton crowned with a wreath of laurels, while songs, and the additional verse of the National Anthem, in praise of the hero's name, resounded through the multitude.

THE REVOLUTION IN THE TWO SICILIES.

A little later the French were, for the time being, successfully carrying out their project of turning the kingdom of the Two Sicilies into a republic. Writing to his Commander-in-Chief, January 16, 1799, Nelson again discloses the admiration with which he regards his "divine lady" at this trying juncture:—"Things are going from bad to worse. I have before me the poor Queen's letter of this morning to our dear Lady Hamilton, whom to see is to admire, but to know, are to be added honour and respect; her head and heart surpass her beauty, which cannot be equalled by anything I have seen."

RESTORATION OF THE MONARCHY.

The brief and tragic episode of the Parthenopean Republic, established by French assistance—with its sudden downfall and the punishment of high-placed traitors, who, deserting their allegiance to the King, had joined or directed the movement against the throne—brings Lady Hamilton's presence into direct prominence. There is no doubt she played an active part in the interests of the royal family, and her influence with Nelson largely contributed to their restoration. Then followed the execution of the ringleaders, with the trial and summary execution of Prince Caraccioli, an unfortunate incident, the stain of which remains a blot on the reputations of those concerned. It has been stated that it is questionable whether Lady Hamilton, either directly or indirectly, encouraged the vindictive spirit which pervaded the Council of the King and the administration of the Neapolitan State Junta after Ferdinand returned to Palermo.

LADY HAMILTON'S CONDUCT CONSIDERED.

In Clarke and McArthur's *Life of Nelson* the authors—though on the whole deploring the influence which, after the Battle of the Nile, proved so powerful an incentive in Nelson's actions—are inclined to extenuate her conduct in this connection:—"Emma Lady Hamilton, one of the most extraordinary women of the age, amidst all her faults, was more noted for her general hospitality than for any deliberate acts of cruelty towards the Neapolitans, by whom she was in general adored. In the voluptuous court of the Sicilian monarch, her fascinating person commanded a very powerful influence; but, in a situation of so much delicacy and danger, she never forgot the character that was expected from the wife of an English Ambassador; nor was deficient in any of those courtesies and friendly attentions which mark a liberal and humane disposition. From the arrival of the British squadron at Naples, she exerted herself to support that good cause for which Admiral Nelson had been detached, and having in this respect rendered some service, the natural vanity of her mind led her to imagine, and to make the noble Admiral and others believe, that from her alone proceeded the means of performing those great events which threw such a splendour on the favourite object of her idolatry. Her leading passion was the love of celebrity; and it was this passion, added to the above delusion, which gradually brought on that fatal and highly-wrought attachment which she formed for the hero of Aboukir: for it was the hero—and not the individual—which had captivated her glowing imagination. Its ardour, as it increased, overpowered the natural kindness of her disposition, and eventually involved her in an endless succession of private altercation and public disappointment." Sir William's adoration of Nelson was no less ardent. From his point of view, Lady Hamilton was to the noble Admiral a tutelary genius. "There would be," said he, "more Nelsons if there were more Emmas."

"DESERVING THE FAIR."

Writing to his "dear Lady" (*San Josef*, February 8th, 1801), Nelson has disclosed the light in which he regarded the fairer portion of creation, and that gratifying part, according to his belief, which beauty must ever play in compliance with ancient

traditions, in the transactions of true heroes:—"It is your sex that make us go forth and seem to tell us—None but the brave deserve the fair!" and, if we fall, we still live in the hearts of those females. You are dear to us. It is your sex who cherish our memories; and you, my dear, honoured friend, are, believe me, the first, the best of your sex.

"I have been the world around, and in every corner of it, and never saw you equal, or even one which could be put in comparison with you. You know how to reward virtue, honour and courage; and never to ask if it is placed in a prince, a lord, or peasant, and I hope one day to see you in peace, before I set out Brontë, which I am resolved to do."

THE NATIONAL SERVICES RENDERED BY LADY HAMILTON.

The national services, which as Nelson with confidence averred, Lady Hamilton had been enabled to render the fleet under remarkably critical circumstances, were never recognised by the government, though her case was, on several occasions, forcibly urged upon the attention of different administrations. It is clear that the persons most concerned—Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson—were firmly and honestly convinced of the justice of this claim. These petitions were constantly ignored, and, from the appeals of both, it would appear with indifference and ingratitude difficult to realise, presuming the facts were truly stated in the two explicit representations which follow. The first was pathetically urged by Lady Hamilton, in person, who, on the death of her husband, Sir William Hamilton, found herself under the necessity of once more bringing her claims to the knowledge of the administration, in her letter to the then Prime Minister, the Right Hon. Henry Addington, afterwards Viscount Sidmouth.

"April 13th, 1803.

"Sir,—May I trouble you, and but for a moment, in consequence of my irreparable loss; my ever honoured husband, Sir William Hamilton, being no more; I cannot avoid it, I am forced to petition for a portion of his pension: such a portion as, in your wisdom and noble measure, may be approved; and so represented to our most gracious Sovereign, as being right.

"For, Sir, I am most sadly bereaved! I am now in circumstances far below those in which the goodness of my dear Sir William allowed me to move for so many years; and below those becoming the relic of such a public minister, who was proved so very long—no less than thirty-six years—and all his life honoured so very much by the constant friendly kindness of the King and Queen themselves: and, may I mention—what is well known to the then administration at home—and, may I mention—what I could towards the service of our King and country, how I, too, strove to do all I could towards the service of our King and country. The first itself, I can truly say, could not have gone to Sicily but for what I was happily able to do with the Queen of Naples, and through her secret instructions so obtained: on which depended the refitting of the fleet in Sicily: and with that, all which followed so gloriously at the Nile.

"These few words, though seemingly much at large, may not be extravagant at all. They are, indeed, true. I wish them to be heard only as they can be proved; and, being proved, may I hope for what I have now desired?

"I am, Sir, with respect more than I can well utter, your obedient Servant,
"EMMA HAMILTON."

NELSON LEAVES LADY HAMILTON "A LEGACY TO HIS COUNTRY." HIS LAST APPEAL.

On the eve of the eventful engagement which was to shed un fading lustre upon his dying name, Nelson, in preparation for the end which he apprehended, arranged his worldly affairs, after making the most successful arrangements for gloriously terminating the long and wearying struggle for naval supremacy. According to his devout practice, he set down a prayer for Heavenly guidance and divine aid on his exertions in the national cause. All his thoughts then turned to Lady Hamilton, and after having discharged his devotional duties, he annexed, in the same diary, the following remarkable writing, duly attested, in testamentary form, by his firm friends, whose signatures were appended.

"October 21st, 1805.—Then in sight of the combined fleets of France and Spain, distant about ten miles.

"Whereas the eminent services of Emma Hamilton, widow of the Right Honourable Sir William Hamilton, have been of the very greatest service to my king and country, to my knowledge, without ever receiving any reward from either our king or country:

"First: That she obtained the King of Spain's letter, in 1796, to his brother, the King of Naples, acquainting him of his intention to declare war against England: from which letter the ministry sent out orders to the then Sir John Jervis to strike a stroke, if opportunity offered, against either the arsenals of Spain or her fleets. That neither of these was done is not the fault of Lady Hamilton; the opportunity might have been offered.

"Secondly: The British fleet under my command could never have returned the second time to Egypt, had not Lady Hamilton's influence with the Queen of Naples caused letters to be wrote to the Governor of Syracuse, that he was to encourage the fleet's being supplied with everything should they put into any port in Sicily. We put into Syracuse, and received every supply; went to Egypt, and destroyed the French fleet.

"Could I have rewarded these services, I would not now call upon my country; but as that has not been in my power, I leave Emma, Lady Hamilton, therefore, a legacy to my king and country, that they will give her an ample provision to maintain her rank in life.

"I also leave to the beneficence of my country my adopted daughter, Horatia Nelson Thompson; and I desire she will use in future the name of Nelson only.

"These are the only favours I ask of my king and country, at this moment when I am going to fight their battle. May God bless my king and country, and all those I hold dear! My relations it is needless to mention: they will, of course, be amply provided for.

"Witness { Henry Blackwood.
{ T. M. Hardy."

"NELSON AND BRONTË."

The child mentioned in this final testament was believed to be his daughter, and so, indeed, he called her the last time that he pronounced her name. She was then about five years old, living at Merton, under Lady Hamilton's care. The last minutes which Nelson passed at Merton were employed in praying over this child as she lay sleeping. A portrait of Lady Hamilton hung in his cabin: and no Catholic ever beheld the picture of his patron saint with more devout reverence. The undisguised and romantic picture of his wife which he regarded it amounted almost to superstition; and when the portrait was taken down, in clearing for action, he desired the men who removed it to "take care of his guardian angel." In this manner he frequently spoke of it, as if he believed there was a virtue in the image. He wore a miniature of her also next his heart, and her portrait, cut in profile, formed the intaglio of several seals he wore and constantly used.

Alas, for the confidence and touching reliance of the gallant departed conqueror, these parting wishes were recorded in vain! Honours and rewards were with generous fulness bestowed on the Nelson family; "propriety" then stepped in, and the hero's pathetic trust to his countrymen was silently ignored.



BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.

DANISH FORCE.—(A) *Provesten*, an old three-decker, taken and burnt. (B) *Vagrien*, two-decker, burnt. (C) *Rendsborg*, pram, burnt. (D) *Nyborg*, two-decker, sunk. (E) *Jylland*, two-decker, taken and burnt. (F) *Sjærbjerg*, floating battery of 20 guns, burnt. (G) *Kronborg*, frigate, burnt. (H) *Indefatig*, 64 guns, burnt. (I) *Hagen*, floating battery, taken and burnt. (K) *Elsken*, repeating frigate, escaped. (L) *Grenier*, floating battery. (M) *Dannebrog*, 62 guns, caught fire and burnt. (N) *Aggerhus*, pram, 20 guns, sunk. (O) *Charlotte Amalia*, blockship, burnt. (P) *Holstein*, 60 guns, taken and brought away. (Q) *Zealand*, 64 guns, burnt. (R) *Ellisborg*, frigate, 20 guns, 36-pounders, burnt. (S) Crown batteries, mounting 160 pieces of cannon. (T) A frigate ready for sea. (U) Two ships of the line, ready for sea. (V) Two ships of the line. (X) Two gun-brigs. (a, b, c, &c.) Armed schooners and vessels, the whole supported by the camp batteries, &c.

BRITISH FORCE.—(1) *Polyphemus*, 64 guns. (2) *Isis*, 50 guns. (3) *Edgar*, 74 guns. (4) *Ardent*, 58 guns. (5) *Glatten*, 58 guns. (6) *Elephant*, 74 guns, bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson. (7) *Ganges*, 74 guns. (8) *Monarch*, 74 guns. (9) *Defiance*, 74 guns, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Graves. (10) *Amazon*, frigate. (11) *Blanche*, frigate. (12) *Alcmene*, frigate. (13) *Arrow*, sloop. (14) *Dart*, sloop. (15) *Zephyr*, sloop. (16) *Otter*, sloop. (17) *Agamemnon*, at anchor on the edge, and outside of shoal, having been unable to weather it. (18) *Russell*. (19) *Bellona* of 74 guns, both aground. (20) Bomb vessels, &c. (21) *La Desirée*, frigate, raking the Danish ship *Provesten*. N.B.—The British squadron was anchored by the stern, with sails loose, but clewed up. The wind blowing fresh at south.

THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN, APRIL 2ND, 1801.

The eve of the battle of Copenhagen was an awful night for the Danish fleet—far more so than for the British fleet, where the men were accustomed to battle and victory, and had none of those objects before their eyes, which render death terrible. Nelson sat down to table with a large party of his officers; he was, as he was ever wont to be when on the eve of action, in high spirits, and drank to a leading wind, and to the success of the morrow. After supper they returned to their respective ships, except Riou, who remained to arrange the order of battle with Nelson and Foley, and to draw up instructions; Hardy, meantime, went in a small boat to examine the channel between them and the enemy; approaching so near, that he sounded round their leading ship with a pole, lest the noise of throwing the lead should discover him. The incessant fatigue of body, as well as mind, which Nelson had undergone during the last three days, had so exhausted him, that he was earnestly urged to go to his cot; and his old servant, Allen, using that kind of authority which long and affectionate services entitled and enabled him to assume on such occasions, insisted upon his complying. The cot was placed on the floor, and he continued to dictate from it. About eleven Hardy returned, and reported the practicability of the channel, and the depth of water up to the enemy's line. About one, the orders were completed; and half-a-dozen clerks, in the foremast cabin, proceeded to transcribe them, Nelson frequently calling out to them from his cot to hasten their work, for the wind was becoming fair. Instead of attempting to get a few hours of sleep, he was constantly receiving reports upon this important point. At daybreak it was announced as becoming perfectly fair. The clerks finished their work about six. Nelson, who was already up, breakfasted, and made signal for all captains. The land forces, and five hundred seamen, under Captain Freemantle and the Honourable Colonel Stewart, were to storm the Crown Battery as soon as its fire should be silenced; and Riou—whom Nelson had never seen till this expedition, but whose worth he had instantly perceived, and appreciated as it deserved—had the *Blanche* and *Alcmene* frigates, the *Dart* and *Arrow* sloops, and the *Zephyr* and *Otter* fire-ships, given him, with a special command to act as circumstances might require; every other ship had its station appointed.

Between eight and nine the pilots and masters were ordered on board the Admiral's ship. The pilots were mostly men who had been mates in Baltic traders; and their hesitation about the bearing of the east end of the shoal, and the exact line of deep water, gave ominous warning of how little their knowledge was to be trusted. The signal for action had been made, the wind was fair—not a moment to be lost. Nelson urged them to be steady—to be resolute, and to decide—but they wanted the only ground for steadiness and decision in such cases; and Nelson had reason to regret that he had not trusted to Hardy's single report. This was one of the most painful moments of his life; and he always spoke of it with bitterness. "I experienced in the Sound," said he, "the misery of having the honour of our country entrusted to a set of pilots who have no other thought than to keep the ships clear of danger, and their own silly heads clear of shot. Everybody knows what I must have suffered; and if any merit attaches itself to me, it was for combating the dangers of the shallows in defiance of them." At length Mr. Bryerly, the master of the *Bellona*, declared that he was prepared to lead the fleet; his judgment was acceded to by the rest; they returned to their ships; and, at half-past nine, the signal was made to weigh in succession.

Captain Murray, in the *Edgar*, led the way; the *Agamemnon* was next in order; but, ere the first attempt to leave the anchorage, she could not weather the edge of the shoal; and Nelson had the grief to see his old ship, in which he had performed so many years' gallant services, immovably aground, at a moment when her help was so greatly required; Signal was then made for the *Polyphemus*, and this change in the order of sailing was executed with the utmost promptitude; yet so much delay had thus been unavoidably occasioned, that the *Edgar* was for some time unsupported; and the *Polyphemus*, whose place should have been at the end of the enemy's line, where the strength was the greatest, could get no further than the beginning, owing to the difficulty of the channel; there she occupied, indeed, an efficient station, but one where her presence was less required. The *Isis* followed, with better fortune, and took her own berth. The *Bellona*, Sir Thomas Boulden Thompson, kept too close on the starboard shoal, and grounded abreast the outer ship of the enemy; this was the more vexatious, inasmuch as the wind was fair, the room ample, and three ships had led the way. The *Russell*, following the *Bellona*, grounded in like manner; both were within reach of shot; but their absence

from their intended stations was severely felt. Each ship had been ordered to pass her leader on the starboard side, because the water was supposed to shoal on the larboard shore. Nelson, who came next after these two ships, thought they had kept too far on the starboard direction, and made signal for them to close with the enemy, not knowing that they were aground; but, when he perceived that they did not obey the signal, he ordered the *Elephant*'s helm to starboard, and went within these ships; thus quitting the appointed order of sailing, and guiding those which were to follow. The greater part of the fleet were probably, by this act of promptitude on his part, saved from going ashore. Each ship, as she arrived usually opposite to her appointed station, let her anchor go by the stern, and presented her broadside to the Danes. The distance between each was about a half cable. The action was fought nearly at the distance of a cable's length from the enemy. This, which rendered its continuance so long, was owing to the ignorance and consequent indecision of the pilots. In pursuance of the same error which had led the *Bellona* and the *Russell* aground, they, when the lead was at a quarter less five, refused to approach nearer, in dread of shoaling their water on the larboard shore; a fear altogether erroneous, for the water deepened up to the very side of the enemy's line.

At five minutes after ten the action began. The first half of our fleet was engaged in about half an hour; and by half-past eleven the battle became general. The plan of the attack had been complete; but seldom has any plan been more disconcerted by untoward accidents. Of twelve ships of the line, one was entirely useless, and two others in a situation where they could not render half the service which was required of them. Of the squadron of gun-brigs, only one could get into action; the rest were prevented by baffling currents from weathering the eastern end of the shoal; and only two of the bomb-vessels could reach their station on the Middle Ground, and open their mortars on the arsenal, firing over both fleets. Riou took the vacant station against the Crown Battery, with his frigates, attempting, with that unequal force, a service in which three sail of the line had been directed to assist.

Nelson's agitation had been extreme when he saw himself, before the action began, deprived of a fourth part of his ships of the line. But no sooner was he in battle, where his squadron received with the fire of more than a thousand guns, than, as if that artillery, like music, had driven away all care and painful thoughts, his countenance brightened; and, as a bystander describes him, his conversation became joyous, animated, elevated, and delightful. The commander-in-chief, meantime near enough to the scene of action to know the unfavourable accidents which had so materially weakened Nelson, and yet too distant to know the real state of the contending parties, suffered the most dreadful anxiety. To get to his assistance was impossible; both wind and current were against him. Fear for the event, in such circumstances, would naturally preponderate in the bravest mind; and, at one o'clock, perceiving that, after three hours endurance, the enemy's fire was unslackened, he began to despair of success; and thinking it became him to save what he could from the hopeless contest, he made signal for retreat. Nelson was now in all the excitement of action pacing the quarter-deck. A shot through the mainmast knocked the splinters about, and he observed to one of his officers, with a smile, "It is warm work; and this day may be the last to any of us at a moment"; and then stopping short at the gangway, added, with emotion, "But mark you, I would not be elsewhere for thousands."

About this time the signal lieutenant called out, that No. 39 (the signal for discontinuing the action) was thrown out by the commander-in-chief. He continued to walk the deck, and appeared to take no notice of it. The signal officer met him at the next turn, and asked if he should repeat it. "No," he replied, "acknowledge it." Presently he called after him, to know if the signal for close action was still hoisted; and being answered in the affirmative, said, "Mind you keep it so." He now paced the deck, moving the stump of his lost arm in a manner which always indicated great emotion. "Do you know," said he to Mr. Ferguson, "what is shown on board the commander-in-chief? No. 39!" Mr. Ferguson asked what that meant? "Why, to leave off action!" Then, shrugging up his shoulders, he repeated the words, "Leave off action! Now damn me if I do! You know, Foley," turning to the captain, "I have only one eye—I have a right to be blind sometimes;" and then putting the glass to his blind eye, in that mood of mind which sports with bitterness, he exclaimed, "I really do not see the signal!" Presently he exclaimed, "Damn the signal! Keep mine for closer battle flying! That's the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast!" Admiral Graves, who was so situated that he could not discern what was done on board the *Elephant*, disobeyed Sir Hyde's signal in like manner: whether by fortunate mistake, or by a like brave intention, has not been made known. The other ships of the line, looking only to Nelson, continued the action. The signal, however, saved Riou's little squadron, but did not save its heroic leader. This squadron, which was nearest the commander-in-chief, obeyed and hauled off. It had suffered severely in its most unequal contest. For a long time the *Amazon* had been firing, enveloped in smoke, when Riou desired his men to stand fast and let the smoke clear off, that they might see what they were about. A fatal order; for the Danes then got clear sight of her from the batteries, and pointed their guns with such tremendous effect that nothing but the signal for retreat saved this frigate from destruction. "What will Nelson think of us!" was Riou's mournful exclamation, when he unwillingly drew off. He had been wounded in the head by a splinter, and was sitting on a gun encouraging his men when, just as the *Amazon* showed her stern to the Tre Kronor battery, his clerk was killed by his side; and another shot swept away several marines who were hauling in the main-brace. "Come then, my boys!" cried Riou, "let us die all together!" The words had scarcely been uttered before a raking shot cut him in two. Except it had been Nelson himself, the British navy could not have suffered a severer loss.

The action continued along the line with unabated vigour on our side, and with the most determined resolution on the part of the Danes. They fought to great advantage, because most of the vessels in their line of defence were without masts: the few which had any standing had their topmast struck, and the hulls could only be seen at intervals. The *Isis* must have been destroyed by the superior weight of her enemy's fire if Captain Inman, in the *Desire* frigate, had not judiciously taken a situation which enabled him to rake the Dane, and if the *Polypemus* had not also relieved her. Both in the *Bellona* and the *Isis* many of the crew were killed by the bursting of their guns. The former ship was about forty years old, and these guns were believed to be the same which she had first taken to sea; they were, probably, originally faulty, for the fragments were full of little air-holes. The *Bellona* lost seventy-five men; the *Isis* one hundred and ten; the *Monarch* two hundred and ten. She was more than any other line of battle-ship exposed to the great battery; and supporting at the same time the united fire of the *Holsten* and the *Zealand*, her loss this day exceeded that of any single ship during the whole war. Amid the tremendousness of the contest, some of the men displayed a singular instance of coolness: the pork and peas happened to be in the kettle; a shot knocked its contents about; they picked up the pieces, and ate and fought at the same time.

The Prince Royal had taken his station upon one of the batteries, from whence he

beheld the action and issued his orders. Denmark had never been engaged in so arduous a contest, and never did the Danes more nobly display their national courage.

Between one and two the fire of the Danes slackened; about two it ceased from the greater part of their line, and some of their lighter ships were adrift. It was, however, difficult to take possession of those who struck, because the batteries on the island protected them, and because an irregular fire was kept up from the ships themselves as the boats approached. This arose from the nature of the action; the crews were continually reinforced from the shore: and fresh men coming on board, did not inquire whether the flag had been struck, or, perhaps, did not heed it—many, or most of them, never having been engaged in war before—knowing nothing, therefore, of its laws, and thinking only of defending their country to the last extremity. The *Danbrog* fired upon the *Elephant*'s boats in this manner, though her commodore had removed her pendant and deserted her, though she had struck, and though she was in flames. After she had been abandoned by the commodore, Braun fought her till he lost his right hand, and then Captain Lemming took the command. This unexpected renewal of her fire made the *Elephant* and *Glatton* renew theirs, till she was not only silenced, but nearly every man in the masts, ahead and astern of her, was killed. When the smoke of their guns died away, she was seen drifting in flames before the wind; those of her crew who remained alive and able to exert themselves throwing themselves out at her port-holes.

By half-past two the action had ceased along that part of the line which was astern of the *Elephant*, but not with the ships ahead and the Crown Batteries. Nelson, seeing the manner in which his boats were fired upon when they went to take possession of the prizes, became angry, and said he must either send on shore to have his irregular proceeding stopped, or send a fire ship and burn them; and, with a presence of mind peculiar to himself, and never more signally displayed than now, he availed himself of this occasion to secure the advantage which he had gained and open a negotiation. He returned into the stern gallery, and wrote thus to the Crown Prince: "Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies, of the English." A wafer was given him, but he ordered a candle to be brought from the cockpit, and sealed the letter with wax, affixing a larger seal than he ordinarily used. "This," said he, "is no time to appear hurried and informal." Captain Sir Frederic Thesiger, who acted as his aide-de-camp, carried this letter with a flag of truce. Meantime the fire of the ships ahead, and the approach of the *Ramillies* and *Defence* from Sir Hyde's division, which the enemy, though not to injure them, had the remainder of the Danish line to the eastward of the Tre Kronor. That battery, however, continued its fire. This formidable work, owing to the want of the ships which had been destined to attack it, and the inadequate force of Riou's little squadron, was comparatively uninjured; towards the close of the action it had been manned with nearly fifteen hundred men; and the intention of storming it, for which every preparation had been made, was abandoned as impracticable.

During Thesiger's absence Nelson sent for Fremantle from the *Ganges*, and consulted with him and Foley whether it was advisable to advance with those ships which had sustained least damage against the yet uninjured part of the Danish line. They were decidedly of opinion that the best thing which could be done was, while the wind continued fair, to remove the fleet out of the intricate channel from which it had to retreat. In somewhat more than half an hour after Thesiger had been despatched, the Danish Adjutant-General Lindholm came bearing a flag of truce; upon which the Tre Kronor ceased to fire, and the action closed, after four hours' continuance. His brought an inquiry from the Prince, What was the object of Nelson's note? The British admiral wrote in reply: "Lord Nelson's object in sending the flag of truce was humanity; he therefore consents that hostilities shall cease, and that the wounded Danes may be taken on shore. And Lord Nelson will take his prisoners out of the vessels, and burn or carry off his prizes as he shall think fit. Lord

Nelson, with humble duty to His Royal Highness the Prince, will consider this the greatest victory he has ever gained, if it may be the cause of a happy reconciliation and union between his own most gracious Sovereign and His Majesty the King of Denmark." Sir Frederic Thesiger was despatched a second time with the reply; and the Danish adjutant-general was referred to the commander-in-chief for a conference upon this overture. Lindholm assenting to this, proceeded to the *London*, which was riding at anchor full four miles off; and Nelson, losing not one of the critical moments which he had thus gained, made signal for his leading ships to weigh in succession. They had the shoal to clear; they were much crippled, and their course was immediately under the guns of the Tre Kronor.

The *Monarch* led the way. This ship had received six-and-twenty shot between wind and water. She had not a shroud standing; there was a double-headed shot in the heart of her foremast, and the slightest wind would have sent every mast over her side. The imminent danger from which Nelson had extricated himself soon became apparent: the *Monarch* touched immediately upon a shoal, over which she was pushed by the *Ganges* taking her amidships; the *Glatton* went clear; but the other two, the *Defiance* and the *Elephant*, grounded about a mile from the Tre Kronor, and there remained fixed for many hours, in spite of all the exertions of their wearied crews. The *Desire* frigate abandoned the other end of the line, having gone, towards the close of the action, to take the *Bellona*, because fast on the same shoal, Nelson left the *Elephant* soon after she took the ground, to follow Lindholm. The heat of action was over; and that kind of feeling, which the surrounding scene of havoc was so well fitted to produce, pressed heavily upon his exhausted spirits. The sky had suddenly become overcast; white flags were waving from the mastsheads of so many shattered ships; the slaughter had ceased, but the grief was to come; for the account of the dead was not yet made up, and a terrible indignation for what friends he might have to mourn. The very silence which follows the cessation of what friends he might have to mourn. The very silence which follows the cessation of the work of mutual destruction was at an end, the *Danbrog* was, at this time, drifting about in flames; presently she blew up, while our boats, which had put off in all directions to assist her, were endeavouring to rescue her devoted crew, few of whom could be saved. The fate of these men, after the gallantry which they had displayed, particularly affected Nelson; for there was nothing in this action that could tell against the enemy, and this impression of retributive justice which, at the Nile, had given a sterner temper to his mind, and a sense of austere delight in beholding the vengeance of which he was the appointed minister. The Danes were an honourable foe; they were of English mould as well as English blood; and now that the battle had ceased, he regarded them rather as brethren than as enemies. There was another reflection also which mingled with these melancholy thoughts, and predisposed him to receive them. He was not here master of his own movements, as at Egypt; he had won



GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.
NELSON DELIBERATELY SEALING HIS LETTER TO THE CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK, BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN, APRIL 2, 1801.

the day by disobeying his orders; and, in so far as he had been successful, had convicted the commander-in-chief of an error in judgment. "Well," said he, as he left the *Elephant*, "I have fought contrary to orders, and I shall, perhaps, be hanged. Never mind: let them!"

CUTTING OUT OF THE FRENCH CORVETTE *CHEVRETTE* (GUNS) BY THE BOATS OF THE *BEAULIEU*, *DORIS*, *URANIE*, AND *ROBUST*, FROM BENEATH THE FORTS DEFENDING THE BAY OF CAMARET.

This typical instance of British valour occurred on a night attack, July 21st, 1801, with the fleet engaged in watching the Brest coast. As an example of the desperate services commonly performed by volunteer crews of ships' boats belonging to the fleets employed in blockading hostile ports, it is felt that further details may be of general interest as to the incident in question, which has been pictorially commemorated with realistic spirit in P. J. de Louthembourg's painting of the situation. The British fleet of observation was in the summer of 1801, lying at anchor about three miles to the S.E. of St. Mathieu's light-house, and in full view of the combined French and Spanish fleets. The *Chevette* was discovered at anchor under the batteries in Camaret Bay. It will not be thought surprising that the British resolved to cut her out of this comparatively secure position, in which the French considered the vessel as safe as in Brest Roads. On the night of July 20th, the boats of the *Beaulieu* and *Doris*, entirely manned by volunteers, proceeded on this service, but, partly owing to excess of zeal, which led the foremost boats to push on too far, were discovered from the *Chevette* and the shore; consequently, as concerned the chances of a surprise, the plan was defeated. The morning following, as an indication that further security was felt desirable after the night's experiences, the *Chevette* got under way, and running a mile and a half further up the bay, moored herself close under some heavy batteries. A body of soldiers was then taken on board, bringing the corvette's forces up to 330 men; the arms and ammunition were brought on deck, and her guns loaded almost up to their muzzles with grape-shot. The batteries also strengthened their defences, and threw up temporary redoubts upon the adjacent points. A gun-vessel, carrying two long 36-pounders, was moored as a guard-boat at the entrance of the bay. Having thus shown their readiness to profit by the recent discovery, the crew of the *Chevette*, in defiance of her recent assailants, displayed a large French ensign above an English one.

All this was plainly perceived by the three frigates, and served to fill their crews with redoubled ardour to cut out the corvette, in spite of the increased difficulties of that feat, and to reverse the order of the flags became a point of honour. At nightfall the boats of the three frigates, with the barge and pinnace of the *Robust*, started on their exciting expedition; there were fifteen boats in all, containing between them 280 officers and men. Shortly after they set out, Lieutenant Woodley Losack, taking with him six boats, proceeded to chase a boat from the shore, presumed to be a "look-out" belonging to the *Chevette*. After waiting some while, the next officer in command, Lieutenant Keith Maxwell, of the *Beaulieu*, finding that Lieutenant Losack was longer in returning than was convenient or expedient, considering that the night was already far advanced and that they had six miles to pull, and not relishing engaging in a second futile attempt, resolved to lose no further time, and proceeded with a force reduced to nine boats and some 180 men. He gave orders that while one division of their party was engaged in disarming the enemy's crew on deck, the smartest top-men of the *Beaulieu* should fight their way aloft and cut loose the sails, while others cut the cable; one of the ablest seamen in the boats, Henry Wallis, quartermaster of the *Beaulieu*, was directed to lose no time in fighting his way to the helm, to steer the corvette clear of the batteries. About one o'clock in the morning of the 22nd, the boats came upon the *Chevette*, which opened a heavy fire of musketry and grape upon the approaching assailants; this was followed by a similar fire from the shore. The British boats pulled undauntedly for the



PORTSMOUTH POINT.

From a drawing by Thomas Rowlandson.

ship in face of the shot. The *Beaulieu*'s boats, under the command of Lieutenant Maxwell, assisted by Lieutenant James Paisley and James Sinclair, Lieutenant of Marines, boarded the vessel on the starboard bow and quarter; the *Uranie*'s boats, under Lieutenant Martin Neville, one of the *Robust*'s boats, under Robert Warren, a midshipman, and one from the *Doris*, under Lieutenant Walter Burke, made for the larboard bow. The attempt was furiously met by the French, who, armed with firearms, sabres, tomahawks, and pikes, desperately resisted the boarders, and, in their turn attacked and boarded the boats. Notwithstanding this formidable opposition, and the loss of all their firearms in the struggle, the British with their cutlasses effected a boarding. Those who had been ordered to go aloft fought their way to their respective stations, some were killed, and others desperately wounded; the remainder gained the corvette's yards, and though they found the foot-ropes strapped up, these gallant fellows quickly performed the service they had undertaken; in less than three minutes after the ship had been boarded, in the midst of a desperate conflict against numbers of treble the British strength, down came the *Chevette*'s three topsails and courses. The cable had been cut as arranged, and, as there was a light breeze from the land, the ship began drifting out of the bay. Henry Wallis, though severely wounded and bleeding, had, as arranged, fought his way to the wheel. No sooner did the French crew and soldiers find their ship under way than some of them sprang overboard, and others leaped down the hatchways. The English then secured possession of the quarter-deck and forecabin, which in the short interval that had elapsed, barely five minutes, were nearly covered with dead bodies. A smart fire of musketry from the main deck and up the hatchways was at length subdued, and their assailants overpowered. In her way out the *Chevette*, becalmed awhile, was exposed to a heavy fire of round and grape, but with a light breeze again springing up, Wallis was enabled to steer the prize beyond reach of the batteries. Nearly all the officers who led the boarding parties were wounded; Sinclair, Warren, and Burke lost their lives; the total casualties on our side gave eleven killed, fifty-seven wounded, and one drowned or missing—the *Beaulieu*'s barge having been sunk by the enemy's shot. The corvette suffered more heavily; she had her captain, two lieutenants, three midshipmen, one lieutenant of troops, and eighty-five seamen and troops killed; making a return of ninety-two killed and sixty-two wounded.

The compilers of "The Naval History of Great Britain" have observed with justice:—"It is such daring feats as these that ennoble the character of the British navy; and long will be remembered, long held up as an example for imitation, the cutting out of the *Chevette*."

DESPATCH ON THE CAMARET BAY ACTION.

From the Hon. W. Cornwallis, Admiral of the Blue—Despatch addressed off Ushant, to the Lords of the Admiralty:

"I have the honour of enclosing, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, a letter from Captain Brisbane, of His Majesty's ship the *Doris*, who commands the frigates employed in watching the enemy's fleet, at the entrance of Brest Harbour, in which important service he has shown a great deal of zeal and enterprise.

"This daring exploit appears to me to stand as high in point of credit to His Majesty's arms, and glory to those brave officers and men who have so nobly achieved it, as any of the kind ever performed.

"I have the honour to be, &c., &c.,

"W. CORNWALLIS."

SIR ROBERT CALDER FALLS IN WITH THE COMBINED FLEETS.

At Portsmouth, Nelson at length found news of the combined fleet. Sir Robert Calder, who had been sent out to intercept their return, had fallen in with them on July 22nd, sixty leagues



PORTSMOUTH.

From a drawing by Thomas Rowlandson.

west of Cape Finisterre. Their force consisted of twenty sail of the line, three fifty gun ships, five frigates, and two brigs; his, of fifteen line of battle-ships, two frigates, a cutter, and a lugger. After an action of four hours he had captured an 84 and a 74, and then thought it necessary to bring-to the squadron, for the purpose of securing their prizes. The hostile fleets remained in sight of each other till the 26th, when the enemy bore away. The capture of two ships from so superior a force, would have been considered as no inconsiderable victory a few years earlier; but Nelson had introduced a new era in our naval history; and the nation felt, respecting this action, as he had felt on a somewhat similar occasion. They regretted that Nelson, with his eleven ships, had not been in Sir Robert Calder's place; and their disappointment was generally and loudly expressed.

Frustrated as his own hopes had been, Nelson had yet the high satisfaction of knowing that his judgment had never been more conspicuously approved, and that he had rendered essential service to his country by driving the enemy from those islands, where they expected there could be no force capable of opposing them. The West India merchants in London, as men whose interests were more immediately benefited, appointed a deputation to express their thanks for his great and judicious exertions.

NELSON RESOLVES TO BEAT THE COMBINED FLEETS.

It was now Lord Nelson's intention to rest awhile from his labours, and recruit himself after all his fatigues and cares, in the society of those whom he loved; and he found in his house at Merton the enjoyment which he had anticipated. Many days had not elapsed before Captain Blackwood, on his way to London with despatches, called on him at five in the morning. Nelson, who was already dressed, exclaimed, the moment he saw him: "I am sure you bring me news of the French and Spanish fleets! I think I shall yet have to beat them!" They had refitted at Vigo, after an indecisive action with Sir Robert Calder; then proceeded to Ferrol, brought out the squadron from thence, and with it entered Cadiz in safety. "Depend upon it, Blackwood," he repeatedly said, "I shall yet



MODEL OF H.M.S. VICTORY, 1765.

Greenwich College



From a photograph, by Messrs. Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.
H.M.S. VICTORY—1891.

give M. Villeneuve a drubbing." But, when Blackwood had left him, he wanted resolution to declare his wishes to Lady Hamilton and his sisters, and endeavoured to drive away the thought. "He had done enough," he said; "let the man trudge it who has lost his budget!" His countenance belied his lips; and as he was pacing one of the walks in the garden, which he used to call the quarter-deck, Lady Hamilton came up to him, and told him she saw he was uneasy. He smiled, and said: "No, he was as happy as possible; he was surrounded by his family, his health was better since he had been on shore, and he would not give sixpence to call the king his uncle." She replied, that she did not believe him,—that she knew he was longing to get at the combined fleets,—that he considered them as his own property,—that he would be miserable if any man but himself did the business; and that he ought to have them, as the price and reward of his two years' long watching, and his hard chase. "Nelson," she said, "however we may lament your absence, offer your services—they will be accepted, and you will gain a quiet heart by it: you will have a glorious victory, and then you may return here and be happy." He looked at her with tears in his eyes—"Brave Emma!—Good Emma! If there were more Emmas, there would be more Nelsons."

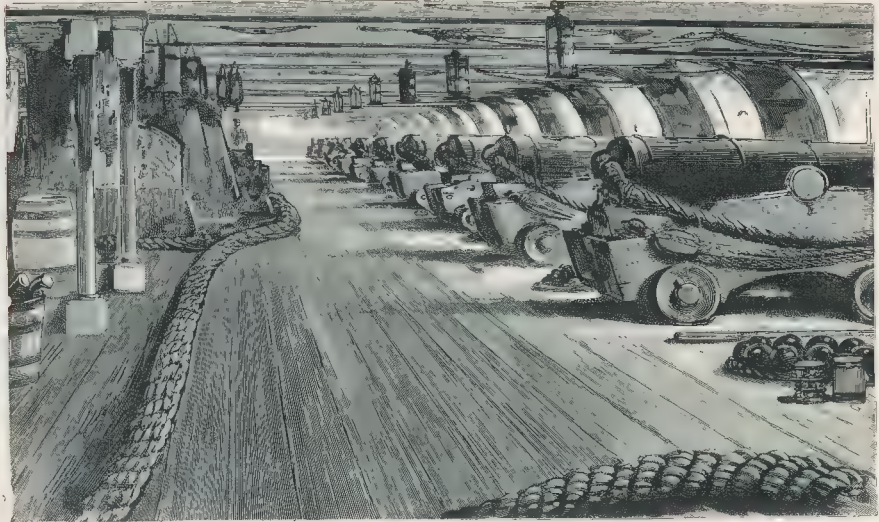
PREPARATIONS FOR THE CROWNING EVENT OF HIS LIFE.

Lord Nelson's services were as willingly accepted as they were offered; and Lord Barham, giving him the list of the Navy, desired him to choose his own officers. "Choose yourself, my Lord," was his reply: "the same spirit actuates the whole profession: you cannot choose wrong." Lord Barham then desired him to say what ships, and how many, he would wish, in addition to the fleet which he was going to command, and said they should follow him as soon as each was ready. No appointment was ever more in unison with the feelings and judgment of the whole nation. They, like Lady Hamilton, thought that the destruction of the combined fleets ought properly to be Nelson's work; and that he ought to reap the spoils of the chase, which he had watched so long, and so perseveringly pursued.

Unremitted exertions were made to equip the ships which he had chosen, and especially to refit the *Victory*, which was once more to bear his flag. He seemed to have been impressed with an expectation that he should fall in the battle. In a letter to his brother, written immediately after his return, he had said: "We must not talk of Sir Robert Calder's battle—I might not have done so much with my small force. If I had fallen in with them, you might probably have been a Lord before I wished; for I know they meant to make a dead set at the *Victory*." Nelson had once regarded the prospect of death with gloomy satisfaction; it was when he anticipated the upbraids of his wife, and the displeasure of his venerable father. The state of his feelings now was expressed, in his private journal, in these words:—"Friday night (Sept. 13), at half-past ten, I drove from dear, dear Merton, where I left all which I hold dear in this world, to go to serve my king and country. May the great God, whom I adore, enable me to fulfil the expectations of my country! and, if it is His good pleasure that I should return, my thanks will never cease being offered up to the throne of His mercy. If it is His good providence to cut short my days upon earth, I bow with the greatest submission; relying that he will protect those so dear to me, whom I may leave behind! His will be done! Amen! Amen! Amen!"

NELSON EMBARKS AT PORTSMOUTH.

Early on the following morning he reached Portsmouth; and, having despatched his business on shore, endeavoured to elude the populace by taking a bye-way to the beach; but a crowd collected in his train, pressing forward to obtain a sight of his face—many were in tears, and many knelt down before him, and blessed him as he passed. England had had many heroes, but never one who so entirely possessed the love of his fellow-countrymen as Nelson. All men knew that his heart was as humane as it was fearless; that there was not in his nature the slightest alloy of selfishness or cupidity; but that, with perfect and entire devotion, he served his country with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength; and, therefore, they loved him as truly and as fervently as he loved England. They pressed upon the parapet to gaze after him when his barge pushed off, and he was returning their cheers by waving his hat. The sentinels, who endeavoured to prevent them from trespassing upon this ground, were wedged among the crowd; and an officer, who, not very prudently upon such an occasion, ordered them to drive the people down with their bayonets, was compelled speedily to retreat, for the people would not be debarred from gazing, till the last moment, upon the hero, the darling hero of England.



THE LOWER DECK OF THE MODEL *VICTORY* SHOWING THE GUNS READY FOR ACTION, AS ON THE DAY OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.



MANNER OF WORKING THE GUNS IN TIME OF ACTION.
An original study on board a man-of-war, by Thomas Rowlandson.



BATTLE OFF CAPE TRAFALGAR, OCTOBER 21, 1805.

Situation of Lord Nelson's flag-ship the *Victory*.

After the painting by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Painted Hall, Greenwich College.

NELSON'S RECEPTION BY THE FLEET.

In one of the last letters Nelson wrote to Lady Hamilton at Merton, he characteristically described his reception as commander-in-chief:—

"I believe my arrival was most welcome; not only to the commander of the fleet, but also to every individual in it; and, when I came to explain to them the *Nelson touch*, it was like an electric shock. Some shed tears, all approved.—It was new, it was singular, it was simple! and, from Admirals downwards, it was repeated.—It must succeed, if ever they will allow us to get at them! You are, my Lord, surrounded by friends whom you inspire with confidence. 'Some may be Judas's, but the majority are much pleased with my commanding them.'"



PLAN OF THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

BRITISH FLEET.—(Larboard or weather line).—(1) *Victory*, (2) *Temeraire*, (3) *Neptune*, (4) *Brilliant*, (5) *Leviathan*, (6) *Conqueror*, (7) *Agamemnon*, (8) *Ajax*, (9) *Orion*, (10) *Minotaur*, (11) *Spartiate*, (12) *Africa*, Starboard or lee line. (13) *Royal Sovereign*, (14) *Bellisle*, (15) *Merc*, (16) *Tonnant*, (17) *Bellerophon*, (18) *Achille*, (19) *Polyphemus*, (20) *Revenge*, (21) *Swiftsure*, (22) *Defiance*, (23) *Thunderer*, (24) *Defence*, (25) *Colasius*, (26) *Prince*, (27) *Dreadnought*, Frigates, (28) *Esmeralda*, (29) *Pickle*, schooner, (30) *Sirius*, frigate, (31) *Naiad*, (32) *Phaë*, (33) *Entrepreante*, cutter.

COMBINED FLEETS.—(a) *Neptuno*, (b) *Scipion*, (c) *San Augustino*, (d) *Formidable*, (e) *Es Rayo*, (f) *Mont Blanc*, (g) *San Francisco d'Assis*, (h) *Duguay Trouin*, (i) *Horos*, (j) *Santisima Trinidad*, (k) *St. Juste*, (l) *Bucentaure*, (m) *Redoubtable*, (n) *Neptune*, (o) *San Leandro*, (p) *Indomptable*, (q) *St. Anna*, (r) *Fougeux*, (s) *Berwick*, (t) *Achille*, (u) *Bahama*, (v) *San Juan Nepomuceno*, (w) *Argonauta*, (x) *Swiftsure*, (y) *Principe d'Asturias*, (z) *L'Aigle*, (A) *Montanas*, (B) *Algeriras*, (C) *Rhin*, frigate, (D) *Themis*, frigate, (E) *Argus*, brig, (F) *Hortense*, frigate, (G) *Furet*, brig, (H) *Cornetille*, frigate, (I) *Flora*, (J) *Mercurio*, Spanish frigates.

H.M.S. *VICTORY*.

The first flag-ship *Victory* was at one time the pride of the English navy; she carried 110 guns, and was in all respects a most formidable line-of-battle ship. Her fate was an untoward one; after successfully relieving Sir Charles Hardy, blockaded at Lisbon, the *Victory*, on her return voyage home, was lost off Alderney. This occurred October 4th, 1744; the Admiral, Sir J. Balchen, with a crew numbering 1,100 men, perished by the catastrophe.

The famous ship *Victory*, associated with the name of the immortal Nelson, was built to take the place of her ill-starred predecessor; she was constructed from the designs of Sir Thomas Slade, the Admiralty surveyor; projected in 1759, she was launched at the Chatham Dockyard, May 7th, 1765. The engraving given of the model of the *Victory* is taken from the original in the Naval College, Greenwich, and shows the ship as she appeared before she was repaired and altered in 1803.

From 1765 to 1778 the *Victory* made no figure in naval history, until the Hon. Augustus Keppel selected her as his flag-ship; July 27th, 1778, the *Victory* took an important part in the victory over the French off Ushant, when she was engaged with six ships at one time. Notwithstanding Sir Charles overwhelming odds, her losses were slight. The year following, Sir Charles Hardy hoisted his flag on board the *Victory*, and proceeded against the enemy on an important enterprise, but his expedition unfortunately arrived too late to prevent the junction between the French and Spanish fleets; he only succeeded in sighting them after their object was effected, and no engagement took place. The same happened two months later, when Admiral Geary, in his flag-ship the *Victory*, commanded a fleet off Brest with a similar object, but this expedition also ended fruitlessly. Rear-Admiral Drake next took the *Victory* as his flag-ship. On his expedition to the North Sea, March 1781, Vice-Admiral Hyde Parker chose the *Victory* for his flag-ship, but, finding this ship unsuited for the narrow channels he expected to navigate, transferred his flag to the *Fortitude*, and the *Victory* was sent home.

At the close of 1781 the *Victory* saw some active service, when Rear-Admiral Kempenfelt hoisted his flag in her, and came up with the French fleet forty miles off Ushant, December 12th. The hostile forces, numerically very superior to the British squadron, were acting as convoys. Kempenfelt cut off fifteen ships, and sunk four French frigates; the enemy's fleet was unable to recapture Kempenfelt's prizes. The Admiral, on his return, shifted his flag to the *Royal George*; the *Victory* was anchored close to that unfortunate ship when she went down with Kempenfelt and all hands on board, at Spithead, August 29th, 1782. After this fatality, the Mediterranean squadron, of which the *Royal George* had formed a part, sailed under Howe, who hoisted his flag in the *Victory*, and attempted the relief of Gibraltar. In the October of 1782 Howe's squadron of thirty-six vessels was threatened by the enemy's fleet of eighty ships; however, the hostile armament ran past without engaging, and Howe made for the open sea, but failed to bring the Spanish forces into action. In 1790 Lord Howe's flag was hoisted on the *Victory*; subsequently, and on "the glorious 1st June," the Admiral had transferred his flag to the *Queen Charlotte*. Lord Hood next hoisted his flag in the *Victory*, and Nelson's associations with this historical ship became closer, though he was at that time serving with the *Agamemnon*. The *Victory* was at the taking of Toulon, August, 1793, and at the operations against the French in Corsica, April and May, 1794; at the bombardment and capture of Bastia, June to August. The *Victory* and *Agamemnon* were engaged at Calvi; at this siege, Nelson, who was then acting as brigadier, lost the sight of one eye.

The *Victory* was present when another catastrophe befell one of our ships occurred at Portsmouth, in 1795, when the ill-fated *Bayne*, of 98 guns, caught fire and blew up.

At the battle of St. Vincent, the *Victory* came up and took possession of the *Salvador del Mundo*, 112 gun; Nelson, in the *Captain*, and Collingwood, in the *Excellent*, had, however, previously engaged and mauled this vessel.



THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, OCTOBER 21, 1805.
Painted by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., for the United Service Club House.



THE SPOT WHERE NELSON FELL.

George Cruikshank.

NELSON TAKES OVER THE *VICTORY* AS HIS FLAG-SHIP.

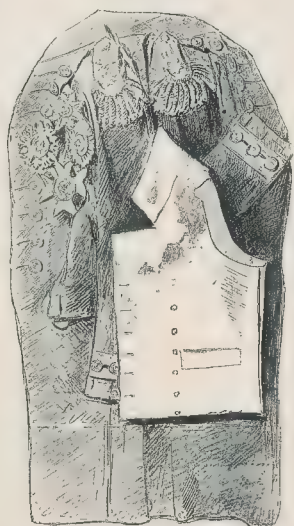
The *Victory* was laid by in 1801, but was altered, repaired, and re-fitted in 1803, when Lord Nelson, moved with sympathy for the old ship, and probably attracted by the encouraging augury of her name, chose the *Victory* for his flag ship; in the April of 1803 she captured the *Ambrassade* frigate. In the *Victory* Nelson cruised incessantly in the Channel and adjacent seas, disputing with Bonaparte the command of these waters; and, indefatigable in trying to bring the French fleet to an engagement, spent two years in seeking them over half the seas. In January, 1805, Nelson did his utmost to test the fighting powers of the enemy, and, with ten ships, pursued a squadron of eighteen, but in vain; to the Admiral's mortification, the ships escaped without risking an action. During two years of incessant and wearying search for the enemy, "Nelson's foot never quitted the *Victory*."

NELSON EMBARKS ON BOARD THE *VICTORY* FOR TRAFALGAR.

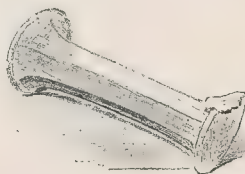
No sooner returned to enjoy the chance of repose on his estate at Merton, where his stores had been brought up from the *Victory*, than Nelson was, for the last time, impelled to put to sea again in his famous flag-ship, to proceed to measure strength with the combined French and Spanish fleets, which, after the indecisive action with Sir Robert Calder, off Cape Finisterre, had been able to refit at Vigo, and had, with the Ferrol squadron, put into Cadiz in safety. This security the gallant Nelson was fated to destroy at the glorious battle off Cape Trafalgar, where, October 21st, 1805, he, with a fleet of twenty-seven sail-of-the-line, engaged the united fleets of thirty-three first-rates, of which nineteen were captured, practically finishing off the protracted warfare for some years. Nelson and the *Victory*, on that eventful day, acquired immortal fame, and the departed hero's favourably known ship, from that time, became an object of emulation in the service.



PORTION OF THE
VICTORY'S MAST, WITH
HOLE SHOT THROUGH IT.
The property of Her Majesty
the Queen, Windsor Castle.



COAT AND WAISTCOAT WORN BY LORD
NELSON AT THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.
From the Painted Hall, Greenwich College.



DOUBLE-HEADED BAR SHOT fired from the
Santissima Trinidad into H.M.S. *Victory*, bearing the
flag of Lord Nelson, at the battle of Trafalgar, October
21, 1805. It is alleged that this shot killed eight men,
and that Nelson thereupon ordered the crew and marines,
who were crowded together, to stand wider apart, so as
to avoid the risk of this wholesale destruction.

The property of Her Majesty the Queen.



The above engraving is a reproduction of the original, and is a reference to the original engraving.

THE VICTORY'S CAREER SUBSEQUENT TO TRAFALGAR.

In 1808, Sir James Saumarez chose the *Victory* for his flag-ship, when Sweden was by Russia threatened with invasion. From the Baltic the *Victory* went to Portugal, as the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Sir J. S. Yorke, who, for the last time, sailed in her in 1812. No less than six Admirals applied to hoist their flags in the *Victory* in 1815, a sufficient evidence of the feelings she inspired; but, with the end of the war, her active service was brought to a close, and, in 1825, the *Victory* became the flag-ship of Portsmouth Harbour. Since that time this historical ship has been regarded with such well-founded national reverence that, failing the possibility of bringing this veteran—then 126 years old—to London, as the chief attraction of the Royal Naval Exhibition in 1891, the executive decided to have a full-size model constructed, which should reproduce her lower decks, and give the public a general idea of the *Victory* as she actually appeared at the most memorable era of her history. This reconstructive work was most successfully carried out by Messrs. Campbell, Smith, and Co., under the superintendence of the Surveyor, Mr. J. Farquharson. The real difficulty of the feat consisted in restoring the model *Victory* to the state this ship was in at Trafalgar, since which date-making epoch she has been altered and repaired from time to time, and to a considerable extent.

THE VICTORY'S THREE SUCCESSIVE FIGURE-HEADS.

The old figure-head, as used in Nelson's days, was realistically revived in the life-size model at the Naval Exhibition. The *Victory* had been fitted in 1765 with a more pretentious affair. Her first figure-head was a pompous, allegorical device, characteristic of the epoch. The bust of the youthful monarch, George III., laurel-crowned, surmounted an arch, and beneath the King's figure was the Royal cipher on a shield. The supporters were on an elaborate scale; on the one side was Britannia, bearing the union flag, and crowned by a female figure symbolising Victory; there were figures of Europe and America to support Britannia, and a boy holding a cornucopia, and crushing a hydra. Britannia reappeared on the other side, crowned by the figure of Fame, holding her golden trumpet; the figures of Asia and Africa completed the quarters of the earth, and the wide-spread dominion that Britannia had acquired over the ocean was indicated by a boy with globe and compasses pointing out the spots conquered by England; a shield also displayed the Royal Arms. The workmanlike and characteristic figures of a sailor and marine, in the uniform of the commencement of the present century, supporting a shield bearing the Royal Arms, was her figure-head at Trafalgar. This has subsequently, for unexplained reasons, as far as we know, given place to the figures of two boys for supporters, as appear at this day on the old *Victory* at Portsmouth.

METHOD OF WORKING THE GUNS IN TIME OF ACTION.

The realistic model of the lower deck of the *Victory*, as she appeared on the morning before the battle of Trafalgar, afforded a vivid impression of the actual circumstances of naval warfare in Nelson's day; beside the sketch of these warlike arrangements on board the *Victory*, with the preparations for going into action, we have reproduced a contemporary drawing of the scene as it appeared during the heat of an engagement. The ship was cleared for action, the gangs of men crowded round the respective guns, their individual charges, the seamen, gunners, &c., wearing no superfluous of clothing, and commonly stripped to the waist; the guns had to be run in for loading and ramming, and were then run out to be discharged, their muzzles often touching the sides of their opponents. The deadly nature of this service may be understood, as it frequently happened (as occurred at Trafalgar) particular groups of guns most exposed to the hostile fire were silenced, successive gangs of seamen being killed, and the guns themselves dismounted. Notwithstanding the destruction our gunners dealt on the conflicting ships, the mortality on our side from shot and bullets would sometimes be correspondingly heavy. It was

the custom on our men-of-war to reserve their fire until it could be literally poured into the enemy's decks, where practicable in a raking direction, when, as in recorded instances, by one well-directed broadside, delivered at the closest possible quarters, their guns were dismantled and the gunners killed or wounded; it followed that, in a spirited action, before our seamen replied by a single shot, the carnage on our crowded decks would be terrible.

TRAFALGAR.

Nelson in offering his services to attack the combined French and Spanish Fleets, of which he had for two weary years been in chase. "Half around the sea-girt ball," was actuated by patriotic and characteristic fervour which over-ruled private considerations; he felt that the work he had in hand "would fulfil the expectations of his country," but for himself, he had evidently from the first a foreboding that his own fate was fixed. He knew that the enemy had long held the intention "of making a dead set at the *Victory*," and of aiming more particularly at his own life, when the opportunity offered. Before leaving London Nelson visited his upholsterer's where was deposited his coffin, which Captain Hallowell, of the *Swiftsure*, had, after the battle of the Nile, ordered to be constructed from the mainmast of Brueys' flag-ship *L'Orient*, and sent as a fitting present to his commander. The departing Admiral desired that the history of the memento should be engraved upon the lid, availing "it was highly probable that the night would find his coffin on his return."

Nothing could exceed the public enthusiasm which awaited Nelson. He was followed with fervent acclamations from Portsmouth, and his reception by the Mediterranean Fleet was of so warm a character that his rank as commander was lost sight of in the joyful demonstrations which greeted the hero of the British Navy on reappearing amidst his devoted comrades and "brother tars."

COINCIDENCES WHICH NELSON NOTED.

By a coincidence, acceptable to the condition of his impressionable mind, Nelson arrived off Cadix on his forty-seventh birthday, the 29th September, 1805—moreover, the battle of Trafalgar was destined to be fought on another anniversary, memorable in his family history. On that day his revered uncle, Captain Suckling, in the *Dreadnought*, with two other line-of-battle ships, had beaten off a French squadron of four first-rates and three frigates. "Nelson, with that sort of superstition from which few persons are entirely exempt, had more than once expressed his persuasion that this was to be the day of his battle also, and he was well pleased at seeing his prediction about to be verified."

NELSON'S HONOURS.

On that eventful day Nelson went into action wearing, as usual, his Admiral's coat, bearing on the left breast the four stars of the different orders with which he was invested. It was known that the enemy's tops were filled with expert Tyrolese and other riflemen, and that Nelson's life was particularly aimed at; yet his intimate friends, warned by his former reply to a similar representation as to the risk incurred by thus signalling his person—"In honour I gained them, and in honour I will die with them"—hesitated to entreat Nelson to take the precaution of rendering himself a less conspicuous mark for the enemy's shots.

PREPARES FOR THE END.

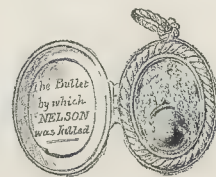
When Nelson was assured that, from the disposition of the combined fleets under his command, Villeneuve had determined upon a fair trial of strength, he inquired of Captain Blackwood—who had just witnessed the Admiral's last disposition, bequeathing, in case he fell, to the gratitude of his country the charge of providing for Lady Hamilton and his infant daughter Horatia—what he should consider as a victory. That officer replied, regarding the handsome way in which the enemy offered battle, he thought the result would be a glorious one "if the British fleet captured fourteen." Nelson averred that he would not be satisfied with less than twenty.

NELSON'S FAMOUS SIGNAL.

The Admiral thereon made his memorable last signal, "England expects every man will do his duty." This was received throughout the Fleet with acclamations testifying the warmest sympathy with the spirit it breathed. When the British ships were bearing down to attack Villeneuve's well-planned line of defence, Nelson desired Blackwood to repair to his ship, the *Euryalus* frigate, and to take his final wishes to his captains—to adopt "what action seemed best to bring them quickly and closely alongside the enemy." As they were standing on the front poop, Blackwood shook his chief's hand, saying he hoped soon to return and find him in possession of twenty prizes. To this wish, with sad foreboding, Nelson significantly replied, "God bless you, Blackwood; I shall never speak to you again."

"THE NELSON TOUCH."

Nelson's customary signal on going into action, "Engage the enemy more closely," was fast belated at the maintop-gallant masthead of the *Victory*. The English fleet sailed down in two columns, Collingwood leading one in the *Royal Sovereign*, and the *Victory* leading the larger squadron. The *Royal Sovereign* engaged the *Santa Anna*, firing her double-shotted guns with such effect that nearly 400 men were killed, and wounded, and fourteen guns were disabled; she also raked the *Fouquet*, which had commenced the attack. Nelson was delighted with Collingwood's spirited opening, and exclaimed, "See how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action!" In a similar spirit Collingwood exclaimed to his captain, Rotherham, "What would Nelson give to be here!" Nelson's column sailed two points more to the north, in order to cut off the enemy's escape into Cadiz; the lee line was therefore engaged first. The Admiral's chief anxiety was to find out the Admiral's ship. The enemy showed no colours, but Nelson's instinct led him to expect he should find Villeneuve's ship, the *Bucentaure*, beside his old opponent, the huge four-decker, the *Santisima Trinidad*, the Spanish flag-ship, and for that ship the *Victory* was steered.



THE BULLET which caused the death of Lord Nelson, with a portion of bullion lace torn from his epaulette. The property of Her Majesty the Queen.



LORD NELSON'S PIGTAIL, cut off after death. Presented to Green's Hospital by the children of Mrs. Horatia Nelson-Ward.

THE VICTORY UNDER FIRE.

It was the object of the enemy to disable the *Victory* before she could close with them, and they chiefly aimed at her rigging. "As soon as they ascertained the *Victory* to be within reach of shot, at least seven or eight of the weathermost ships opened fire upon her, such a fire, as it has been said, had scarcely been directed at any single ship." Nelson's chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Scott, has recorded that, "before the *Victory* returned a shot, she had fifty killed and wounded." Nelson's secretary was one of the first who fell; he was killed by a cannon-shot while conversing with Captain Hardy. Captain Adair, of the *Marines*, was endeavouring to remove the body from Nelson's sight, but he anxiously asked, "Is that poor Scott there's gone?"

DOUBLE-HEADED SHOT.

The double-headed shot (lent by Her Majesty to the Naval Exhibition) fired from the *Santissima Trinidad*, struck a party of marines drawn up on the poop, and, as it is stated, killed eight men; upon this Nelson desired Captain Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together.

WARM WORK.

The *Victory* suffered much damage from the firing of the *Santissima Trinidad*, the *Buccanans*, and the *Redoubtable*. A shot fell between Nelson and Hardy on the quarter-deck, striking the planking at their feet, and slightly hurting Hardy's foot, from which it took the shoe buckle. Nelson, with a smile, observed, "This is too warm work to last long," and declared that, through all the battles in which he had been, he had never witnessed more cool courage than was displayed on this occasion by the crew of the *Victory*; before she was able to open fire, her maintop mast, with all her standing sails and their booms, were shot away.

THE BUCENTAURE RAKED.

Villeneuve's ship was destined to bear the brunt of the *Victory's* long reserved fire; as Nelson's ship came alongside of the *Bucentaure*, "the 68-pounder cannonade on the larboard side of the *Victory's* fore-castle, containing its customary charge of one round shot and a keg filled with 500 musket-balls, was fired right into the cabin windows of the *Bucentaure*." The ships were nearly touching, and, as the *Victory* slowly moved ahead, every gun of the remaining fifty upon her broadside, all double and some of them treble shot, was fired in succession, and with deliberate aim, in the same raking direction. This deadly work in less than two minutes reduced the *Bucentaure* to a comparatively defenceless state; the loss in killed and wounded amounted to nearly 400 men, and some twenty of her guns were dismounted.

THE VICTORY COUPLED WITH THE REDOUBTABLE.

The French *Neptune* came to the relief of the *Bucentaure*, and did much injury to the *Victory*; fearing this ship would run on board her, the *Neptune* ranged ahead, and, as her tiller ropes were shot away, the *Victory* was moored on board the *Redoubtable*; the two ships ran foul of each other, and the *Victory's* starboard foretopmast studding sail boom iron having hooked itself into the leech of the *Redoubtable's* fore top-sail, they remained in this situation. The French ship received the *Victory* with a broadside, then let down her lower deck ports for fear of being boarded through them. In her fore and main tops the *Redoubtable* had mounted brass colubins, which, loaded with langridge, were frequently discharged with destructive effect upon the *Victory's* fore-castle.

A TIER OF FOUR.

Captain Harvey, in the *Téméraire*, fell on board the *Redoubtable* on the other side, and the *Leandre*, in like manner, on board the *Téméraire*, "so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads all lying the same way." An incessant fire was kept up from the *Victory* from both broadsides, the muzzles of her starboard guns touching the side of the *Redoubtable* when run out; while her larboard guns played upon the *Bucentaure* and the huge *Santissima Trinidad*.

THE FATAL SHOT.

In the spirit of humanity, which distinguished British conduct in the moment of victory, Nelson had twice given orders to cease firing on the *Redoubtable*, supposing she had struck, because her great guns were silent, for, as she carried no flag, it was difficult to ascertain this fact for certain. The *Victory* had been in the hottest of the fire for nearly an hour and a half, with disastrous effect on her opponents, and Nelson and his Captain were coolly pacing up and down the Admiral's quarter-deck regardless of the circumstance that sharpshooters from the tops of the adjacent enemy were bringing men down in regular and deadly succession. Nelson himself strongly discouraged this cruel practice, and never placed musketry in his tops, not only because it endangered setting fire to the sails, but, chiefly, as he declared, "because it was a murderous sort of warfare, by which individuals might suffer, and a commander now and then be picked off, but which could never determine the fate of a general engagement."

The mizen-top of the *Redoubtable* was but fifteen yards from the spot where Nelson was walking, and was partly screened by the *Victory's* sails; as the Admiral was about to turn, a musket-ball, fired from this direction, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder

entering his body and lodging lower down in his spine. Hardy, a pace or two forwarder was turning almost at the same moment, and saw Nelson in the act of falling. He was then on his knees, with his left hand touching the deck; the arm giving way, he fell on his left side, exactly on the spot where his secretary, poor Scott, had fallen mortally wounded, and whose blood soiled Nelson's uniform. Three men were raising the Admiral, when Captain Hardy expressed a hope that his chief was not badly wounded. Nelson replied, "They have done for me at last, Hardy." "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes," he rejoined, "my backbone is shot through."

Even at this critical moment Nelson's presence of mind never forsook him; as he was being borne below, his eyes rested on the tiller, the ropes having been shot away and not replaced, he ordered that new ropes should be immediately rove.

FATE OF THE RIFLEMAN WHO SHOT NELSON.

According to the contemporary accounts furnished to Southey from the lips and records of survivors, and from the narratives of Pettigrew and of Dr. Beatty, the surgeon who was with Nelson in his agony, the destructive effects of this murderous warfare from the *Redoubtable's* tops did not cease with the fatal shot which caused the news of the victory of Trafalgar to be received in England with universal dismay. "Within a quarter of an hour after Nelson was wounded, about fifty of the *Victory's* men fell by the enemy's musketry. They, however, on their part, were not idle, and it was not long before there were only two marksmen left alive in the mizen-top of the *Redoubtable*. One of them was the man who had given the fatal wound—he did not live to boast of his deed. An old quartermaster had seen him fire, and easily

recognised him, because he wore a glazed cocked-hat and a white frock. The quartermaster and two midshipmen, Collingwood and Pollard, were the only persons left on the *Victory's* poop; the two midshipmen continued firing at the mizen-top, and he kept them supplied with cartridges." One of the riflemen, while attempting to make his way by the rigging down to the deck, was shot by Pollard, and fell on the poop. The man who, it is averred, slew the heroic Nelson, was in the act of coming forward and taking aim, when he was detected by the quartermaster, who pointed him out to the midshipmen. From his proximity, barely fifteen yards above the group, all this was plain to the marksmen, and while the quartermaster cried aloud in his excitement, "That's he! that's he!" the words were barely uttered when the rifleman again fired, his ball striking the quartermaster in the mouth, and he fell dead. Both the midshipmen fired at the same instant with excellent aim, and the fellow dropped in the top. When the prize was taken possession of, shortly after, they went into the mizen-top and found the rifleman dead, with one ball through his head and another through his breast—a poor retaliation for the gallant lives he had taken.

SCENE IN THE COCKPIT OF THE VICTORY.

For thoughtful for the feelings of his crew, even in his helpless condition, Nelson, in order that his situation might not distress his faithful and brave tars, took the precaution to cover with his handkerchief his face and the insignia embroidered on his coat, those conspicuous four glittering tinsel orders which had marked out his person for destruction. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with difficulty conveyed, and he was laid on a midshipman's pallet slightly raised on the sloping beam, beside the orlop standard, exactly in the position shown in A. W. Dev's truly realistic picture, which was founded on actual information supplied on board to the artist, who went to meet the *Victory*, and was

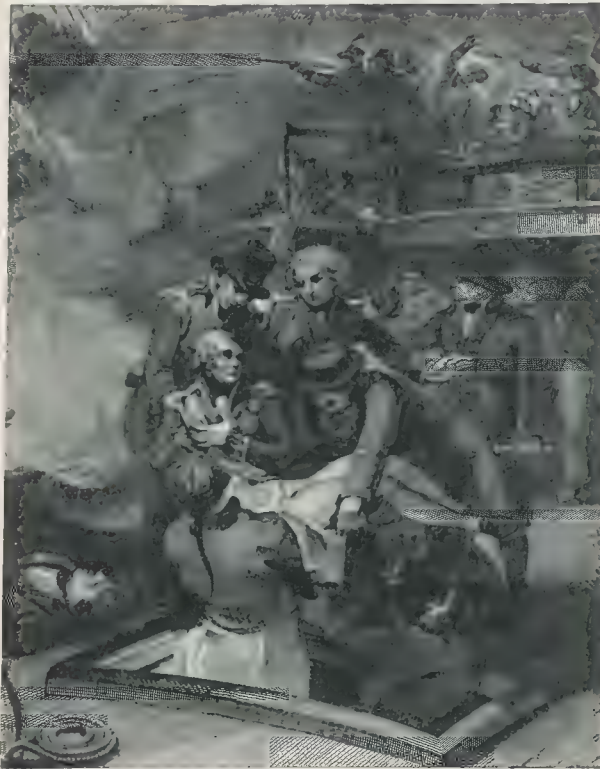
enabled from the lips of Dr. Beatty, Captain Hardy, Dr. Scott, and the surgeon to obtain exact particulars of the sorrowful scene at which they assisted; all these associates of Nelson sat for their portraits on board. This painting is one of the most interesting of the famous series of similar productions commemorating British naval achievements, exhibited in the Painted Hall, Greenwich College, and it is considered, in all respects, a trustworthy and practically reliable version. Dev's picture was reproduced in the waxwork group displayed in the cockpit of the full-size model *Victory*, the tableau which lent a dramatic interest to the orlop deck of that popular feature of the Royal Naval Exhibition.

NELSON'S FATE.

As Nelson himself too certainly realised from the first, the bullet had penetrated his spine, and his wound was mortal; upon examination, this was at once evident to Dr. Beatty, though the full knowledge was kept from all but Nelson's chaplain, Captain Hardy, and his medical attendants. The sad concluding scene of this triumphant career has been taken from Southey's version of Nelson's life, premising that the hero's fleeting existence was sufficiently prolonged for the dying Nelson to hear the last guns fired on those fugitive ships which had escaped the engagement; and to these parting shots the noble commander had the consolation of listening only a minute or two before his scene of glory closed in eternity.

Nelson himself feeling certain, "from the sensation in his back and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should attend on those to whom his services could be more useful,—"for," said he, "you can do nothing for me."

"All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently give him



NELSON CARRIED NOW MORTALLY WOUNDED.

After the picture by W. Bromley.



THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON IN THE COCKPIT OF HMS VICTORY, OCTOBER 21, 1805.
Painted from sculpture, and by A. H. P. Now exhibited in the Painted Hall, Greenwich College.



1. Lord Nelson
 2. Lieut. now Capt. J. J. Yule
 3. M. Collingwood, midshipman now Capt.
 4. M. Custum, Lord Nelson's Valet
 5. Rev. D. Scott, Chaplain
 6. W. Burke, Esq., Purser
 7. Capt. now Ser. Thos. Hardy, Bart.
 8. M. Chevalier, steward
 9. D. Beatty, Surgeon
 10. Lieut. now Capt. B. B. B. B.
 11. M. Smith, Assistant Surgeon
 12. M. Bunce, Carpenter

KEY TO THE PORTRAITS GIVEN IN "THE DEATH OF NELSON IN THE COCKPIT OF H.M.S. VICTORY." 1805.

The painter, Arthur William Devis, went to meet the *Victory*, and spent three weeks on board, acquainting himself with all the circumstances attending the mournful event he had to represent. The artist was allowed to have all the attendants at the Admiral's death grouped in the cockpit, exactly as they were at the moment he expired; and this very spot of the ship he painted from a model made on board the *Victory*. He had access to Lord Nelson's belongings and all the spectators on the occasion sat to him for their portraits, which are not only faithful likenesses, but also marked with such feelings as were naturally displayed on the mournful catastrophe.

lemonade to allay his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the result of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurra'd, and at every hurra a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy, and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!"

THE 'VICTORY' ON FIRE.

A great responsibility rested upon Captain Hardy, while his adored Admiral lay bleeding to death below. Several of the enemy's ships, hitherto unengaged, were bearing down upon the *Victory*, already sufficiently distressed and practically unmanageable, locked in a death-struggle with the *Redoubtable*. Nelson's ship was also constantly in imminent danger of annihilation, indirectly, from the effects of her own fire, for after every discharge, as the muzzles of the lower deck guns were touching the *Redoubtable's* side, there was reason to apprehend she would take fire, involving in her conflagration both the *Victory* and the *Timdraine*. The precaution was taken, as already described, after each gun was discharged, of dashing buckets of water into the French ship through the holes made by the shot; the musketry fire continued from her tops, and she had been twice on fire in her forechairs, and on the forecastle. Moreover, by throwing combustibles on the *Victory*, her opponent had set fire to that vessel. "The alarm was given, which reached the cockpit, yet neither hurry nor trepidation appeared, and the crew, having put out the flames, immediately turned their attention to the assistance in their power."

THE SCENE BELOW.

Meanwhile Captain Hardy, painfully conscious of Nelson's feelings, as soon as he was at liberty, sent Bulkley, his old aide-de-camp, below to communicate to the surgeon the critical and particular circumstances which detained him on deck. The excessive heat of the cockpit, from the number of dead and wounded, increased the faintness of the dying Admiral, whose sight had become dim. "Who brought the message?" said he feebly. "Bulkley, my Lord," replied Burke. "It is his voice," said Nelson; "remember me, Bulkley, to your father." With the cheers of the men, occasionally heard amidst the repeated peals of firing, which announced favourable tidings of victory above, the spirits of Nelson's companions rose. Burke ventured to express to Nelson his hope that his chief might survive to carry home his glorious news. "Don't talk nonsense," replied the Admiral; "one would, indeed, like to live a little longer, but I know it to be impossible. God's will be done. I have performed my duty, and I devoutly thank Him for it." Though enduring agonies from excessive thirst, and the great difficulty of respiration, yet did his consideration

or others in no way relax. A wounded seaman was lying near him on a pallet waiting for amputation, and in the bustle that prevailed in the overcrowded space, was hurt by a passer-by; Nelson, weak and rapidly approaching dissolution, indignantly turned his head, and with his usual authority reprimanded the offender for not having more humanity.

CAPTAIN HARDY RETURNS.

An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to express the feelings of that most painful yet sublime moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy, "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."—"I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There is no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself—"I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair and all things belonging to me." Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh, no!" he replied, "it is impossible; my back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and with a heart almost bursting hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast"—putting his hand on his left side—"which tells me so." And upon Beatty inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, "So great that he wished he was dead." "Yet," said he in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" And, after a few minutes, in the same undertone, he added, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation?" Next to his country, she occupied his thoughts.

A COMPLETE VICTORY.

Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly, but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well!" cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor." Hardy upon this hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed; "do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he saw the necessity of this. It was a lasting misfortune that this precaution was neglected.

NELSON'S LAST WISHES.

"Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice: 'Don't throw me overboard!' and he desired that he might be buried beside his parents, unless it should please the King to order otherwise. Then, reverting to private feelings, 'Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy!' said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said, 'Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty.' Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. 'Who is that?' said Nelson, and being informed, he replied, 'God bless you, Hardy!' And Hardy then left him for ever. Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, 'I wish I had not left the cockpit for I shall soon be gone.' Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, 'Doctor, I have not been a great sinner!' And, after a short pause, 'Remember, that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country.' His articulation now became difficult, but he was distinctly heard to say



BENJAMIN WEST'S VERSION OF THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON

The picture has caused an outcry in England for its want of respect to the hero. The artist, it is said, has taken the figure of the hero from the statue of Nelson in the Admiralty, and has given him a more heroic and idealized appearance than he really was. The artist, it is said, has taken the figure of the hero from the statue of Nelson in the Admiralty, and has given him a more heroic and idealized appearance than he really was.



"Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four, three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

CONTEMPORANEOUS PICTURES OF THE DEATH OF NELSON.

It has already been mentioned that the picture, painted from well-founded sources and trustworthy data, by A. W. Davis, and which appropriately hangs at Greenwich College, tells with simple, unembellished truth the pathetic story, which no Englishman, with any sentiment of respect for native valor and signal heroism, can regard with indifference. This picture, as the nearest possible approach to a faithful and unaffected realisation of the great hero's last moments, has been reproduced here, and with it—as an example of the opposite method of treatment—the ambitious effort, painted by Benjamin West, R.A., an embodiment in the "heroic order of taste," which must be considered in the nature of an apotheosis of Nelson rather than an attempt at realistic art. This work is also not without its interest and value, since it is in fact a contemporary version of this historical incident, avowedly representing "an epic composition," as the artist has described his intention. The costumes, details, general surroundings, and accessories have the recommendation of belonging to the time. It is desirable to give the "projector's" own argument, that no misconception may arise as to the purpose which filled the earnest mind of this painstaking historical painter:—

"Mr. West, conceiving that the victory of Trafalgar demanded a painting every way appropriate to its dignity and high national importance, has formed it into an epic composition, as best calculated to heighten so grand a subject. For this purpose he has placed the immortal NELSON, wounded on the quarter-deck of his ship the *Victory*, with the captain Sir Thomas Hardy, holding the dying hero with one hand, and, from a paper in the other, announcing to him the number of ships taken from the enemy's combined fleets, while the surrounding groups of gallant officers and men are sympathising in the sufferings of their expiring friend and commander. The wounded and dead in the several groups are introduced as episodes to commemorate with honour those who fell in the greatest naval triumph ever recorded in English history.

"The ships in the distance display the flags and signals of the other triumphant British admirals, as well as the vessels of the vanquished enemy, which are marked with all the wreck of battle, destruction, and defeat." Benjamin West's historical work was contributed to the Royal Naval Exhibition by the Mayor and Corporation of Liverpool.

CAPTAIN BLACKWOOD'S MEMOIR.

Captain the Hon. Henry Blackwood—true to his intention, expressed to Nelson at the commencement of the eventful battle, that—"he trusted, on his return to the *Victory*, to find the Admiral in possession of twenty prizes"—went in his boat from the *Euryalus*, through the fire of both fleets, to obtain news of his gallant commander-in-chief, and arrived in the cockpit of the *Victory* as the heroic Nelson was breathing his last.

In his memoir, Captain Blackwood has set down his professional estimate of his friend's character and genius.

"As far as my judgment went, I am sure Lord Nelson was the greatest and best Admiral this country could ever boast. He governed those who were under him by the most gratifying acts of kindness, endeavouring to make all sorts of service as pleasant as circumstances would admit. His discernment also made him assign to every officer that service for which his abilities were best calculated, and though he would have duty done, yet he never drew the cord too tight. He carried on the duty of a commander-in-chief by addressing himself to the feelings of those under him, on which he so well acted, that every officer and man tried who should do his best; and I am quite persuaded he succeeded in making bad officers so satisfied with themselves, that he reformed many, and from all produced more real service than any other Admiral ever did, or ever will do."

BORN TO GREAT THINGS.

Nelson was largely inspired by that passion which has fed the flame of genius in the illustrious worthies of all time. He often felt and acknowledged a supernatural influence which raised him above the common level of mankind, and lent him the sustaining conviction, from his youth upwards, that he was born to perform great and unrivalled exploits. "If God gives me life," he would often exclaim, "I will be renowned." Of this sentiment he gave convincing proof as early as 1785, during his difficulties in the West Indies, where all the wealth and influence at the disposal of his antagonists, who, prompted by sordid interests for personal aggrandisement at the expense of patriotism,



H.M. SHIPS AGAMEMNON, CAPTAIN, VANGUARD, ELEPHANT, AND VICTORY, THE RESPECTIVE VESSELS IN WHICH NELSON WON DISTINCTION AS CAPTAIN, COMMODORE, AND ADMIRAL.

The artist, Nicholas Pocock, has represented these memorable fighting ships, whose names are conspicuously associated with the most brilliant triumphs recorded in naval annals, as grouped at anchor at Spithead, having their sails loose to dry. In the distance is a view of Portsmouth.



THE FUNERAL CAR.

were unscrupulously exercising their powers to crush and ruin the daring youthful captain, who sought to reform glaring abuses and corruptions at once harmful to the State and profitable to those concerned in their continuance. Nelson's characteristic rejoinder to the Governor of the Leeward Islands will not easily be forgotten: "*I have the honour, Sir, of being, as old as the Prince Minister of England (William Pitt), and I think myself as capable of commanding one of his Majesty's ships as that Minister is of governing the State.*"

His intrepid spirit and sound judgment bore down obstacles which would have impeded common minds, and proved the truth of his favourite opinion that perseverance in the race that is set before us will generally meet with its reward, even in this life; as Nelson has set down in his own brief memoir, dated Port Mahon, October 15th, 1793: "Without having any inheritance, or having been fortunate in prize-money, I have received all the honours of my profession, been created a peer of Great Britain, &c., and I may say to the reader, *go thou and do likewise.*"

SECRET OF NELSON'S GREATNESS.

In the "Life of Nelson" from his lordship's own manuscripts, by Clarke and M'Arthur, the following summary of his eminent qualities is given:—"The public character of Lord Nelson as a great naval officer is without a parallel in the age in which he lived. The splendour of his professional career proceeded from the uniform zeal by which his conduct was inspired, and the profound judgment and mature reflection by which that zeal was disciplined. His ardent mind was always intent on the one great object of duty which was at that time before him. As he constantly repeated a short time previous to his death, '*It is to the day of battle, and only to that day, that I anxiously look.*' Like an experienced warrior, and a great politician, he never steered a middle course, nor adopted half measures. His idea of naval enterprises was, as he strongly expressed it in his admirable letter to Sir Hyde Parker, before the battle of Copenhagen, '*To take the bull by the horns, for that the strongest measures were the best.*' All his officers were sensible of the powerful energies of his mind on public duty, and implicitly relied upon them."

NELSON'S WISDOM.

The attribute of wisdom, properly so called, Nelson possessed in an eminent degree; Dr. Foster has thus defined this quality: "The general conception of wisdom is easy, and the character of it invariable. It consists first of the deliberate proposing the best and fittest end; and secondly of the fixed choice, and the steady undeclining pursuit of the proper and effectual means in order to promote it." This clearly appeared in Nelson's orders and plans of attack, which were simple, and, when made known, easily understood. His wisdom extended throughout his squadron, and reflected light on those who would otherwise have been bewildered. The decision and consistency which this imparted to his professional conduct left no room for doubt or uncertainty in the minds of his officers, consequently the whole circle of obedience in his Fleet was perfect. The

manner in which he concluded his directions to an officer when he wished him particularly to exert himself, was admirably calculated to call forth whatever energies he possessed: "*I am confident,*" wrote Nelson, at the close of one of his letters on service, "*that you will act as appears to you best for his Majesty's service; I rely with confidence upon your judgment, zeal, and expedition.*"

"TRAFALGAR"—AN ELEGY.

In the poem "Trafalgar," one of the many elegies which appeared in honour of Nelson's beloved memory, the following lines are appropriately descriptive of the elevated character of the departed hero, whose premature, though glorious end, had plunged a nation in despondency:—

"By that pure fire, before that hallow'd tomb,
Heroes and chiefs in valour's opening bloom
Frequent in solemn pilgrimage shall stand,
And vow to prize, like thee, their native land;
With pious ardour thy bright course pursue,
And bid thy blended virtues live anew.
Thy skill to plan, thy enterprise to dare,
Thy might to strike, thy clemency to spare;
That zeal, in which no thought of self had part,
But thy lov'd country fill'd up all thy heart.
That conscious worth, from pride, from meanness
free,
And manners mild as guileless infancy.
The scorn of worldly wealth, the thirst of fame
Unquenchable, the blush of generous shame,
And bounty's genial flow, and friendship's holy
flame."

NELSON'S IMMORTAL FAME.

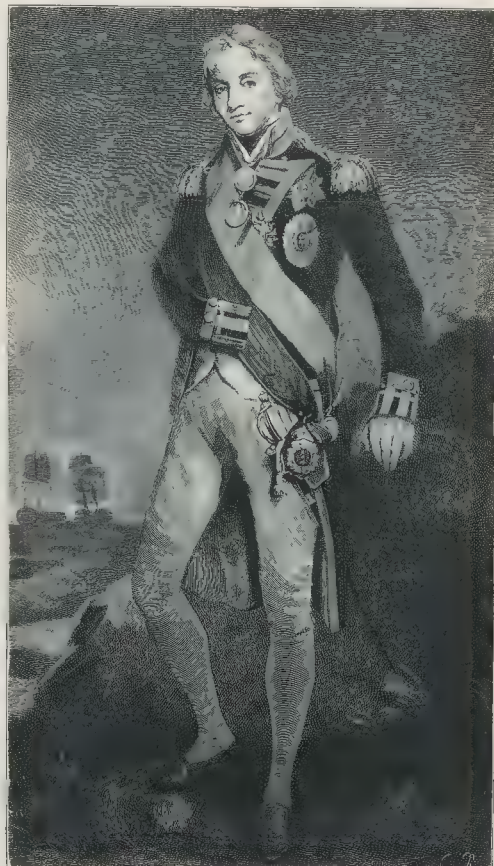
To conclude in the words of his early biographers, comrades, and contemporaries who have described the national hero's valiant exploits from personal experience:—"The fame of Nelson will endure as long as the name of his country shall be pronounced in new ages of the world by future generations of men, and it be esteemed honourable by posterity to have lived during that era which he has ennobled. Let us then consecrate his memory by emulating the perfection of his character, and the disinterested zeal of his conduct; and should the time hereafter arrive, when on our native land we shall be called to protect the tomb of Nelson, and the liberties which he died to save, may his immortal spirit hover around us, and with the blessing of God's providence, lead us to victory."

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John Hoppner, R.A.

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FOR INFANTS

Published by

HENRI NESTLÉ

9, Snow Hill, E.C.
London



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His intrepid spirit and sound judgment bore down obstacles which would have impeded common minds, and proved the truth of his favourite opinion that perseverance in the race that is set before us will generally meet with its reward, even in this life; as Nelson has set down in his own brief memoir, dated Port Mahon, October 15th, 1799:—"Without having any inheritance, or having been fortunate in prize-money, I have received all the honours of my profession, been created a peer of Great Britain, &c., and I may say to the reader, *go thou and do likewise.*"

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In the "Life of Nelson," from his lordship's own manuscripts, by Clarke and McArthur, the following summary of his eminent qualities is given:—"The public character of Lord Nelson as a great naval officer is without a parallel in the age in which he lived. The splendour of his professional career proceeded from the uniform zeal by which his conduct was inspired, and the profound judgment and mature reflection by which that zeal was disciplined. His ardent mind was always intent on the one great object of duty which was at that time before him. As he constantly repeated a short time previous to his death, *'It is to the day of battle, and only to that day, that I anxiously look.'* Like an experienced warrior, and a great politician, he never steered a middle course, nor adopted half measures. His idea of naval enterprises was, as he strongly expressed it in his admirable letter to Sir Hyde Parker, before the battle of Copenhagen, *'To take the bull by the horns, for that the strongest measures were the best.'* All his officers were sensible of the powerful energies of his mind on public duty, and implicitly relied upon them."

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TREATISE

ON THE

NUTRITION OF INFANTS,

BY

HENRI NESTLÉ,

VEVEY, SWITZERLAND.

UNSUITABLE food is one of the principal causes of the great mortality of children in infancy.

During the earlier months, the mother's milk will always be the most natural and suitable nourishment, and every mother able to do so, should herself nurse her children.

It often happens, however, that the mother's milk is deficient in quantity, or of bad quality, so that some other method of infant feeding must be adopted.

The disadvantages of employing a wet nurse are obvious, and it is therefore needless to discuss the matter. No mother likes to confide her child to a stranger; and it is only in exceptional cases that the wet nurse presents the necessary guarantees concerning milk, general state of health, &c.

We must, then, seek some suitable substitute. Cows' milk, which so closely resembles human milk, is most frequently used for this purpose; but unfortunately this delicious nutriment is of so perishable a nature, that it decomposes in a few hours. Moreover, the food given to the cow has great influence on the quality of her milk; to say nothing of adulteration, so common in large towns.



John Hoppner, R.A.

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Cows' milk in itself is not well adapted to infant feeding, it contains too much casein, and what is still more important, the casein curdles in large indigestible lumps, not in fine flakes like the casein of mother's milk, often causes vomiting, diarrhoea, &c. Cows' milk, as it is, contains too little sugar and water, and must therefore be diluted and sweetened. Milk and water by itself, however, does not contain a sufficient quantity of the salts which are indispensable for the formation of flesh and bone.

The necessity for a superior food is therefore imperative—a fact acknowledged by the most eminent physicians who have given special attention to the rearing, treatment, and care of children. In proof that a better, sounder, and more scientific system of nutrition is needed, it has been estimated on high authority that of all the children born one-tenth die the first month after birth, and four before reaching a year old; while Dr. Lett calculated that 20 per cent. (exactly one-fifth) of all deaths occurred among infants of less than a year of age.

Various methods have been devised in order to render cows' milk more digestible, but they are either unreliable or too complicated. We must have a food which is at the same time readily prepared, complete, and easily assimilated. Our chief purpose has been to combine cows' milk of the best quality with a specially prepared wheat flour which not only contains nutritive elements of great value for the child, but also prevents the coagulation of the milk in large lumps. The milk we use comes from cows having an extensive range on the healthy and fertile sides of the Alps—the finest milk-producing country in the world.

The mode of preparation consists in concentrating the milk *in vacuo* at a low temperature, whereby the properties of the milk remain unchanged, nothing being removed except the water.

The wheat, by a peculiar process, is thoroughly cooked, the indigestible, irritating, and insoluble portions being

of men, and it be esteemed honourable by posterity to have lived during that era which he has ennobled. Let us then consecrate his memory by emulating the perfection of his character, and the disinterested zeal of his conduct; and should the time hereafter arrive, when on our native land we shall be called to protect the tomb of Nelson, and the liberties which he died to save, may his immortal spirit hover around us, and with the blessing of God's providence, lead us to victory."

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tail. The product is rich in gluten and the highly nitrogenous flour acts as a solvent upon the casein of milk, greatly facilitating the digestion of the whole compound. The Milk Food is a fine powder, which has, even in its dry state, a refreshing sweet taste and smell, and when mixed with the proper proportion of water, is both palatable and appeasing. The calculation as to its component parts is so scientifically exact, that one part of the powder to ten parts of water bears the closest possible resemblance to breast milk. This food is now in universal use; in the infant Asylums and Foundling Hospitals especially it has proved itself to be an immense benefit. This has been abundantly testified, as will be seen on referring to the evidence of the eminent members of the profession appended herewith.

The greatest care is taken to insure the purity of the ingredients, and the methods and mechanical appliances are strictly in accordance with scientific principles. It may therefore be safely claimed that Nestlé's Milk Food supplies a long and arduous task. Its many advantages, all susceptible of proof, may be summed up as follows—

It is a thoroughly pure and digestible compound of wheat, sugar, and choice milk, combining the richest elements of the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

It is prepared with all the aids that science affords.

It is always uniform in quality.

Its preparation for use is simplicity itself, as it requires only the addition of water, and a few minutes boiling with constant stirring.

It is a perfect imitation of mothers' milk.

It is delicious, very nutritious, easily digested, and is frequently retained on the stomach when all other foods are rejected.

Infants fed, either partially or wholly, upon this Food, have a remarkably healthy and lively appearance.

It being dry and highly concentrated, its freshness is preserved, constituting not only the best, but a really cheap food.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.

The preparation of Nestlé's Food is very easy. It requires to be simply mixed with water, and boiled on a slow fire for about ten minutes, with constant stirring.

I.—For Infants up to the age of three months.—

A tablespoonful of Nestlé's Food, with ten or eight tablespoonfuls of water, according to age.

II.—For Infants of three months or more.—

Mix one tablespoonful of Milk Food with eight or six tablespoonfuls of water, according to age.

Give the Food in a feeding bottle, neither too hot nor too cold (blood heat is the best). It is of the greatest importance to have a clean bottle: hundreds of children die from no other cause than neglect in this particular. Always keep two bottles; put the one not in use in a basin of water, and let it remain till required. Wash the bottles well with soda and water after each time of using, and draw a small brush through the entire length of the tube.

The quantity of food to be given to a child during the day varies according to its constitution. If the baby is fed at regular intervals, thus preventing its being hungry, and consequently overloading the stomach (which is too often the case), it will always be healthy.

Many mothers who have but little milk, or whose occupation obliges them to absent themselves from home, can both suckle their infants and use Nestlé's Food. This mixed nourishment is now employed with great success.

Nestlé's Milk Food is also of considerable use during

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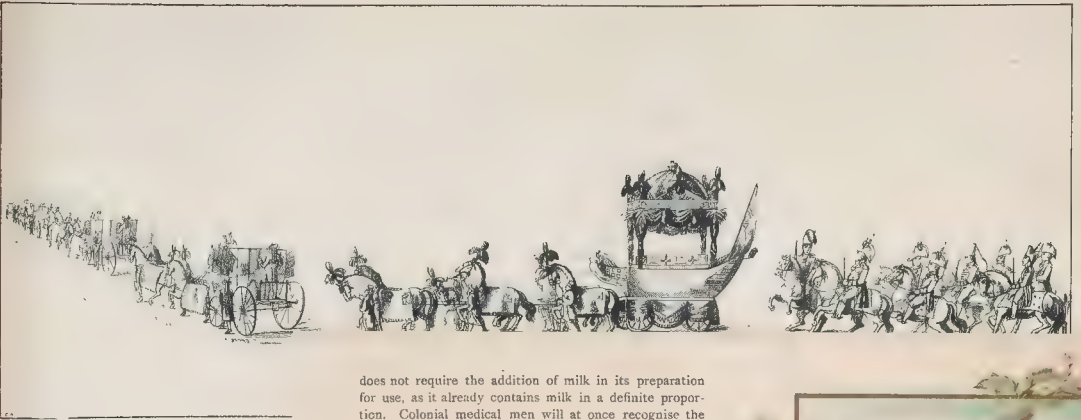
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does not require the addition of milk in its preparation for use, as it already contains milk in a definite proportion. Colonial medical men will at once recognise the advantage of this, as it is so difficult to preserve milk sweet during the variations of temperature in this climate. I would advise this Food to be given as the sole nutriment of the child.

Lecturer on Obstetrics, University of



Melbourne;

and Physician

to Lying-in Hospital, Melbourne.

EAST INDIES

General Hospital, Madras.

Have the honor, with reference to memo. No. 1399, to inform you that the Milk Food was tried amongst the children attending the out-patient room, and that it is most favourably reported on. It was tried in cases of



debility following acute diseases, and it was found that those taking it improved steadily in health and vigour; the mothers were most anxious to have the medicine (as they considered it) repeated.

OPINION OF THE MEDICAL PRESS

In an article on "The Choice of a Text Book," recommends "the admirable work of STRUMPELL, in Reynolds' System of Medicine."

The following is an extract from this important book, referring to ACUTE GENERAL INFECTIOUS DISEASES.—TYPHOID FEVER, &c.—

"In severe cases, NESTLE'S Food has been often employed by us with benefit."

or men, and it be esteemed honourable by posterity to have lived during that era which he has ennobled. Let us then consecrate his memory by emulating the perfection of his character, and the disinterested zeal of his conduct; and should the time hereafter arrive, when on our native land we shall be called to protect the tomb of Nelson, and the liberties which he died to save, may his immortal spirit hover around us, and, with the blessing of God's providence, lead us to victory."

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ADMIRAL. 1758—1805.

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SOUVENIR of LONDON

14 fac-Similes of Water-Colours
by

CARL J. BECKER

published by

HENRI NESTLÉ

9, Snow Hill, EC.
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of obedience to the law of God, which is the foundation of all other laws. The law of God is the basis of all other laws, and it is the duty of every man to obey it. The law of God is the basis of all other laws, and it is the duty of every man to obey it.



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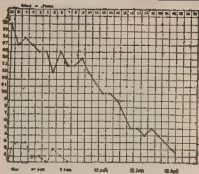


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BULLETIN N° 7

IMMUNIZOL GRÉMY « ASTHME » (N° 13)

Polyvaccin microbien curatif, atoxique.

à double mode d'administration : voie sous-cutanée et voie buccale.

Ainsi que le faisaient remarquer dernièrement M. le professeur Vidal et ses collaborateurs (*La Presse Médicale*, 5 mars 1921, p. 186), les succès thérapeutiques de certains vaccins spécifiques relèvent non seulement de l'action vaccinale proprement dite, suscitée par l'introduction de l'antigène responsable de la maladie, mais encore de la réaction de choc protéique. C'est ce qui explique et justifie l'emploi des vaccins microbiens dans les maladies d'origine non microbienne, comme l'asthme et l'asthme des foins.

En Amérique, où le nombre des asthmatiques est très élevé, on utilise surtout des vaccins à base de microbes broncho-pulmonaires. En France, M. Danyz a préconisé des vaccins d'origine intestinale. Cette multiplicité de germes utiles est bien la preuve que l'asthme n'est pas une maladie microbienne et que les vaccins, comme les protéines, n'agissent pas là d'une manière spécifique. Ils n'interviennent qu'à titre d'antigènes généraux, indifférents, d'une incontestable utilité dans beaucoup de maladies chroniques (eczéma, psoriasis, rhumatisme, etc.) (Danyz).

Néanmoins, comme il n'est pas douteux que l'inflammation de la muqueuse trachéo-bronchique entretient l'irritation spasmodique des terminaisons nerveuses, il y a avantage — et l'expérience l'a démontré — à utiliser non seulement les microbes-antigènes intestinaux, mais aussi les microbes d'origine broncho-pulmonaire : c'est ce que réalise l'Immunizol Grémy « ASTHME » et c'est ce qui lui donne toute sa valeur.

Les bactéries qui le composent sont d'origine spécifique et leurs propriétés vaccinales sont soigneusement entretenues dans les souches par des procédés spéciaux.

Chaque ampoule de l'Immunizol « ASTHME » contient :

Colibacilles	} 4 à 20 millions.
B. Proteus	
Entérocoques	
Pneumocoques	
M. catarrhalis	} 2 c. c.
Eau physiologique	

L'Immunizol Grémy « ASTHME » peut être employé soit pendant la crise d'asthme, soit à titre préventif dans une période de calme.

Il n'est pas rare de voir, sous son influence, la dyspnée augmenter pendant quelques jours, et il y a lieu d'avertir le

malade de cette éventualité, qui est quelque peu pénible, mais de bon augure pour la suite. En effet, dès que la réaction d'immunisation est à peu près terminée, l'asthmatique respire librement, et cette guérison dure, en général, plusieurs mois un an, quelquefois plus. Lorsque les crises reviennent au bout de ce temps, le malade doit à nouveau être soumis au traitement vaccinal.

L'Immunizol Grémy « ASTHME » est injecté, deux ou trois fois par semaine, sous la peau, à la face postérieure de l'épaule ou du bras, ou à la face externe de la cuisse.

La première injection sera de 12 c. c.
La deuxième injection sera de 1 c. c.
La troisième injection sera de 1 c. c. 1/2
La quatrième injection et les suivantes seront de 2 c. c.

On ne doit pas injecter, la première fois, plus d'un demi-centimètre cube, ni dépasser la dose de 2 c. c. pour la quatrième injection et les suivantes.

L'immunisation complète nécessite une série de huit à dix injections. Toutefois, dans les cas où, pour une raison quelconque, le médecin ne peut pratiquer toute la série de huit à dix injections, il a les ressources que lui offre le traitement mixte par voie hypodermique et par voie buccale. Après avoir fait quatre ou cinq piqûres, il pourra administrer l'Immunizol Grémy « ASTHME » sous forme de comprimés que le malade prendra dans l'intervalle des repas, à la dose de huit à dix comprimés par jour.

L'Immunizol Grémy « ASTHME » est contre-indiqué toutes les fois que la dyspnée n'est pas l'expression de l'asthme simple. L'insuffisance cardio-rénale, par exemple, avec urémie respiratoire ou dyspnée d'origine cardiaque, doit en faire proscrire l'emploi. Il appartient au médecin de juger de l'opportunité du traitement vaccinal.

IMMUNIZOL GRÉMY « ASTHME DES FOINS » (N° 14)

Polyvaccin microbien curatif, atoxique.

à double mode d'administration : voie sous-cutanée et voie buccale.

On emploie l'Immunizol Grémy « ASTHME DES FOINS » dans le cours même de la crise à titre curatif, mais bien souvent on pourra l'utiliser à titre préventif avec succès, en vaccinant les malades avant l'époque qu'ils connaissent bien où chaque année leur asthme des foins apparaît.

La technique des injections est la même que pour l'Immunizol n° 13. Là encore, on peut, au besoin, recourir au traitement mixte par voie hypodermique et par voie buccale.

Nota. — On prescrit les Immunizols en spécifiant : 1° Le nom de l'affection à traiter ou le numéro qui lui correspond dans la nomenclature ; 2° S'il s'agit d'un Immunizol injectable ou d'un Immunizol en comprimés (voie buccale).
Exemples : Immunizol Grémy « ASTHME » injectable ou Immunizol Grémy n° 13 injectable. — Immunizol Grémy « ASTHME DES FOINS » en comprimés ou Immunizol Grémy n° 14 en comprimés.

LISTE DE NOS DERNIÈRES PUBLICATIONS

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ASCIATINE

(Diméthylaminoantipyrine-butylchloral)

ANALGÉSIQUE: Provoque la sédation rapide des Douleurs dentaires, dues aux Caries, Pulpites, Abscess gingivodentaires, etc.

HYPNOTIQUE: Combat l'insomnie provoquée par la Douleur, les Troubles digestifs, le surmenage intellectuel, etc.

ANTINÉURALGIQUE: Oppose très efficacement son action analgésique aux Neuralgies faciales, intercostales, sciatiques.

Présentée en boîtes de 2 ou 10 Comprimés dosés à 0 gr. 25

LITTÉRATURE et ÉCHANTILLONS à LA DISPOSITION de MM. les DOCTEURS

Laboratoire des Produits "USINES du RHÔNE"

L. DURAND, Pharmacien, 21, Rue Jean-Goujon, PARIS (89).

SYPHILIS

Granules SIROP

LUDIN

3 Granules = 1 cuill. à soupe de Sirop = 1 centigr. de Bi-médic.

TRAITEMENT mercuriel DISSIMULÉ

Laboratoires REY - VICHY

DISSIMULÉ

VASOLAXINE

HUILE DE VASELINE ABSOLUMENT PURE LUBRIFIANT MINÉRAL DE L'INTESTIN NON ASSIMILABLE

constitue le laxatif de choix dans toutes les CONSTIPATIONS

1 à 2 CUILLERÉES PAR JOUR LOIN DES REPAS

Laboratoires FOURNIER FRÈRES 26, Boulevard de l'Hôpital - PARIS

L.B.A. Laboratoire de Biologie Appliquée L.B.A.

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Nouvelle Thérapie arsenicale

par NEOARSITE

1^{re} Ampoule de liq. de Fowler (arséniqueuse); 2^e Perle de Liqueur de Fowler solubles dans l'alcool

Usines des Aubrais, 285, Faubourg Bannier LES AYDES (Loiret).

DRYCC

Lait spécial pour Nourrissons

parfaitement toléré dans tous les cas de dyspepsie du 1^{er} âge. Favorise pour l'alimentation mixte, l'assimilation

ÉCHANTILLONS SUR DEMANDE DÉPOT CENTRAL: 2, rue Saint-Roch et dans toutes les Pharmacies

Extraits OPOTHÉRAPIQUES INJECTABLES

Ovarique, Thyroïd., Hépatique, Pancréatique, Testiculaire, Néphrétique, Surrénal., Thyrique, Hypophysaire.

CHAIX & C^o, 1, rue de l'Orne, PARIS. — Tél.: 52

CŒUR

Sirop de Digitale LABELONYE

Strictement Titré

suivant sa teneur en principes actifs.

DOSE NORMALE: 3 cuillerées à soupe par jour.

99, Rue d'Aboukir, PARIS

INSOMNIES

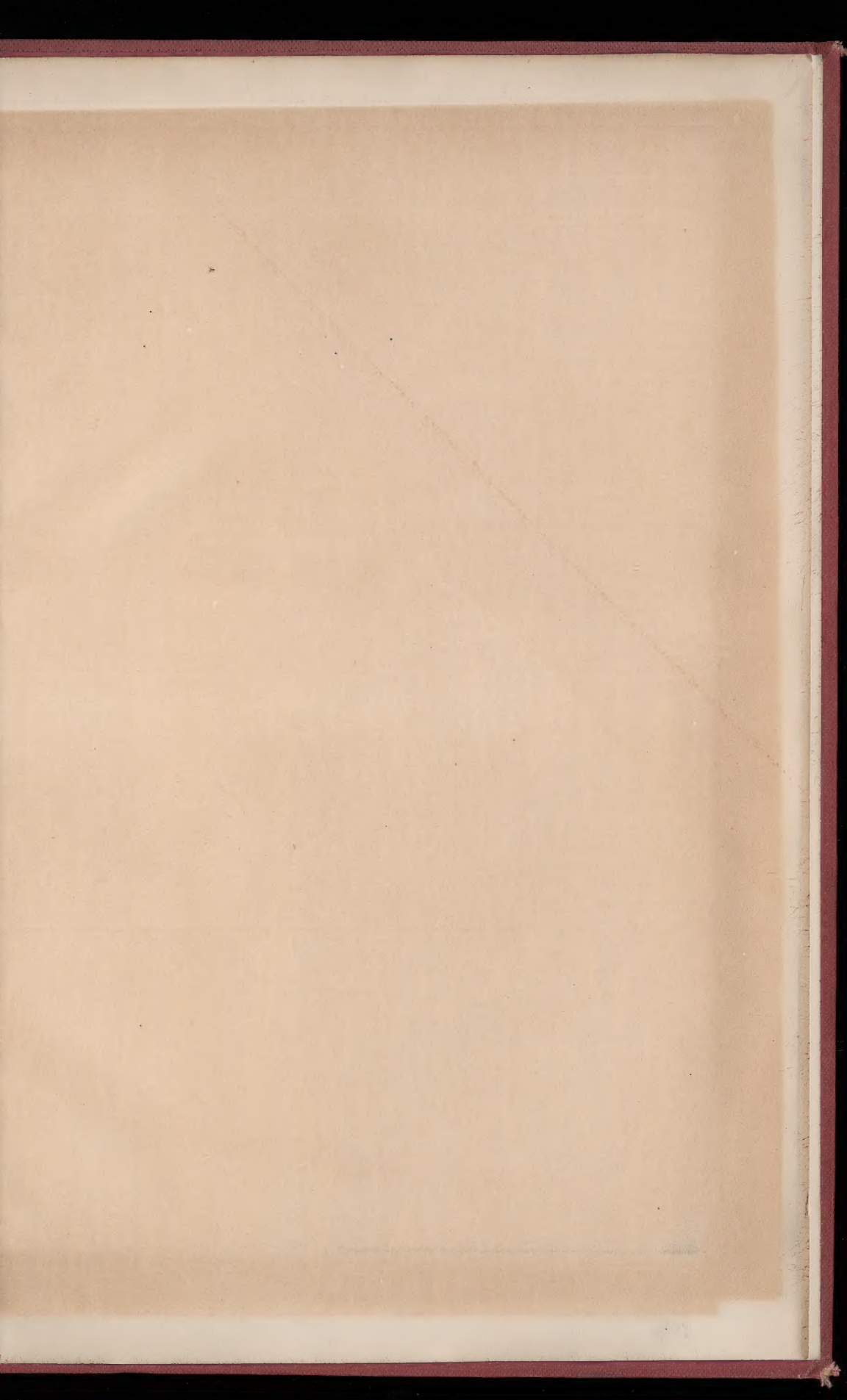
TROUBLES NERVEUX

NEURINAS

Savon et Odeur agréables. Non

Valériane fraîche - Véronal

Lab. et Éch. GÉNÉVRIER, 2, rue Débarcad



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